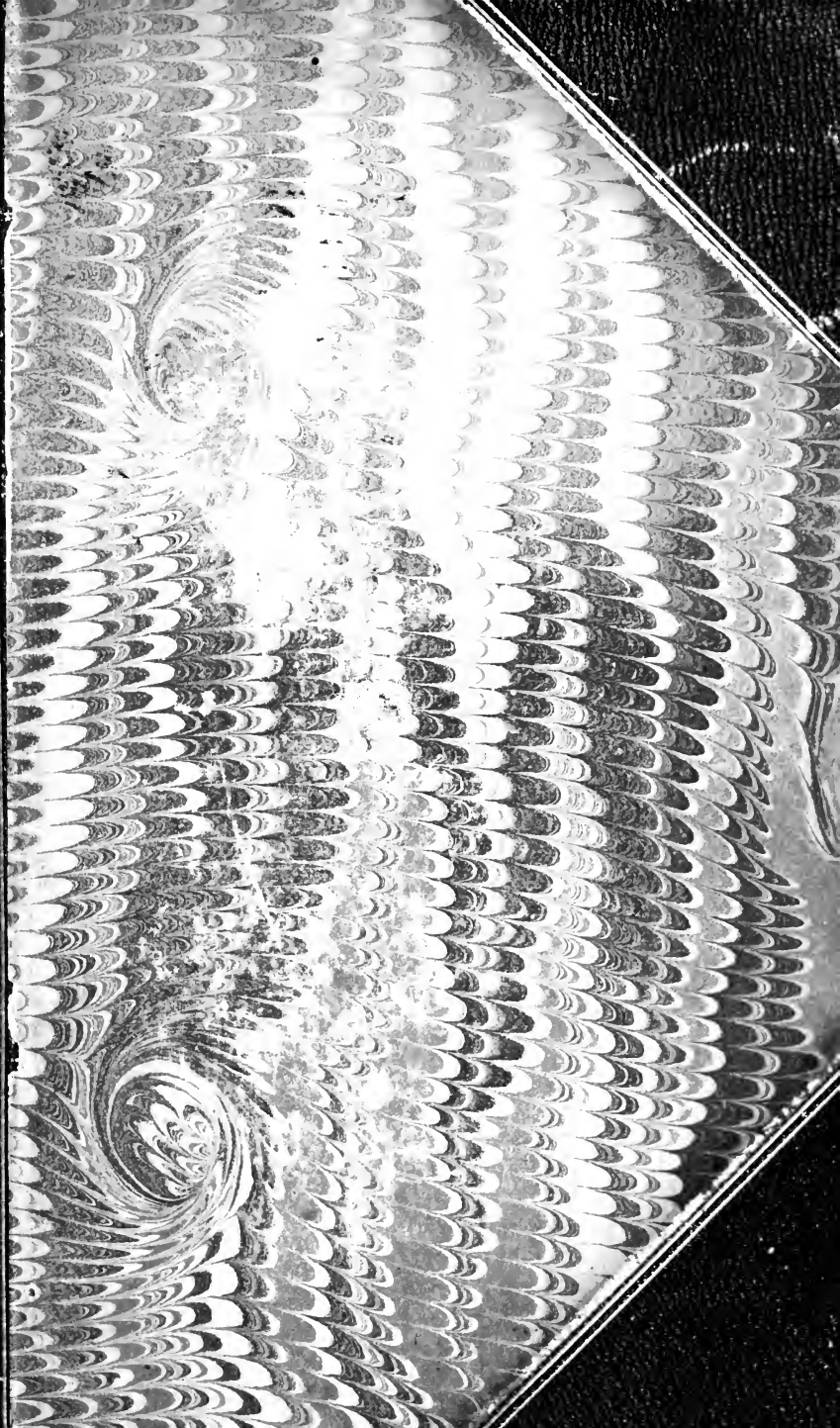
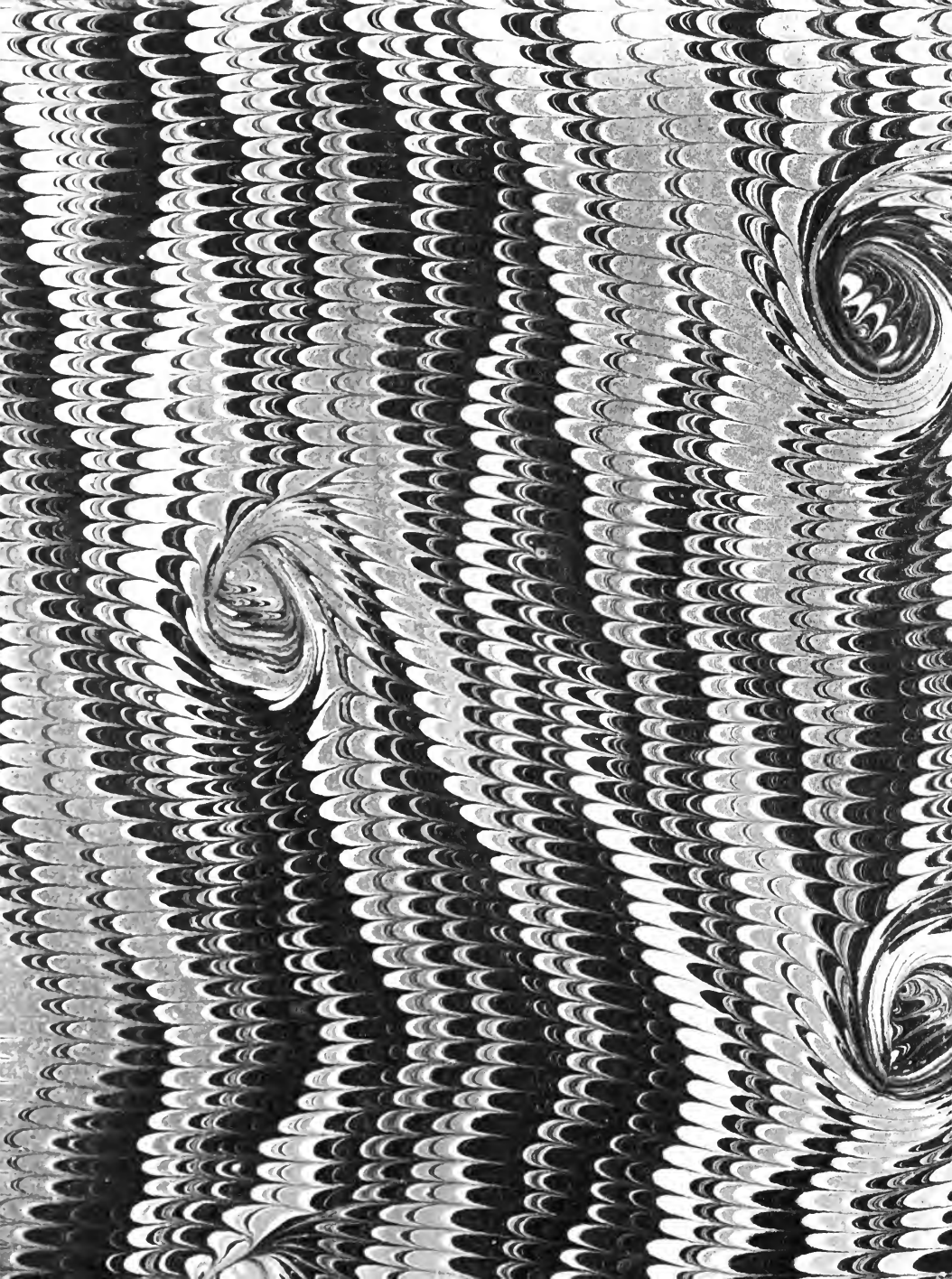
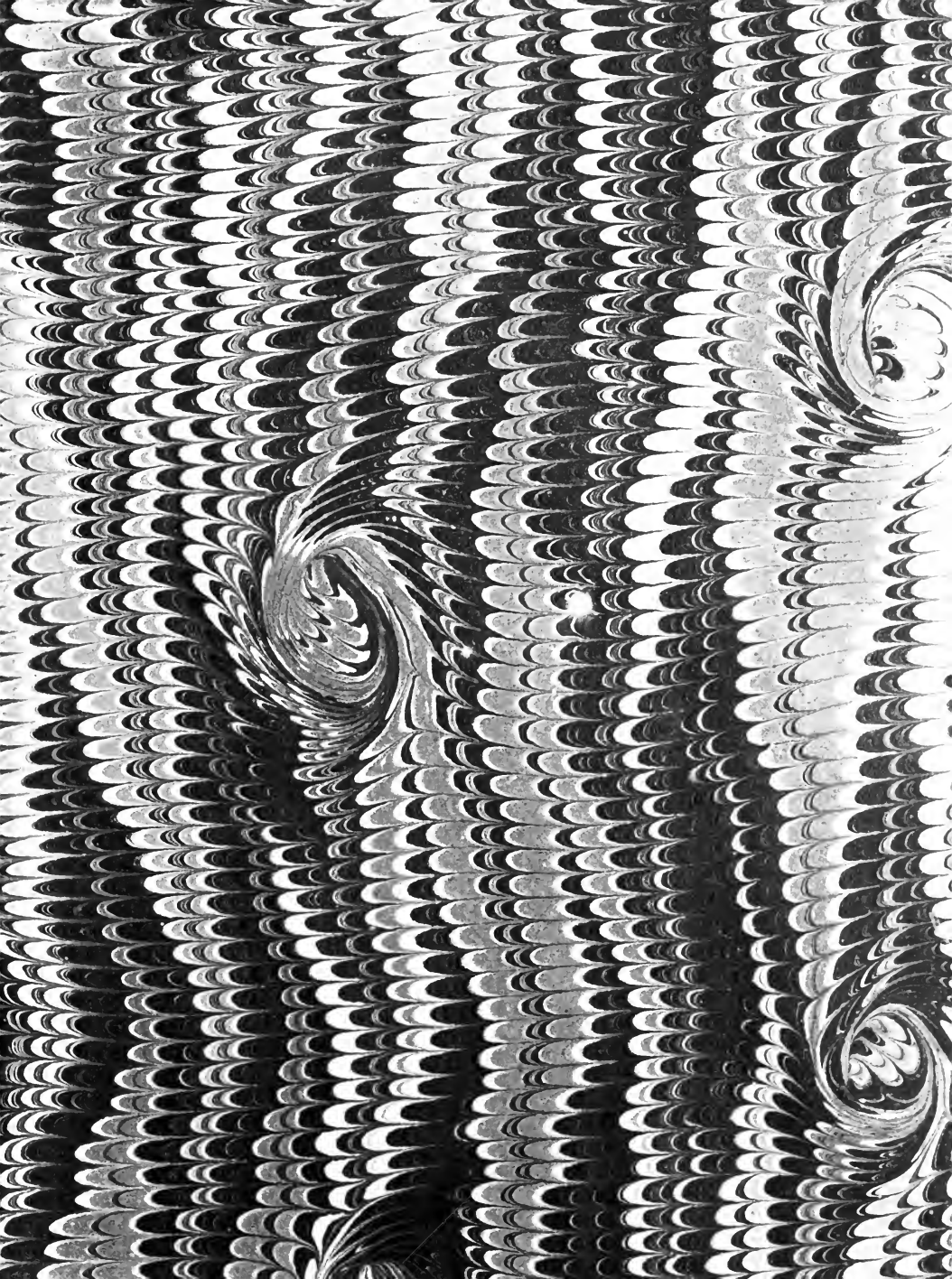




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Other (Paying) Reports

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A newe enterlude,
drawen out of the holy scripture,
of godly queene Hester, verye necefsary :
newly made and imprinted, this present
yere M.D.LXI.

Come nere vertuous matrons & womē kind,
Here may ye learne of Hesters duty,
In all comelines of vertue you shal finde
How to behaue your selues in humilitie.



The names of the players.

<i>The prologue.</i>	<i>Pryde.</i>
<i>King Affuer^d.</i>	<i>Adulation.</i>
<i>iiij gentlemen.</i>	<i>Ambition.</i>
<i>Aman.</i>	<i>Hardy dardy.</i>
<i>Mardocheus.</i>	<i>A Fewe.</i>
<i>Hester.</i>	<i>Arbona.</i>
<i>Purfueuant.</i>	<i>Scriba.</i>

INTRODUCTION.

THIS unique specimen of our national drama, in its infant state, is the property of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. About thirty years ago, the late Duke not only gave the present editor permission to copy and reprint the play, but was kind enough afterwards to collate the MS. with the original, to mark the divisions of the pages and to add a few notes, which, with one or two others, we have appended. The illustration of the productions of our early stage was a subject of which his Grace was especially fond, and on various occasions he afforded the most ready and unpretending assistance. It is our principle, not to accompany our reprints by any supplementary notes; but in this particular instance we deviate from our rule, for the sake of subjoining what proceeded from his Grace's pen, and what would have been added, with the Duke's permission, if "Godly Queen Hester" had been reproduced by the Shakespeare Society before its dissolution. The late Duke was a most unostentatious man in this respect, and shrank from the responsibility of authorship; but he has left behind him some productions of which the least we can say, is, that they do no discredit to his Grace's rank, or to his varied attainments.

The date on the title-page is MDLXI, though it is wanting in the colophon placed by the two printers, Pickering and Hacket, at

the end of the piece. It was entered by the former at Stationers' Hall in 1560-1, as "A Playe of quene Hester," (see "Extracts," printed by the Shakesp. Soc., 1848, vol. i, p. 36) and it was doubtless published in the spring of the year. A notice of it may be found in the "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry," ii, 253; but all portions are so curious, and are so explanatory of the condition of our earliest stage, that we are glad of the opportunity of giving it entire. It is a mixture of allegory and Sacred History; and few things can be more amusing, or informing, than the discussion of public and private abuses, near the outset, by characters respectively named Pride, Adulation, and Ambition. The strange mention of the war with Scotland and France, and other circumstances, may lead to an approximation to the date when the piece was written by its anonymous author.

The operation of printing was very carelessly performed; the evident corruptions are numerous, and several, as on pp. 22, 25, 33, are detected by the rhyme. The allusions, in the time of Ahasuerus, to Virgil, Ovid, and Valerius Maximus, are laughable anachronisms, though warranted by our dramatic productions in their palmiest days. Hardydardy, the supposed servant to Haman, is the Vice of the drama, and the predecessor of the marvelous Fool in the works of Shakespeare and some of his contemporaries.

J. P. C.

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1. A PITHTHY NOTE TO PAPISTS, by T. KNELL. 1570.
2. MURDER OF JOHN BREWEN, by THOMAS KYDDE. 1592.
3. HISTORY OF JACOB AND HIS XII SONNES.
4. THE WYLL OF THE DEUYLL, AND LAST TESTAMENT.
5. THE METAMORPHOSIS OF TABACCO. 1602.
6. MURDER OF LORD BOURGH, and ARNOLD COSBY's Verses. 1591.
7. ENTERLUDE OF GODLY QUEENE HESTER. 1561.
8. COMPLAYNTE OF THEM THAT BEN TO LATE MARYED.
9. CENSURE OF A LOYAL SUBJECT. By G. WHETSTONE. 1587.
10. LYRICS FOR OLD LUTENISTS. *Temp.* Elizabeth and James I.
11. CALVERLEY, AND THE YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. 1605.
12. A COMPLAINT OF THE CHURCHE. 1562.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS tract only exists in the single copy, from which our reprint has been made; and it was unknown to all bibliographical and poetical antiquaries.

Knell, the author of it, was a very distinguished and favourite actor, contemporary with Tarlton; and, like Tarlton, he seems to have availed himself of his popularity by putting his name to productions of an ephemeral character, but founded upon striking public events. Felton was hanged and quartered near St. Paul's Church, on 8th August, 1570, for placing the Pope's Bull upon the gate of the palace of the Bishop of London, an incident duly commemorated by Stow and others. Knell, as he informs us, was present; and, having witnessed the execution, employed his pen in celebrating it, in the confidence that what he wrote would be generally read: so much was it read, that, excepting the one we have used, every copy appears to have perished under the careless thumbs and fingers of those who perused them.

It is a very remarkable production in black-letter; and it was printed by John Allde, the father of Edward Allde, who subsequently became a very noted publisher of tracts, ballads and broadsides. It has little merely poetical merit; but it enters into many curious particulars, on the evidence of an eye-witness, which are found in no other authority. It is therefore of historical interest, and, if only on this account, deserves preservation.

Ritson (*Bibliogr. Poetica*, p. 263) attributes two ballads to

Thomas Knell; but of the first he mentions we have seen a copy without any author's name; the second was unquestionably written by Knell; and, besides the tract now in the hands of the reader, we can supply a fourth unrecorded work by him, a broadside, with this heading:

“An A. B. C. to the christen congregation,
Or a pathe way to the heauenly habitacion.”

It was printed by Rycharde Kele without date; so that Knell's pen was in request by at least three busy stationers of the day, Allde, Awdely, and Kele.

We apprehend that Knell the actor was the son of John Knell, vintner, who was buried at St. James's, Garlick Hill, in 1574: Thomas Knell had been married there to Alice Turner in 1568, but what family they had is not stated: he was buried before 1587, when his widow was married to John Heminge, most likely, the fellow-actor with Shakespeare, and one of the editors of the folio, 1623. In 1601, there was a player resident in Southwark, named John Nill, who on August 13th had a daughter baptised Alice: Knell and Nill may have been confounded by the clerk, and Alice was certainly the name of the wife of Thomas Knell.

J. P. C.

19th May, 1862.

A PITHTHY NOTE

TO PAPISTS ALL AND SOME

that ioy in Feltons Martirdome.

Defiring them to read this, and to iudge,
& not in spite at fimple truth to grudge.

Set foorth by one that knew his life, and was with
him at the houre of his death, which was
the viii of August. Anno. 1570.

at the

west end of Paules Church e ouer againft
the Bishops gate, where
he fet vp the Bul.



IMPRINTED AT LONDON

At the long Shop adioining vnto
Saint Mildreds Church in the
Pultrie, the xxiii. of August,
by JOHN ALLDE.

A PITHTHY NOTE, &c.

LONG lenitie abusde, at lēgth
dooth lend deserued hire,
Whē mercy, ouer moou'd with vice,
gins kīdle Justice ire.
As now may wel discerned be
vnto the smart of such
As heaped vp vnfruteful hope,
and pitie proou'd to much :
But so it is when follyes flud
makes wisdom lowe at eb,
And where for hartie loue such doo
winde vp foule Treasons web.
As Felton fond hath surely felt
for fault of treason hye :
So all will vouch whose harts (with God
and Prince) are not awrie ;
And as the Nortons twain did taste
of late for like offence,
Whom Iustice paid by portion iust
a righteous recompence.
Yet Felton past, when wilful deed
of his was wel descryed,

For why? he neuer blusht for shame,
nor much the fame denyed.
The Bul bewicht his caluish braine;
and Pius, his deer god,
Made him, to bolde for his behoof,
to taste of such a rod.
He durst presume, good Catholick,
t'erecť vp forraine power,
And subiects faithful harts now wel
by flattery to deuoure.
As though at once all Englād would
haue shrūk at Pius curse,
And that the childe at strangers beck
would leaue his painful nurse.
The blessing of the Pope he thought
would sure haue take such place,
That English men with cap and knee
would straight the same imbrace.
What ment he else to fix the Bul
on Bishops Pallaice gate,
But that he thought by somes return
to mend his owne estate?
But English men, God haue y^e praise,
with rather his curse stil,
Then with his blessing to receiue
bothe foule and bodyes il.
Gods curse dooth light where he dooth bleffe,

as Malachi dooth tel ;
As Felton and the rest haue tried
 which seru'd the Pope ful wel.
But Papists say they are most blest
 for dying in his cause,
Because he wil their soules redeem
 from hel and Sathans clawes :
And Felton chiefly they commend
 for his coragious minde,
Which vnto Pope and holy Church
 did shew him self so kinde.
Wherefore a blessed Martyr they
 doo rightly him confesse,
Which mooues me moste for vertues sake
 to prooue him nothing lesse :
For eu'ry kinde of death dooth not
 deferue a Martyrs name,
But many fundry deaths doo bring
 the dyers endles shame.
All Theeues and Murderers that dye,
 all Fellons cast by law,
All Traitors and all Hereticks
 which God nor man doo aw,
Are not by death of theirs in count
 of Martyrs which doo dye :
Though Papists brag that he is one,
 but give them leaue to lye.

The death dooth not the Martyr make,
 but fure the righteous caufe,
 When Tirants force the righteous hart
 to violate Gods lawes ;
 When Infidelles deprauē the truthe,
 and Chriftians it maintain,
 In giuing of their bloods for it,
 they win the Martyrs gain.
 Ignatius wan the noble crown
 of martirdom y tho ;
 Caffianus and Laurence they
 did win the fame alfo.
 Saint Stephen and Saint Peter they
 wan Martyrs gain by right :
 So did Maturus and the reft
 that fuffred for the light,
 Whose liues by truthe were ſoūdly led,
 whose ends did ſhew no leſſe :
 Whose māers were vpright, whose faith
 did perfit looue expreſſe.
 But Feltons life did ſhew in fine
 he did no Martyrs fact,
 For *exitus acta probat*,
 the exit tries the act.
 A roifting ſhifting Prodigall
 ſo he his time did ſpend,
 Which fought of eu'ry one to haue

that able was to lend.
The Pfalmist in his Pfalmes dooth pait
out Felton very plain :
The wicked man borowes (faith he)
and payeth not again.
Of modestie in maners he
was seen to be full scant,
And of Religious minde no doubt
he had a dayly want.
As for deuoutnes in his dayes,
yea, after his owne forte,
He neuer mould his sprites with prayer,
his hart was set on sport.
A Papists hart he had not fure ;
for Papists are deuout,
Although their zele doo knowledge lack
in that they go about.
For he ne zele ne knowledge had,
but droue to spend the time :
He past not with what kinde of men,
nor of what kinde of cryme,
So he by flattering might obtain
to liue by others sweat :
Ne lands he had, ne hands did seek
to get the bread he eat ;
But heer & there with Thrafoes brood
the simple to deride,

But cheef a scoffer of Gods woord,
as often he was tride.
A Plesemē right, which feru'd y^e time
though fed with Romish hope :
And now, beholde, the faint he feru'd
hath blest him with a Rope.
A foole bewicht he was of some
who watcht the falling skies,
And lookt for Larkes but purpose mist :
his flesh must feed the Flyes.
An irreligious Traitor was
this Felton, trust me true ;
A fit resembler in our time
of Eleazar the Iew.
Companion with Ichocanan,
nay, Schimions equal mate,
Which fought Iherusalem to spoile
by their discentious bate.
And as for any signe that was
in him of godly feare,
His moste licencious life did shew
his hart came neuer there ;
Til at his very end, where as
he saw it would not bee,
But that he must as Traitor rank
go scale the Gallow tree.
Then fear of death gan prick his flesh

whiche wicked men dooth touch,
Whē their il cause their cōsciēce pricks,
and burthens them tomuch ;
As Cain and Iudas, ouer fraid
with Gods eternal ire.
Yet some wil fay that Felton did
Gods mercy then desire :
In deed, in Popish fort he shewd
him self then to relent ;
But who can fay he shewd such faith
as made him right repent ?
Of wandring faith he shewd sōe taste
as Papiſts vse to holde,
That Christe their fauior is in parte,
but faith was not (be bolde)
In him that made him then to fay
Christe is my fauour :
Ne that he trusted onely sure
saluation by his power.
Ne cald he back his sclandero^s woords
bespake against Gods truthe ;
Ne did gainſay his traiterous blast
before both age and youth,
Which he had spoke agaīst our Queen
before in Judgement hall :
But only for this fact heer doon,
her mercy I doo call,

(Said he) for this offence of mine
 heer doon that she forgiue :
But from the rest against her power
 and Throne he did not meeue.
He had before denide her grace
 our lawfull Queen to bee,
And of her Supreme power (he said)
 she ought not haue it, flee.
Oh traiterous hart, oh Martyr vile !
 such Martyrs now a dayes
Would fain be made to Mortar thin,
 To stop the hollow wayes.
He neuer once relented this
 Not once before his death,
But as malicious Traitor he
 On Gallows gaue his breth.
Wher as he said in midst Guilde Hall,
 before the Judgement feat,
That they might wel his body take,
 but more they could not get.
For why ? his foule he had commit
 vnto his hollow hope ;
To Iesus Chrifte ? to him think yee ?
 nay, to his dad the Pope.
Oh Traitor bolde to Chrifte,
 oh prowde blasphemous tung !
That euer popish ignorance

should rest in olde or yung.
When Christe hath shed his deerest blood,
 when Christes hart was rent,
When Christe hath paid the price for vs
 his Father to content,
Shall we once dare, alas, to say,
 when other name is none,
But Iesus Christe to saue our soules
 by his deer death alone ?
That Pius Pope our soules can saue
 which can not saue him self,
But yeeld his power to mortal death ;
 oh blinded Romish elf !
Was Paule for vs once crucified ?
 Was Mary, Mark or Iohn ?
No, no, it was our Iesus Christe,
 to whom be praise alone.
But Papists make of him least count,
 which took the greatest pain,
And all their trust is stil in them
 that giue the smallest gain.
If Felton had those woordes denied,
 though euen at the last end,
I would haue said, and many mo,
 he had been Christes freend.
His death was nothing Martir like,
 he died a Papist blinde :

An Enemy to Chrifte and Queen,
a Monster out of kinde :
A new stert vp Herostratus,
to get himself a name,
Though that his deed and end shalbe
ay to his endles shame ;
For as the fame of Godly men
shall ouerliue the graue,
So Fame dooth yeeld to wicked men
the right that they should haue.
So long as Guilde Hall dooth remain,
there shall remain like wife
A memory of Feltons facts,
before all peoples eyes.
Iohn Felton Traitor which denied
the Queen our supreme head :
Iohn Felton Traitor which aduaunc't
the Pope his Bul of lead :
Iohn Felton Traitor which did seek
a forren power to place
Against our Queen Elizabeth,
high Treason to her grace :
Iohn Felton Traitor which so raild
against the Iudges graue :
Iohn Felton Traitor which denied
his Iudgement for to haue.
Yea if that men doo want to read

The Libelles that are writ,
The pauing stones will witnes bear
his Treason to requit.
His Blasphemyes, his raging spite,
his brainles wilful talke
Dame Fame with Eccho shall resound
in eu'ry caue to walke.
Iohn Felton Papist heer was raigned,
that traiterous rebel meer,
That faithles man, that Hypocrite
receiued Judgement heer.
So long as Newgate stands in fight
his memory shall last,
And witnes bear what blasphemies
out of his mouth he cast.
When learned men and Preachers graue
bestowd their learned pain
To win his Soule to Iesus Christe,
how he did them disdaine.
How obstinatly he did rest
in his vnskilful minde,
That none could him perswade to see,
he was so wilful blinde.
That shall the Stones of Newgate tel,
if Papists would denye;
And how he did aduaunce the Pope
whiche made him fence so hye.

Refusing counsell of Gods Book,
 none could perswade his hart
In any point to trust the truthe
 wherby he should conuert.
The stayers there in morne can tel
 how Preachers did exhort,
That he would change his foolish minde
 to Christe the strongest Fort.
But still he said, I am right wel
 perswaded sure [am] I ;
And as I am perswaded, so
 I mene in that to dye.
In Christe if his perswasion were,
 no doubt there was no shame,
But that vnto the Church of God
 he might haue tolde the same ;
For (*Corde creditur*) saith Paule
 with hart to think makes iust :
But (*Ore fit*) confession is
 saluacion sure to trust.
But his Confession there did tel
 what faith was in his minde
Vnto his fauour Iesus Christe,
 truly but small to finde ;
But to the Pope, that horned beast,
 his hart was fixt full sure,
And it to leaue while life did last

none could him once procure.
The Draile, wheron he lay fast bound
in midft olde baily freet,
Shall tel that Preachers woords for ay,
which then there did him meet.
Oh, Felton (faid he), now relent,
now dooth approche the time
When it wilbe to late for thee
for too repent thy cryme.
Now yeeld to Chrifte, trust in his blood,
defy the Pope and all ;
Defy his Bulles and Pardons vile,
which haue begun thy thrall.
God yet dooth offer thee his grace,
Chrifte Iefus spreades his armes
Yet to receiue thy foule to grace,
and to preuent thy harmes.
But he as graceles held on ftill
in latin Prayers tho ;
And gaue no eare vnto the man
that did exhort him fo.
At laft, the Preacher faid again,
oh, Felton, yet forfake
Thine errors blinde, by Iefus Chrifte
a perfit end to make.
As thogh (faid he) moſte ſtoutly then,
ye would the People blaſe,

And make them think I did not wel :
this faid he without maze.
So may they think (quod he again),
except thou doo repent,
Because againſt both Chriſte and Queen
thy Treafon thou haſt bent.
Oh, iudge me not (quod Felton, then).
I'le iudge (quod th' other) thee ;
For Chriſte haſt taught me by the frutes
alwayes to iudge the Tree.
While thou art heer I iudge thy deed,
but God ſhall iudge thee ay ;
And if thou doo not now repent,
Hel fire ſhalbe thy pay.
All this benignitie of God
this Felton did diſpiſe,
And gave no ear til as he ſaw
the Gallows with his eyes ;
Which Gallow tree in Paules Churchyard
ſhall tel the endles ſhame
Of Felton there for Treafon hangd,
to peril of his name.
And eke the Groūd ſhal witnes bear
how Conſcience his was vrged
By Preachers, which by truthe did hope
his hart then to haue purged.
But God (I think) had thē ſhut vp

the bowelles of his grace
To him, whose stubborn hart before
refusde truthe to imbrace ;
For *Miserere* on his knees,
all trembling, he did say,
But softly to him self, that few
could hear what he did pray.
Belike he thought, as Papists doo,
the Latin to excel ;
And so he thought, his prayer said
therin to be ful wel.
For he did neuer once desire
Gods people to assist
Him in his prayers he then made,
but did euen as he list.
Much les then to repent his fall,
and turn to God by grace,
On ladder he gan speke alowd,
maintaining of his cace ;
And purg'd his hart of Treason quite,
that euer was so cleer.
Which when the woorthy sherif heard,
he said, that all might hear :
Felton, a more malicious feat
of Treason neuer was,
Then thou a Traitor rāk hast wrought,
and falsly brought to passe.

Then was he hanged vp a while,
in what a cace God knowes :
Such as haue iudgement in the act,
I leaue the end to those.
Cut downe he was and liu'd again,
but after spake not much :
For why ? the Executioner feru'd
him such a Traitors tuch.
So no good signe in life or death
of any Chriftian minde,
But as he liu'd (I fay) he died,
a paruerft Papift blinde.
But this may make the Papifts ioy,
that they had one fo stout :
For their Rel[i]gion and their looue,
to paffe such torments out.
But let them stay : Religion was
no cause why he so died,
But fure because the English lawes
a Traitor rank him tried.
He would haue made Religion
his plea, when he was brought
To his examination,
but that preuaild him nought.
For his Religion [t]hey had not
to dele with him at all,
But for high Treason he was iudged

in midft of the Guilde Hall.
And when he faw religions feufe
could not his torment ftay,
But that he muft by force of Law
to Traitors death obey,
Such Sprite him led, as in him was,
moſte wilfully to ſtand
Againſt Gods truthe, whiche now is preacht
throughout this Britain lād.
So, ſometime God for ſinners fakes
dooth giue the Deuil power
To holde mens mindes in error faſt,
that he ſhould them deuoure :
And Sathan is ſo falſe him ſelf,
that he can ſoon infect
All ſuch with vile Hypocriſie
whom God will ſo reiect.
But, ſure, I think, if Treafon had
not brought him to his death,
Religion neuer was ſo deer
to him as t'end his breth :
For neuer yet was heard or ſeen
for ſuch Religions fake,
That any only haue been brought
to dye at Block or Stake.
Ful many of that godles ſect
haue been attained ſure,

And haue for Treason fuffred fmarts,
as Law dooth right procure ;
And haue in iudgement, and in death,
as deftitute of grace
Continewd as this Felton did,
which makes me rue his cace.
For, fure, his bodyes death I nought
at all did then lament ;
But death of body and of foule
Dooth make my hart relent.
Beware, ye papifts, and take heed,
I read you yet beware,
And caft all Popery from your harts ;
take heed of hellifh rore :
And if you wil not yet be true
to God and our good Queen,
I pray to God that all your endes
as Feltons may be feen.
And God saue Queen Elizabeth
from Papifts wil and power,
That fharpned fwoord by Gospelles force
may all her Foes deuoure.

Amen. q. T. Knel. *Iuni.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE copy of the tract employed for our reprint was clearly that transmitted to one of the licensers, near the close of the sixteenth century, for his approbation: no other exemplar is known. The name of John Kyd, the stationer, was written by him on the title-page, and that of Thomas Kydde, the author, was subscribed at the end. We conjecture that they were brothers. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on 28th June, 1592 (see "Notes and Queries," 29th March, 1862, p. 241) the very day when the prisoners were executed in Smithfield. It was evidently drawn up and printed in haste for the sake of satisfying public curiosity, but the style of the production is much better than that of ordinary publications of the kind; and we presume that it was the composition of the same Thomas Kyd, Kidd, or Kydde, who was the author of the famous drama called "The Spanish Tragedy," of its first part entitled "Jeronimo," and of various other pieces for the stage. He was, probably, employed by his brother, John Kyd, the stationer, to draw up a particular and interesting narrative regarding a dreadful crime which, in 1592, had powerfully excited public attention.

Perhaps all the other copies have perished, or possibly the publication may not ultimately have received the approbation of the persons authorised to inspect performances of the kind; for in the registration at Stationers' Hall it is recorded that it was not then "in good form and order," but required alteration before it could be allowed to be printed.

We may take this opportunity of stating, that although Kydd's "Spanish Tragedy" was a play quite as old as the earliest of Shakespeare's dramas, no justice has hitherto been done to it in printing: the most absurd blunders, as in Shakespeare, have from the first been allowed to deform the text, although we dare say that some perverse critics may be found in our day to justify them: for instance, in Act iv, the king ought to say,

"Till when ourself will execute the place;"

whereas in every edition, ancient and modern, "execute" is misprinted *exempt*. Again, in Act v, Hieronimo ought to exclaim,

"Why, then, I see that heaven applauds our drift;"

whereas *applies* has always been printed instead of "applauds." These are glaring errors, and we could point out many more would not the pursuit of them lead us too much out of our way. Of an author of Kydd's reputation every scrap ought to be preserved; and for that reason, among others, we have reprinted the ensuing unique tract. The few grammatical errors it contains are no doubt to be imputed to the speed of the old printer.

We may add that Stow (*Ann.* p. 1271, edit. 1605) gives neither date of the day nor names, merely observing, "In this month of June a young man was hanged in Smithfield, and a woman there burned, both for poysoning of her husband, a goldsmith."

J. P. C.

The trueth of the most wicked & secret
murthering of Iohn Brewen, Goldsmith of
London, committed by his owne wife
through the prouocation of one Iohn Parker
whom she loved: for which fact she was burned,
and he hanged in Smithfield, on wed-
nesday the 28 of Iune, 1592,
two yeares after the murther
was committed.



Imprinted at London for *Iohn Kid*, and are to
be sold by *Edward White*, dwelling at the little North
doore of Paules, at the signe of the *Gun*.

1592.

THE MURDER OF IOHN BREWEN, GOLD-
smith of London, who through the entise-
ment of Iohn Parker, was poysoned of his
owne wife in eating a measse of Sugersops.

HOW hatefull a thing the sinne of murder hath
beene before the sight of the eternall God the
holy Scriptures doe manifest; yet from the beginning
we may evidently see how busie the diuell hath beene
to provoke men thereunto, in so much that, when there
was but two brethren liuing in the world, the onely
sonnes of the first man, Adam, hee provoked the one
most vnnaturally to murder the other. And albeit
there was none in the world to accuse Caine for so
fowle a fact, so that in his owne conceit hee might
have walked securely and without blame, yet the
blood of the iust Abel cried most shrill in the eares
of the righteous God for vengeance, and reuenge on
the murderer. The Lord therefore ordayned a Law
that the cruel and uniuist blood-sheader should have
his blood iustly shed again; of which law, although
no man is ignorant, and that we see it put in execu-
tion daylie before our eyes, yet doth the Diuell so
worke in the hearts of a number, that, without

respect either of the feare of God or extreame punishment in this world, they doe notwithstanding committe most haynous and grieuous offences, to the great hazard of their foules, and the destructions of their bodies on earth, onely through Sathans suggestions, as by this example following may evidently be proued.

There was of late dwelling in London a proper young woman named Anne Welles, which, for her fauour and comely perfonage, as also in regard of her good behauiour and other commendable qualities, was beloued of diuers young men, especially of two Goldsmithes, which were Batchelers, of good friends, and well esteemed for fine workmanship in their trade. The one of them was called Iohn Brewen, and the other Iohn Parker, who although hee was better beloved, yet least deserved it (as the sequell hereafter will shewe). But as the truest lovers are commonly least regarded, and the plaine meaning man most scorned of vndiscreete maidens, so came it to passe by Brewen; who, notwithstanding his long and earnest suite, the gifts and fauours which she receiued, was still disdained and cast off, albeit he had the good will and fauour of al her friends and kinsfolk: but no man was so high in her books as Parker; he had her fauours, whosoever had her frowns; he fate and smiled when others sobbed, and tryumphant

in the teares of the dispossessed. It came to passe that this nice maiden had, vpon a promise betweene them, receaved of Brewen both golde and iewels, which he willingly bestowed vpon her, esteeming her the mistris and commaundres of his life; but when he saw his suite despised, and his goodwill nothing regarded, and seeing no hope of her good will and fauour, he determined that, seeing his suite took no effect, to demand his golde and iewels againe. And vpon a time comming vnto her, requested that he might have his gifts againe; to whom disdainfully she made answere that he should stay for it; and the young man having been thus driuen off longer than hee thought good of, made no more adoe but arested her for the iewels.

The stout damsel, that had neuer before been in the like daunger, was so astonished and dismayed, that she concluded, on condition he would let his action fal, and not to think euer the worse of her afterward, to marrie him by a certain day, and to make him her husband; and this before good witnes she vowed to performe. Brewen was hereof very ioyfull, and released his prisoner on his owne perill, being not a little glad of his good succeffe. And thereupon, so soone as might be, made preparation for their mariage, albeit it proued the worst bargain that euer he made in his life. Now, when Parker

vnderstood of this thing he was grieuously vexed, and as one hauing deepe intrest in the possession of her person, stormed most outrageously, and with bitter speeches so taunted and checked her, that she repented the promise she made to Brewen, although she could not any way amend it: neuerthelesse, it kindled such a hatred in her heart against her new made choyce, that at length it turned to Brewens death and destruction. And this accursed Parker, although he was not as then in estate to marrie (notwithstanding he ere then had lien with her and gotten her with child), and would neuer let her rest, but continually vrged her to make him away by one meanes or other. Diuers and fundry times had they talke together of that matter; and although she often refused to work his death, yet, at length, the grace of God being taken from her, she consented, by his direction, to poyson Brewen; after which deede done, Parker promised to marrie her so soone as possibly he could.

Now, she had not been married to Brewen aboue three dayes, when she put in practise to poyson him. And although the honest young man loued her tenderly, yet had she conceiued such deadly hatred against him, that she lay not with him after the first night of her mariage; neither would she abide to be called after his name, but still to be termed Anne

Welles, as she was before : and to excuse her from his bed, she sayd she had vowed neuer to lie by him more till he had gotten her a better house. And the more to shadow her trecherie, and to shew the discontent she had of his dwelling, she lodged neuer a night but the first in his house, but prouided her a lodging neere to the place where this graceles Parker dwelt. By this meanes the villaine had free accesse to practise with her about the murther, who was so importunate and hastie to have it done, that the wednesday after she was married she wickedly went to effect it, even according as Parker had before giuen direction ; which was in this sorte. The varlet had bought a strong deadly poyson, whose working was to make speedy haste to the heart, without any swelling of the body, or other signe of outward confection. This poyson the wicked woman secretly caried with her to her husbands house with a mery plefaunt countenance, and very kindly asked her husband how he did, giuing him the good morrow in the most courteous manner, and asked if he would haue, that colde morning, a measse of fuger soppes (for it was the weeke before shrovetide)? I, mary, with a good will, wife (quoth he) ; and I take it very kindly that you will doe so much for me : alas! husband (quoth she), if I could not find in my heart to doe so small a matter for you (especially being so

lately married) you might iustly iudge me vnkinde: and therewithall went to make ready his last meat. The thing being done, shee powred out a measse for him, and strewed secretly therein part of the poyson; and hauing fet the porringer downe beside her while she put the posnet on the fire againe, with her rising vp from the fire, her coat cast downe that measse which for her husband she had prepared: Out, alasse! quoth she; I haue spilt a measse of as good sugar fops as euer I made in my life. Why, quoth her husband, is there no more? Yes, quoth she, that there is, two as good as they, or I will make them as good; but it grieues me that any good thing should so vnluckily be cast away. What, woman, quoth he; vex not at the matter: your ill lucke goe with them! Mary, amen, quoth she; speaking, God knowes, with a wicked thought, though the well meaning man thought on no euill.

But I pray you, John (saide she), shall I intreate you to fetch mee a penny worth of red herrings, for I haue an earnest desire to eat some: that I will, quoth he, with a good will. This sly shift she deuised to haue his absence, that she might the better performe hir wicked intent; and by the time he came againe she had made ready a messe of fuger fops for him, one for herselfe, and another for a little boye which she brought with her, but her husbands

she had poysoned as before : when he was come she gave her husband his messe, and she and the childe fell also to eating of theirs. Within a pretty while after hee had eaten his, hee began to waxe very ill about the stomack, feeling also a grieuous griping of his inward partes, wherupon he tould his wife he felt himselfe not well : how so ? quoth she ; you were well before you went forth, were you not ? yes, indeed was I, said he : then he demaunded if she were well ; she answered, I ; so likewise said the childe. Ah ! quoth her husband, now I feele my selfe sicke at the very heart ; and immediatlíe after he began to vomet exceedingly, with such straines as if his lungs would burst in peeces : then he requested her to haue him to bed, neuer mystrusting the trecherie wrought against him. Now, when it drew some what late, she tould her husband she must needs goe home to her lodging, and when he requested her to stay with him, she said she could not, nor would not ; and so vn-naturally left the poysoned man all alone that whole night longe, without either comfort or companie. All that night was he extreame sicke, worfe and worfe, neuer ceasing vomiting til his entrailles were all shrunke and broken within him (as is since supposed). The next morning she came to him againe, hauing been once or twice sent for, but made little semblance of forrow ; and when he quibd her with vnkindnes,

for not staying with him one night, she asked him if he would haue her forsworne? did I not, quoth she, sweare I would not stay in the house one night, till you had gotten another? well, Anne, quoth hee, stay with mee now, for I am not long to continue in this world: now, God forbid (quoth she); and with that she made a shewe of great heauines and forrow, and then made him a caudle with fuger and other spices: and so, on the thursday immediatly after he had eaten it he dyed, and on the Friday he was buried, no person as then suspecting any manner of euil done to him by his wife, but esteemed her a very honest woman, although, through her youth, she knew not as then how to behaue her selfe to her husband so kindly as she ought, which they imputed to her ignorance, rather than to any mallice conceaued against her husband. Now you shall vnderstand, within a small space after her husband was dead she was knowne with child, and safely deliuered, euery neighbour thinking it had been her husbands, although she since confessed it was not; but that child liued not long, but dyed.

The murder lying thus vnespyed, who was so lusty as Parker with the widdow, being a continuall resorter to her house, whose welcome was answerable to his desier. And so bould in the end he grew with her, that she durst not denie him any thing he

requested, and became so ielious that, had she lookt but merely vpon a man, she should haue knowne the price thereof, and haue bought her merement deerely. And yet was he not married vnto her: yea, to [such] flauerie and subiection did he bring her, that she must runne or goe wheresoeuer he pleased to appoint her, held he vp but his finger at any time: if she denied him either money, or whatsoeuer else he list to request, he would haule and pull her as was pittie to behold; yea, and threaten to stabbe and thrust her through with his dagger, did she not as he would haue her in all things; so that he had her at commandement whensoeuer hee would, and yet could shee scant please him with her diligence. In this miserable case hee kept her vnmarried for the space of two yeares after her husband was dead: at length he got her with child againe, which when the woman knew, she was carefull, for the sauing of her credit, to keepe it vnspied so long as she could; in so much that she would not goe forth of her doores for feare her neighbours should perceauie her great bellie. In the meane space Parker comming vnto her, she was, vpon one day aboue the rest, most earnest with him to marrie her. You see (quoth shee) in what case I am; and if you wil not for your owne credit, yet for my credits sake marrie me, and suffer mee not to be a poynting marke for

others and a shame among my neighbours. The varlet, hearing the great mone shee made vnto him, was nothing moued therewith, but chorlishly answered, shee should not appoint him when to marrie : but if I were so minded (quoth he), I would be twife aduised how I did wed with such a strumpet as thy felfe ; and then reuiled her most shamefully : whereunto shee answered, shee had neuer been a strumpet but for him, and wo worth thee (quoth she), that euer I knewe thee ! it is thou, and no man else, that can tryumph in my spoyle, and yet now thou refuseth to make amends for thy fault : my loue to thee thou hast sufficiently tried, although I neuer found any by thee. Out, arrant queane ! (quoth he) : thou wouldst marry me to the end thou mightest poyson me, as thou didst thy husband ; but for that cause I meane to keepe me as long out of thy fingers as I can, and accurst be I, if I trust thee, or hazard my life in thy hands. Why, thou arrant beast (quoth shee), what did I then, which thou didst not prouoke me to doo ? if my husband were poysoned (shameles as thou art) it had neuer been done but for thee : thou gauest me the poyson, and after thy direction I did minister it vnto him, and woe is mee ! it was for thy sake I did so curfed a deede.

These speeches, thus spoken betweene them in vehemencie of spirite, was ouerheard of some that

reuealed it to the maiestrates, whereupon the woman was carried before Alderman Haward to be examined; and the man before Justice Younge, who stooode in the denial thereof very stoutly, neither would the woman confesse anything; till in the ende shee was made to beleeeue that Parker had bewrayed the matter, whereupon she confessed the fact in order as I haue declared. Then was she carried into the countrey to be deliuered of her childe, and after brought back to prison. And then she and Parker were both araigned and condemned for the murder at the sessions hall nere Newgate; and the woman had iudgement to be burned in Smythfield, and the man to bee hanged in the same place before her eyes. This was accordingly performed, and they were executed on wednesday last, being the 28 of June 1592, two yeares and a halfe after the murder was committed. The Lord giue all men grace by their example to shunne the hateful finne of murder, for be it kept neuer so close, and done neuer so secret, yet at length the Lord will bring it out; for bloud is an inceaissant crier in the eares of the Lord, and he will not leaue so vilde a thing vnpunished.

FINIS. TH. KYDDE.

LONDON: T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS very rare poem belongs to a period considerably anterior to the date when it was printed "by John Alde for John Harrison": no year is given in the colophon, but we may reasonably assign it to between 1569 and 1575, when Alde's press was in full employment. It has never been mentioned by Ames, Herbert, or Dibdin, among the productions of that press; nor has it been noticed by any of our typographical or bibliographical antiquaries. The original edition by Wynkyn de Worde has received due attention in the body of Dibdin's "Ames" (ii, 358), but the fact might easily be passed over, because the title is omitted in his index.

The learned S. R. Maitland, D.D., librarian to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, found a fragment of the poem in that depository, but was unable to decide by whom it was printed. ("Early Printed Books at Lambeth," p. 320.) If we may offer a conjecture, we should assign it to Wally, who in 1561-2 was fined 8*l.* for "pryntyng of *Jacobe and his xij sonnes* without license." (Extr. from Stat. Reg., printed by the Shakespeare Society, vol. i, p. 57.) We may presume, perhaps, that all Wally's copies were called in, and suppressed; whether the impression by John Alde received similar treatment, and for a similar reason, we know not,

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but we believe that no other exemplar of it than that we have used is known. On 12th March, 1581-2, Thomas Easte was authorised to print "Jacob and his xij sonnes," but no such edition has reached our day. The only impressions extant are those by Wynkyn de Worde (in the Public Library at Cambridge), and that by John Allde, contained in the following pages. Herbert, in his work on early English typography (i, 318), refers to an edition by Scot, but it has entirely disappeared, as might easily be the case with Allde's edition also, did we not seek to perpetuate it by reprinting it. Warton (*Hist. Eng. Poetry*, iii, 34, edit. 1824) speaks of Wynkyn de Worde's "Historie of Jacob and his Twelve Sonnes," but does not profess to have seen it; and nobody, that we are aware, records having inspected the edition we have followed.

The miraculously beautiful story of Joseph and his Brethren, as might be supposed, found its way into the Koran, where, we may add, it is told with some poetical additions: one of these is an episode narrating that, after Joseph had been sold, he was placed by the merchants in the custody of a cruel Negro: Joseph makes a temporary escape, and visits the tomb of his mother, just out of the road, where he prays until interrupted by a blow from his keeper. There is a Spanish version of this incident, as well as of others, of about the middle of the fourteenth century, to which Ticknor in his "*Hist. of Spanish Literature*," (i, 87) calls attention, a remarkable feature in it being that, although the language is Spanish, the letters and writing are Arabic. He gives a translation of the passage relating to Joseph's pious prostration in the burial place of Rachel; but as he has hardly succeeded, as well as

usual, in conveying the spirit and simplicity of the original, we have endeavoured to make a new version in the same stanza, which we here diffidently venture to subjoin. Joseph, unseen by his Negro guard who was riding in front, slips down from his camel, and hastens to his mother's tomb :—

Then slipping down the camel's side that onward Joseph bore,
Whenas the Negro saw it not that travell'd him before,
He hasten'd to his Mother's tomb, his anguish forth to pour,
And at the grave aloud did crave her blessing evermore.

Saying, " Our good Lord pardon thee, O lady Mother ! you
Would pity all my sorrows, if my suffering you knew ;
For with chain about my neck my wretched lot I rue :
My brethren sold me all for gold, like traitor-slave untrue.

" They sold me, gentle mother, though cause I never gave ;
They tore me from my father, ere yet he fill'd his grave :
By falsehood they betray'd me, and such a bargain drave,
At basest price, by artifice, they sold me for a slave."

The Negro then discovers Joseph, chiefly, as the original states.
" by sharpening his ear" (*aguda su orella*) and listening :—

To him the Negro ran amain, and such a heavy stroke
He gave to Joseph as he knelt, his back it well nigh broke,
And, falling to the earth beneath, his life almost forsoke.
" Thief !" cried the Negro, " what I find thy masters of thee spoke."

Then Joseph boldly answer'd him, " I am no thief, I trow ;
But here lies my own Mother dear, to whom my life I owe.
But Allah, who above us reigns, reward thee for that blow,
As I'm too young to right my wrong, his curse on thee bestow."

This mention of "Allah" gives a Moorish tinge to the story, which however afterwards proceeds, in the main, as in Genesis. As Ticknor observes, the incidents are more briefly given in the Koran, and judging from what he supplies, our belief is, that the poem, though in Spanish, was composed by a Moor.

According to Genesis, Rachel was dead at the time Joseph was sold, but in the ensuing poem she tore her hair and fell to the ground at the news: she is also present at the conclusion. There are some other noticeable variations: the purchaser of the boy was not a company of Midianite merchants, but "a chapman" on his way to Egypt: when Joseph arrives there, it is Pharaoh's steward who buys him, but the lady who falls in love with him is not Potiphar's wife, but the Queen herself, who makes her nose bleed, in order to have it believed that Joseph had offered her violence. Other differences, on which we need not here dwell, will also be observed in the progress of the narrative.

The reader must not fail to remember that though this edition of the "History of Jacob and his Twelve Sons" was published near the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, it is the poetry of the time of Henry VII, or, at latest, of Henry VIII. The woodcut also clearly belongs to about that period.

J. P. C.

The History of Jacob and his Twelue Sonnes.



ALL yung and olde that list for to hear
Of deeds doon in old tim[e]
By the holy Patriarks that there were
Which descendid of olde Adams line,
Often the fun of grace on them did shine,
For to read this Story it wil doo you much good
Of Abrams Sonne, that was sith Noes flood.

Vnto one Rebecca this Ifaac was married,
Of age (the Bible saith) he was xl year,
Indeed his maidenhed so long with him taried,
And yet in long time his wife no child did bere.
Then to our Lord God he made his prayer
For to fend him frute this world to multiply,
And then his wife conceiued, as Scripture doth specifie.

Two children indeed had Rebecca in her body,
And when they were quick often times they fought ;
This good woman then merueiled greatly
What it might be, and took great thought ;
Then meekly our Lord God she befought
To haue some knowledge what it might signifie :
She took so great thought the teares fel fro her eye.

Our Lord that all knoweth saw how she fared,
With fobbing & fighting euer more crying,
Of his great goodnes to her appeered,
And said, Woman, cease thy great weeping ;
Two maner people be in thy body springing,
That shalbe delivered from thy womb shortly,
Of the which the feeble shall ouercome the mightie.

At the last her time nighed very neer,
The throwes fore thrilled her through with pain,

All her body was faint, appaled was her cheer ;
So delivered she was of faire children twain.
The first that issued was rough, called Efau by name ;
Then folowed Jacob, his brothers foot holding
Fast in his hand : this is a meruelous thing.

When they drew to age these two brethren,
Efau was a plowman, a tiller of land,
And for pleasure, to, oft would be a hunter,
To walke early & late with bow in his hand.
Jacob was so simple, at home he would stand
Alway with his mother ; for she looued him better
Than euer she did Efau, a thousand times sweeter.

Efau was better beloved yet with his father,
Because he eate of venison that he took,
And Jacob was in fauour with Rebecca his mother :
Thus may you finde, if that ye will look.
Efau went a hunting, thus saith the Book,
All a day together without meat or bread,
That when he came home for hunger he was nye dead.

When he came to the hall he saw Jacob stand
There to his dinner, then was Efau fain,
Holding a dish of potage in his hand.
Alack, said Efau, for hunger now I doo complaine,
In all this world is no greater paine :

I pray thee, brother, of thy potage let me eat with thee.

Nay, I wis, quod Jacob, thou gettest none of me.

But if thou wilt (said Jacob) fel me thine heritage,
In faith of these thou gettest neuer a dele;
And if thou wilt doo so, holde heer this potage.
For faintnes then Efau to the ground fel,
And said, Rather than dye my patrimonie wil I fel:
Nothing would it profit me if I dyed for hunger,
For my belly weneth my throte is cut in funder.

I am content, said Efau, that thou take it for thy potage.

Wel then (quod Jacob), if thou wilt resigne,
I wil haue thee fwere as for thine heritage
Thou shalt neuer claime; & heere laythy hand in mine.
Poore Efau thought it long or that he might dine,
And said vnto Jacob, Now take it for euer,
Thy potage in my hand had I leuer.

This bargaine was knit, bothe parties were glad,
Efau eat the potage, therof was faine;
And, I trow, Jacob had no cause to be sad,
His brothers heritage there he did claime.
These promises made between them twain,
And then Jacob thought to liue ful merily
With the land that Efau did fet ful little by.

At the last their father waxed blinde and might not see,
And on a day he called Esau his sonne :
Isaac said, Childe Esau, come hether to me,
For my life dayes are neer hand doon ;
Therefore go forth, & fet me some venison,
And as soon as thou doest it home bring,
Come to me, & thou shalt haue my blessing.

Esau did on his harnis for dread of beastes wilde,
By his girdel arowes, & in his hand bowe ;
And then by his owne mother Esau was begilde,
For as soon as Rebecca did it knowe,
Forth she called Jacob, and to him did shewe
Altogether, and said, Sonne, if thou wilt doo after me,
Esau shall leefe his fathers blessing, for he shall giue
it thee.

Go thou to the flock and fet me kids twain,
The best that among them may be found.
Then Jacob of this counsaile was full faine :
To the field hasted him swiftly in that sound,
And chose the best that were going in that ground ;
Then home to his mother he them brought ;
So poor Esau was begiled that no falsehood thought.

Then of the kids flesh Rebecca sod great plenty,
And made Isaac to eat in stead of venison.

Lo, the blinde eateth many a flye.

Then the mother made Jacob take the kids skin

To wrap his hands, his face and neck therin.

Wel, said Rebecca, if thy father feel thee rough of
hear,

He will beleewe none other but that thou Efau are.

Olde Ifaac the blinde began to wax hungry,

And called Rebecca, and said that he would eat

Such as she had ; he prayed her swiftly,

Hot or els colde, for him to get.

Rebecca answered & said, You shall haue meat,

For Efau hath brought plentie of venison.

Why, quod Ifaac, is he come so soon ?

Yea, said Rebecca, he is come iwis :

Flesh hath he brought, I saw neuer better

In all my life, neuer fatter then that is,

Sith we were borne neuer eat ye sweeter.

I am glad, said Ifaac : I looue him the better.

Then Rebecca fet therof Ifaac for to please :

He was hungry, & eat fast, & made him wel at ease.

Then Jacob spake to his father for his bleffing,

And on the ground he kneeled on his knee :

Father, he said, this venison home did I bring,

Now haue I fulfilled that which you bad me.

Why, said Ifaac, art thou Efau ? & he said, ye.
To feel thy skin, quod Ifaac, I haue a great lust,
And if thou be Efau I shall know thee, I trust.

Then Jacob rose & went to his father,
And said to him, Will you feel my hand ?
Then Ifaac felt it rough all of here :
He wend it had been Efau by him did stand.
But, alack, he wandred ouer the land,
Among bushes and brambles he did run,
And no knowledge had he of this great treason.

I knowe wel, said Ifaac, that thou art Efau,
And by speech I would take thee for Jacob :
Now blessed be this day that euer I it knew,
For thou shalt be maister of many a land brode,
And haue the blessing of the heauenly Lord :
Therefore come hether, let me kisse thy mouth ;
All men shall obey thee, bothe by North & South.

Where euer thou become thou shalt haue plenty ;
All the tribes shall euer woorship thy name,
With thee peace shall dwel & all prosperitie ;
They that thee curffe shalbe curffed againe ;
Thee for to please men wil be fain,
And the sonnes of their mothers shall bow to thee :
Battailes many thou shalt win, bothe by land & fee.

Then Jacob rose and went his way.
With that came Efau that much venifon brought,
And bare it to his father, and thus did he say :
Father, this flesh ful far haue I fought.
So sudainly Ifaac was smitten with a thought,
And said, Who art thou? fro whence doost thou come?
Forfooth, I am Efau, your first begotten sonne.

Ifaac meruailed more then may be thought credible,
And long or he might speak in a traunce lay :
As the maister of the story faith, so did he lye still,
Like as the foule from the body had been away.
When he did speak, O good Lord, did he say,
Thy wil is that Jacob should haue my blessing,
Yet looued I Efau abooue all earthly thing.

Who was that, said Ifaac, that brought me the venifon
Even now that I had? therwith did I dine :
I wend it had beene Efau mine owne sonne.
Alas, said Efau, father, that blessing should be mine ;
Jacob hath me begiled now the second time :
Long agoe also, for a messe of potage
He had my patrimony that was mine heritage.

Alack, said Efau, my hart is very wo,
And said, Father, haue ye not one blessing for me?
I trust that all from me be not a go.

Ifaac said, Sonne, there is no remedy,
I haue ordained him to be lord ouer thee ;
Thou shalt obey thy brother, & liue by thy swerd :
All that beholdeth thy face shalbe a feard.

Rebecca wend that Efau Jacob would haue flain,
And bad him hye & goe out of his daunger,
Vnto thine owne Vncle that dwelleth in Araine,
For and thou tary thy life standeth in feare :
Efau wil thee kil ; I heard him so fwere :
Therefore in all the haste, Jacob, be gone,
And when his anger is past againe come home.

Then Jacob departed from Barfabe,
And went ful fast toward Arain.
Ifaac & Rebecca wept ful piteously,
So Jacob hyed ouer heath and plain.
The sun drew down : his rest he would haue fain,
And as he slept him thought that he did see
A long ladder stretching to the skye.

Angels going upwards he saw also,
And in the midst Almighty God did stand,
That said to him, I wil bleffe thee where euer thou go,
And to thy seed I will giue this land
That thou doost on sleep : it shal be in thy hand ;
For I am the God of Abraham that thou doost see,
And I caused Ifaac his blessing giue thee.

Then Jacob rose on the morning earely,
And said that there was the gate of Heauen,
Of all the earth that place was moste holy,
And thanked God of that which he had seen ;
And under his bed a stone that was full cleen
He reared up, and set on the end :
There prayed he God fortune him to fend.

Then Jacob went foorth into the East,
Til he came to a great pit of water :
Three flock of sheep, with many an other beast,
He saw, how they lay all in a corner.
Then he thought they would drink of that water,
And custome men had to role away the stone,
The beastes should go in & drink every chone.

Jacob saw shepherds from him not far,
And asked of whence they were, & they said of Arain.
Know ye Laban, (quod Jacob) Sonne of Nachar ?
They all answered, We knowe him for certain.
Lo, sir, yonder commeth Rachel, we tel you plain,
That is Laban's daughter, with his flock of sheep.
God saue the kindred, said Jacob, and from care
 them keep.

Then Jacob went and kist Rachel sweetly,
And tolde her that Rebecca was his mother.

Rachel was glad of that tiding truely :
Each of them made great joy of other ;
Of curtesie Jacob could doo none other,
With strength pulled the stone from the pits brink
That Rachels sheep therof might drink.

Then Racheel bare tidings to her father
That Jacob, Rebeccas sonne, was come.
Laban was glad that tiding to heare,
And for to meet him hastily did run.
The fowles were neuer gladder of the light of the sun,
Then were they twain ; for eche saluteth other,
For Laban was Jacobs vncke, Rebeccas owne brother.

There Jacob did him playnly to vnderstand
That he had won his fathers blessing ;
The gladder was Laban to haue him in that land :
He thought that plenty should growe of every thing,
Both corne and grasse great plenty would spring.
Laban prayed Jacob there to lead his life,
And he would get him Rachel to his wife.

There Jacob promised to serue them vii yeere,
With him to abide, & be bothe true and plain,
And for to haue Rachel to his feere :
Either of that bargain was full faine.
All his yeeres he serued, bothe in colde & rayn,

And on a day Laban married Jacob to Rachel his
childe,
But as they were in bed brought Jacob was begilde.

The elder daughter, that was called Lea,
They brought to Jacobs bed, unknowing
To him, and all night by his side lay ;
But when he saw her in the morning,
He said there was unkinde dealing
To bring him Lea for faire Rachel :
Jacob said to Laban, This deed liketh me not well.

Fair sir, said Laban, it is the law of this land
That the elder daughter first married should bee :
Bothe Lea & Rachel thou shalt have in thy hand,
But other seven yeere thou must dwell with me.
Therto I graunt, quod Jacob ; these yeers wil I serve
thee,
And the next week again wil I be married
Unto fair Rachel : for her long have I taried.

To bothe was he married. Rachel had long barrain,
But Lea conceived & bare her childe Rubin :
For Jacob loved Rachel in every vain
Better then ever he did Lea for her children,
For she was some what blere eyed, and had fore
dyen ;

For she bare him ten fannes, the book fayeth plain,
Where as Rachel brought him forth but twain.

Jacob thought in that cuntrey he had long taried :
With labour he abode out full xiiii yeere,
And when his whole terme he had out ferued,
He said to Rachel, I wil tary no lenger heere :
Now to Berfabe will I goe ; I need not to feare.
As for Efau my brother, I trust, wil be my freend ;
What euer me betide to my countrey wil I wend.

Jacob said to Laban that to Berfabe he would.
Laban bad him bide with him that yeer,
And what so euer he asked haue it he should.
I desire (quod he) the lambes of diuers colour,
And if you will graunt me that to my hier,
With all other beasts that black spotted be,
And for all these xii moneths I wil bide with thee.

Both beasts & lambes I giue thee, said Laban,
All that euer black spotted be,
Claime them for thine when they come fro the dam.
Then, said Jacob, for this hier I will abide with thee.
In faith, said Laban, it shall not be broken for me.
So Jacob pilled rods where the sheep should gon ;
Beasts and lambs were spotted that yeer every
chone.

The next yeer after, Laban faid he would
Haue all the spotted, & Jacob then the white
To his parte indeed he haue should.
Our Lord for Jacob sheweth his might,
That all the beafts or lambes that fel day or night
They were clene white the moſte parte, iwis :
Then was he wroth that his flock was bigger then his.

Jacob ſpyed that Laban frowned of cheere,
And tolde priuely his wife Rachel
That he would be gon, for he Laban did feare.
Then he conueied all his herdmen ſoftly & ſtill,
And he bad them hye with their beafts to Galard the
hye hill,
Bothe with affes & cammels, thither make hying,
And my wiues with my xii ſonnes after wil I bring.

So foorth went Jacob, bothe with good and cattell,
And ſent woord that he was coming to Efau his
brother.

Laban miſſed Jacob, and had great meruel :
He knew that he was gon, and ſee it would be none
other ;

Yet would I kiſſe my daughters, for I am their father.
It was tolde him by a man of that countrey
That Jacob was at mount Galard, of vij .daies
journey.

Then Laban rode after, thus faith the book,
On a good cammel, bothe night & day,
Yet at the last he Jacob ouer took.
He asked him, whether he would that way ?
Unto my countrey, faid Jacob ; who will say nay ?
Not I, faid Laban ; but my children kisse I would,
And thy twelve sonnes also I looue better then golde.

There of all his kinred Laban took his leaue,
And asked Jacob why he went so hastily ?
You were wroth, quod Jacob, & that did I preece :
Yet twenty yeere haue I serued thee busely,
In colde and in rain attend thy husbandry,
And to goe from the sudainly I was full fain,
Left thou by some treason me would haue slayn.

Nay, nay, faid Laban, I would not doo so,
Not for all the treasure in Egypt.
I am fory that thou wilt from vs goe,
With thy asses, cammels & thy sheep.
I pray thee, Jacob, my daughters wel to keep,
And I trust that our Lord God will blesse thee
That thy grandfather worshipped, one in sted of
three.

So Jacob and Laban took leaue of eche other,
And departed there with ful heauy cheer :

Laban prayed Jacob to recommend him to his brother.

So fourth they went; & when Efau did heare
That toward that countrey Jacob drew neer,
Efau met him with foure hundred men.
So fore afraid was neuer Jacob as he was then.

He wend that Efau would him haue flaine,
And with his children fel to his brothers feet.
Arise, sayd Efau; of your comming I am fain :
Whose be these women, these children, and these
sheep,
With asses, cammels and all this heard of neat ?
They be mine, said Jacob; I giue them vnto you.
Keep them thy self, said Efau, for I haue inow.

Then was Jacob and his wiues glad
That his brother Efau was so good and kinde.
In that countrey meat and drink they had,
For as God him promised, so did he finde.
Isaac, his father, was dead that he left there behinde,
When that he to the cuntrey of Arain fled :
Rebecca, his mother, was also dead.

Then Jacob in that cuntrey liued at his ease
With bothe his wiues, Rachel and Lea :
Yung and olde fain were him to please ;

So they continued in joy many a long day.
At the last Jacobs sonne in a bed lay,
Which was brother to Benjamy :
Bothe were Rachels sonne ; she had no more truely.

This Ioseph in his sleep did dreame
That the sun & the moon both bowed to his feet,
And faire bright starres, to the number of eleuen,
Bowed to him : all this did him meet :
Also he saw a wonder, that many sheaves of wheate
Folowed him through out all the land,
And his father and mother at his feet did stand.

Young Ioseph meruailed what that might be,
And on a day he asked of Jacob, his father,
What that dreame did signify ?
And toulde his father all, as is reherfed before.
Blessed be the time, sonne, (said Jacob) that thou
were bore,
For while that I liue that day shall we see
That I, with thy xi brethren, for need must flee to
thee.

The sun & the moone betokeneth me & thy mother,
And the eleuen starres be thy brethren all.
We shall haue need of thee, I can see none other :
By my life dayes this aduenture shall be fall.

All his fonnes then Jacob did foorth call,
And when they this knew, at Ioseph they had envy :
Then they comprised his death and said that he should
die.

Not long after, as I vnderstand,
The xi brethern kept their fathers sheep,
With many other beafts, in their owne land,
As asses, cammels, and also gete.
About noone tide of the day Jacob sent them meat,
Therwith to dine, by Ioseph, their owne brother ;
And all they intended that yung childe to murder.

Poore Ioseph took their diner, & went to the feeld
His brethern to seek, the next way did he goe ;
He looked on every side and beheeld
Them he could not finde : he wept then for woe :
The teares run from his eyen, & not far him fro
He saw a man that asked what he had brought ?
My bretherenes dinner ; for them I haue fought.

Thy brethern (said the man) be on Dotain,
There they all sit on the hye hill.
Beware, thou lad, I tel thee plain,
If thou be Ioseph they will thee kill :
Therefore turn home again, & let them be still,
Without thou be weary of thy life.

One faid for thy dreme thou shouldest dye on a
knife.

Sir, I trust my brethern better then so :
Yet unto Dotain their dinner did he beare.
Loe, yonder commeth Joseph, they all faid tho,
Which by night is so royall dreamer.
All they faid, his hart ought to be in feare,
For his father shall he never see, ne none of his kin.
Yet now doo after my councel, then faid Rubin.

Rubin faid, Brethern, he is of our owne blood :
Let us not kil him with swoord nor knife,
But binde we his hands and lay him on the flood ;
Soon the streame wil bereeue him his life.
So took they Joseph, that thought on no strife,
And wrapped his shert about his face,
And layed him on the fome, there was no grace.

But as God would it was ebbing water.
Soon went they to dinner, & after to their play,
And as they looked from them a fer,
They saw poore Joseph sprawling where he lay,
All arayed in foule ose and clay.
Let us goe, they sayd, and kil him out right ;
We need not then feare that he dreamed the last
night.

Thether they went, and took up that yungling.
Haue mercy on me, brethren, Joseph gan say.
With that they saw a Chapman come riding,
Had many horse lode, and to Egypt took his way.
They asked the chapman, if he would buy Joseph or
 nay ?

And he said, Yea ; if ye will him sell,
To you xxx pence for him giue I will.

Let vs see money, said they all than,
And as for the boy shall goe with thee.
With all my heart, said the chapman.
He layed the pence in their hands quickly,
And thought that he had made a good dayes journey ;
So took his leaue and went his way :
But Joseph weeped and wayled every day.

Now, God help poore Joseph, for yung was he folde :
All his brethern therof was glad of mood.
Night drew on fast, home ward they would ;
Their meat cloth they besprang all with gotes blood.
Jacob, their father, in his doore stood :
Why come ye home so soone ? he to them did say.
They answered that they eat nor drank that day.

Jacob sayd, I sent Joseph to you long before noone
With meat, bread and drink good plenty.

They said, Father, as we home ward did come,
This meat cloth heer we found all bloody :
A pot there lyeth broken also in peeces three.
Alas, alas ! said Jacob, I trowe Joseph be dead ;
And if it be so, with sorowe I shall eat my bread.

Rachel tare her here, and fel down to the ground,
And tare her clothes in peeces small ;
Jacob also oft sighes he found,
And said, Joseph is gone, my cheef joy of all.
But Rachel weeping often would she fall,
And beat her breast against the hart with a colde
stone :
Pittie it was to heare her cry, & also for to grone.

Now leaue we of them, & speak we of the chapman
That passed ouer the sea into Egypt land.
But truely ere that he thether came,
The wind stiffly against them did stand ;
And yet at the last an hauen they fand.
The chapman led Joseph with a rope in the street :
Him for to bye came many a Lord great.

Knights & Ladyes came far that childe to see,
With many great men of Pharaos land.
It was talked abroad that he was so goodly :
And when Pharaos steward that did vnderstand,

He asked the childe, that to the chapman was band,
If he would be his man and dwel with him ?
'Then Joseph answered, I will be at your bidding.

The steward to the chapman an C pound paid
For little Joseph that of face was bright.
I haue lost no money, then the merchant said,
Yet for beauty he is worth of golde his weight.
And every body that of Joseph had a sight,
They thought he had been an Angel of pleafance,
He was so faire and loouely of countenance.

Ladyes and maidens they looued Joseph all,
And men did bleffe him when they did him see ;
So goodly a childe carued in the hall,
And meruailed of what countrey he might be.
The Steward had a sifter beyond the fee :
She sent him a farket and mantel of golde ;
The richnes therof may not be tolde.

Couched with pearles and stones precious,
With saphers, rubies & other stones of Inde,
Of many a divers colour, set ful curious,
Costly brodered with Arras, as I finde,
Chaungeable of colour before & behinde.
These rich clothes this lady sent to her brother ;
In all the world there was not such an other.

The steward beheld this costly woork,
And on his body ware it but one day :
By a large foot for him it was to short ;
If it would serve Joseph he thought he would affay,
And clad the childe in that costly array ;
And was as well made for him,
As ever was vesture to the Emperours skin.

On a day the steward would on hunting ride :
Then the Queene called Joseph into her bower,
And made him sit down by her side.
She would haue kissed him, & beheld his colour,
And sayd she loued him as paramour ;
And besought him of her to take his pleasure.
Nay, God forbid, quod he, to dye were me leuer.

She proffered him fair, both castles & towers,
And all the price of Egipt he should haue :
This said she to him, with halles & bowers,
And more riches if he would it craue :
Fro sicknes, she said, his body she would saue,
And asked therof if he graunt would ?
He answered shortly, that nothing doo he should.

He said, Madame, I will be true to my lord,
Traitor will I neuer be to my souerain :
Therefore, beleeve me at a woord,

Rather then doo so, I had leuer be slaine.
With that loud did she cry, and brake her lace in
twain,
And fmit her nose that gushed all in blood,
And rent down her ferket that was of filk so good.

She tolde her knights that Ioseph would by her lain,
And that he tare her robes all a funder ;
And help had not come, this theefe had me slaine.
Then the court therof did wunder
That he durst pul her lace a funder.
God wot it came neuer in his thought ;
But ful great treason by women hath been wrought.

At night it was shewed to the King,
How such a trespasse to the Queene was doon.
He commanded Ioseph in prison then to bring :
I charge you, said Pharao, that traitor fet soon.
Then down to the town Ioseph was gone :
They took him, and put him in a dungeon great ;
Comfortlesse there he lay without drink or meat.

Then the baker & butler, that had be seruants long,
Wrathed Pharao that was Lord and King :
Also they were brought to that prison strong,
Where Ioseph gittleffe alone lay therin.
Great hunger he suffred, with weeping & wailing.

At the laste, both butler & baker bare him company,
For in the same prison by him they did lye.

Then these ii men that in the dungeon were brought,
They had meruelous dreames there one night.
The butler, in a vineyard a cup of wine, he thought,
He had in his hand, all in Pharaos fight :
Lords & Ladies drank therof bothe squier & knight,
And euer he had three grapes in his cup holding,
All the people drank, and neuerthelesse was the
wine.

The baker thought he had holde on his shoulder
A lap ful of bread that was new bake ;
Then came there wilde foules that fro him did beare :
And euen with that bothe sudainly gan awake,
And unto Ioseph these woords then they spake
Of their dreames, and all the trouth tolde :
They prayed him to shewe what it signifie should.

Ioseph said, Baker, thou shalt be hanged on hye,
And birds shall beare thy flesh away ;
Death must thou suffer, there is no remedy.
And the butler need not to fray,
For his olde office, euen as I say,
He shall haue, and for euer keepe it still,
And of King Pharao to haue all his will.

Butler, quod Joseph, yet remember me
When thou comdest to thine office again ;
When thou shalt haue of every thing plenty,
Forget not poore Joseph that lyeth heer in paine :
And if thou doo heare any man on me plain,
In chamber or hall, at bed or boord,
I pray thee, gentle butler, giue me thy good woord.

The baker and the butler King Pharaos fee would :
On the morowe he sent for them bothe.
Then found they true all that Joseph tolde :
The butler to his office that day he goeth,
But the poore baker, to tel you the sooth,
On a gibbet he made his end,
And the butler in Pharaos court had many a freend.

So on a night King Pharaos in his bed lay,
He thought in his sleep that mighty beasts feuen,
Fairer nor fatter saw he neuer before that day :
They eat corne and grasse, of them did he dreame,
And euer he thought they came from a streame
That was in the west, and then down by a stone
These fair beasts laid them to rest euery chone.

Then out of the streame comming he saw as many moe,
That came and eat vp all their corne clene ;
So feeble then they were that they might not go :

For all that they had corne, yet were they lene.
Then sudainly Pharao waked of his dreme,
And called to his men his dreme to expound :
They wist not what it ment, all that were in the
ground.

My lord, quod the Butler, ther is one in your prifon
That ye doo hate : your dreme can he tell.
If it be Ioseph, faid Pharao, go fet him soon ;
And of this matter if he can shewe me well,
I will forgiue him my malice euery dele.
Then was little Ioseph to the King brought ;
He wend he should die, therfore he took great
thought.

Then Pharao to Ioseph all his dreame tolde,
And faid, Canst thou tel me what it doth mene,
And thou shalt haue plenty, faid Pharao, of golde ?
Sir, faid Ioseph, I will shewe thee of the dreme,
What did signifie the fair fat beasts feuen.
Thou shalt haue feuen plenty yeeres of whete,
And as many mo shall there be none to get.

The last beasts that thou saw, on which thou didst
wunder,
That eat up all the corne and yet were they lene,
It betokeneth that there is comming vii yeers of
hunger,

And all the other plenty they shall eat up clene.
As I tell thee, thus dooth it mene.
Wel, said King Pharao, this dreme is well expound;
Therefore will I make thee Steward of my ground.

Lo, then was Joseph Steward of Egypt land.
He gathered in the corne bothe day and night;
All men him pleased, bothe free and band,
Vnto Joseph did bow both squire and knight.
Yet fain would he haue had knowledge, & he might,
Whether his father & his mother were on liue;
He threw much chaffe on the water that was light,
That vnto Ifrael the winde might it driue.

In Ifrael then the hunger was great.
Jacob, that was Josephs father, with his sonnes all,
Could not get in their countrey bread or meat,
So great scarfenes among them was fall:
As for corne they had none, and meat but small.
At the last, the xj brethern by the sea side gan gone,
They saw where the chaffe came fleeting on the fome.

Then home to their father these brethren did come,
And of the chaffe shewed him that they did finde.
Out of what countrey, said Jacob, should it come?
Can ye tel? and which way commeth the winde?
It came out of Egypt, they answered, by their minde,

In faith, said his children, that by him did stand.
Now, would to God, said Jacob, we were all in that
land.

My sonnes, all thither I will you fend ;
For you right soone I shall ordaine a galley :
Also ye shall haue golde inough for to spend,
Haste ye thither, and come again lightly.
If ye tary long for hunger I shall dye.
Then, they took their ship and sayled foorth in
deed.
I pray God (said Jacob) to be your good speed.

The ship was swift that they in rode ;
God did them fend also a faire winde,
And soon they passed ouer the sea brode ;
So a crosse haven forsooth gan they finde.
They cast an ancre : soon to the land they gan winde.
The first man that they met was an Harper
That knew Israel, for he had traueled far.

This minstrel shewed them the custome of the coun-
trei ;
Because they would to the court, gaue them a ring,
And bad them beare to the porter : my brother is he,
The more fauour ye may haue at your comming ;
And to the Steward, for my sake, he wil you bring.

So they took their leaue eche at other.

Farewel, said the minstrel, recommend me to my
brother.

At the last, these brethren with the steward did meet,
And prayed him to haue some wheat for their
golde :

Lowe on their knees all they gan fit.

The steward liked their fauour, and them gan be-
holde,

And said, Out of this land no wheat shall be folde.

Ye yungmen, quod Ioseph, of what countrey are ye ?

Of Israell land, one Jacobs sonnes be we.

For joy then the teares fel from his eye,

And fudainly looked a side

Because his brethern should him not spy.

So forth together they all did ride,

And said that in Israell great hunger did bide.

Ioseph asked if they had any mo bretherin ?

And they said, Yea, his name is Benjamin.

Then he gaue them wheat, their sacks euen ful,

And they paid for it to him all their golde.

Ioseph said, Ye shall haue as much as ye wul.

These brethern thanked him many a folde :

At the last came Ruben his sack vp to holde,

Then Ioseph let fall a cup among the wheat ;
So knitted vp that bag, and bad them goe to meat.

So they took their leaue ; they would no lenger bide ;
And when they were gon thence a dayes iourney,
Ioseph bad men after them to ride,
And said, Bring them again or they go to their
galley,
For they haue borne the Kings cup away.
The men after rode, and at last them ouertook,
And made them so afeard that pitecoufly they did
look.

Abide, ye theeues, the men to them said :
Ye haue stolen a cup that longeth to the King.
Fro their backs their bagges down they layed ;
All they on other stood heauily looking.
Good sirs, we haue none, said childe Rubin.
Then they fought the sacks as they stood on the
ground,
And in Rubins sack the cup they found.

God wot then they all were woe,
And looked as pale as the ashes dead ;
To get help or comfort they wist not what to doo.
Loe, ye theeues, the men to them said,
In prifon shall ye lye and there to eat your bread ;

And bound their hands & led them to their brother,
Weening for to dye : they knew all none other.

Then Ioseph faid, Sirs, how is this befall,
That this cup of golde is among you found ?
Forfooth, faid they, we knew it not at all ;
And then fel on their knees to the ground.
Hence ye goe not, faid Ioseph, for a M. pound,
But if ye will bring me Benjamin,
That is your brother : faine would I see him.

Til you haue him brought, faid Ioseph tho,
One of you to pledge heere shall abide.
How say you ? are ye agreed therto ?
And they answered him, Yea, in that tide.
Then, go when you wil, faid Ioseph, God be your gide.
So they took their ship & failed ouer the strand,
And at last they came home to their owne land.

On a day little Benjamin, that was left at home,
To his father for bread did he pray.
I wis, sonne, faid Jacob, I haue none,
And therefore I may say wel away !
For now I lack my food, and none get I may.
Alas, faid the childe again, father, I would haue
bread :
My bely is fore for hunger : alas, I would be dead.

Jacob wept, so did Rachel also,
To see their childe for his bread cry.
Alas, they said, now were we never so wo ;
Our wheat is all gone, and none can we bye.
I, good God, said Jacob, for food now I dye :
My sonnes from Egypt I would were come ful
 faine :
For all the world hunger is the greatest pain.

And as soon as they these words spoken had,
All his sonnes brought wheat into the hall.
Then Jacob and his wife waxed very glad,
And little Benjamin wel knew them all.
So they shewed their father what did them befall,
And said that they must cary Benjamin ouer the fee.
Nay, that shall ye not, quod Jacob ; he shall bide
 with me.

We were troubled for a cup, they all said,
That was found in Rubens bag ;
And we had wend verily that we should all haue
 dyed :
Great sorow and trouble therfore we had.
Then Jacob, their father, was very sad,
And asked for Asser, that was their brother :
He is yet in Egypt, they said ; it would be none
 other.

Til we bring Benjamin there must he bide ;
He fareth wel inough, they said, & hath his libertie,
Therefore we wil hie vs thither this next tide,
And bring home wheat great plentie.
Alas, said Jacob, none other can I see :
Now shall I leese Benjamin after Joseph.
In forow shall I liue all the dayes of my life.

So ouer into Egypt Benjamin they lad,
And before the Steward him did they bring.
Then was Joseph, I trowe, ful glad,
When he saw all his brethern before him kneeling.
So Joseph prayed them in Ebrew to sing,
And euer his eye he cast on little Benjamin :
Be ye sure he was glad to see him.

Then they all fung Ebrew, as their brother bad :
I trowe, Joseph therof was fain.
And then he called them brethern, and bad them be
glad,
For I am he, said he, that you folde in Dotain.
Remember ye not that ye me would haue slaine ?
Alas, said Ruben, vnto his brethern tho,
For that fame deed to death now shall we go.

Not so, quod Joseph : I forgiue you all ;
And then he kist them euery chone.

In this countrey, brethern, now ye abide shall ;
But first again must ye go home,
And fet all my kinred ; of them leaue not one :
Bothe my father and my mother bring hether to me,
And in this land they shall liue ful merily.

Now, they went into Israel land,
And said, Father, good tidings haue we brought ;
Joseph, our brother, again haue we found :
Wheat in Egypt in a good time haue we fought.
God wot, that Jacob was glad in his thought ;
And then all the brethern to their father tolde,
How for xxx pence to a chapman they him folde.

And now, father, he prayeth you to come to the land,
With all your kin to the ninth degree,
And then shall ye haue all things at your hand.
With a good will, quod Jacob, thither wil wee.
To the ship they went in all the hast that might be,
And shortly landed in Egypt the kingdome.
Joseph was glad when he heard they were come.

At the last they met Joseph in Pharaos hall :
There he welcomed his father & Rachel his mother ;
So for to wafh to meat for water did he call.
Jacob took the lauer in one hand and the bafin in the
other,

And Rachel in her hand a fair Towel did beare,
And so their sonne it heeld for to wash his hands :
Nay, not so, quod Joseph ; this not with reason
stands.

Then, at the table his father he did set,
With his mother Rachel and many other mo :
Their xi sonnes there serued them of meat.
On his dreame Joseph thought tho,
How that he out of Ifrael did go ;
So when they had eaten thus he gan fain :
Now are my dreames true that I had in Dotain.

Now dooth the Sun and the Moon bow to my
hand,
And the xi starres that in my dreame I did see ;
With sheaves of wheat through out the land,
Now in deed they doo followe me :
And now in Egipt our life lead we.
So then he prayed his father to be glad :
God hath so prouided, ye haue no cause to be fad.

Still there they liued in that countrie :
In great richesse they did all abound ;
Of sheep and cattel they had plentie,
With gotes, asses and cammels ful their ground.
Their kinred encreased about them round,

Til it befel at laſt that all thing ſhall haue end,
God his meſſenger, death, vnto them did fend.

Now, ye that ſhall this book ſee or read,
Doo not think that it is contriued of any fable,
For it is the very Bible in deed,
Wherin our faith is groundd ful ſtable.
Now, God giue us grace that we may be able,
By merit of his Paſſion, to Heaven to aſcend.
For this matter heer I make an end.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London
by JOHN ALLDE, for JOHN HARISON.

LONDON: T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

THE singular bibliographical curiosity here reprinted, was not known to be in existence, until it was recently discovered in the Library at Lambeth. It is a virulent satirical attack upon the Roman Catholics in an early stage of the Reformation, and it could not have been printed later than about the year 1550. Humphrey Powell, the typographer of it, issued nothing with a date before or after 1548; and Ames, Herbert, and Dibdin only mention eight tracts from his press, entirely omitting that in our hands, of which they had never heard.

It appears that, towards the close of the sixteenth century, Richard Jones made a reprint of it, putting it forth as a new work, and adding to it some miserable and blasphemous doggerel, called the Devils "X detestable Commaundementes," in order to give it the appearance of novelty. Forty copies of this edition were reprinted at Edinburgh nearly thirty years ago, and in the preliminary notice some judicious remarks were made, in order to controvert the notion of the writer of an article in the *British Bibliographer*, i, 80, that "The Will of the Devil" was the work of George Gascoigne, as stated in the sale-catalogue of the books of Topham Beauclerk. The discovery of the original impression by Humphrey Powell renders the supposition of Gascoigne's authorship all but impossible. Powell gave it the unpretending title we have prefixed; but Jones (of whose impression three or four exemplars are known) flourished it out thus, with the view of ensuring popularity to the tract.

“The Wyll of the Devyll, with his X detestable Commaundementes, directed to his obedient and accursed Chyldren, and the Rewarde promised to all suche as obediently will endeuour themselves to fulfill them. Verye necessarie to be read and well considered of all Christians.—Imprinted at London by Richarde Jones.”

He placed no date upon his title-page, but it must have been between thirty and forty years after it was first published by Powell. The date is, however, material, on account of the temporary allusions, and illustrations of manners, applicable to all ranks of society, from the apple-squires, attendant upon prostitutes, to the dignitaries of the law with their bags and geldings. The humorous reference to the tailor's many-coloured banner, composed of pieces stolen from the cloth or silk of his customers, was, most likely derived from the *Jests of Piovano Arlotto*, originally printed in 1520, and often afterwards; but it is the earliest notice of it in English, and from Powell's tract it may have found its way into Sir John Harington's *Epigrams*, published in 1615, and from thence into later jest-books.

On pp. 6, 13 of our reprint, a work is mentioned under the title of “*Heresy's Last Will and Testament*”: we have never seen it, and have met with no other notice of it.

J. P. C.

¶ The will
of the
Deyll.
And last Testament.



An Exhortation to the deuyls Adherentes.

PAMACHIUS, Bishop of Rome, bewailing the death of Belsebub his father, doth cause al his Auernals, forkedtipes, and anoynted Gentlemen, to come to the readyng of the Deuyls Testament and last Wyll, which he, his owne selfe, trustyng no body in so hyghe mattiers, he dothe reade out aloud openly, faiying as hereafter followeth.

The wylle of the deuyl.

In myne owne name Amen. I, Belseebub, cheife of hel, Prince of darkenesse, Father of the vnbeleuers, and Gouvernour of the vniuerfall sinagoge Papistical, beyng fycke in bodye and foule, make this my Testament and Last Wyll, in maner and forme folowyng, that is to say :—Fyrst, I bequethe my spytefull foule and body to my sonn Antichrist, togeder to be buried in saynt Peters Church at Rome, vnderneath the hygh Aulter and Canapie, or in the stony and carnall heartes of my Dearlynges, the Massmongers and Papistes. Also all my Ceremonies which in the

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Churches bee vsed here within this regiō, I geue them to the makers and inuentors therof, and to their posteritie, to bestowe them where thei wyll; that is, to wyt :—Fyrst, I geue and bequethe to pope Phelix all fuche superstitious and idle holydayes as he inuented : and to Honourious, that Jue and coniurer, I geue my Offerynges, which were geuen to ydolles and ymages. And I geue Constātine al the whole ymages of my Churches; my belles to Sabiniānus; my popysh Hymynes to Pope Leo; my Matens and Organs to Urbanus and Vitalianus; my syngyng to Pope Stephanus; my Proceffion to Agapitus; to Pope Alexander my coniured waters; to Paschalis my reliques; to Honorius my Letany; my supersticion of Lent to Thelesphorus; the vigil saturdaye to Pope Innocent, and the friday fish to Pope Leo; the Imbredays to pope Calixtus; to Theodorus the Paschall at Easter; to Gregory the vii the Saintes vigils and Rogacion wycke; my Lent seruyce to Auela the first; my Shrines and dedicacion to Sergius and Phelix; All Hallowes and all foules daye to Johan the xix. And to Pope Boniface the iiii. my yearely Confession to the councell of Laterenence: and al other my Ceremonies to the Inuenters therof, as precisely as I reherfed them pticularly by name.

And I geue and bequethe to the Vfurers of all

Tounes and Places xx millions of golde, to be deu-
uided equally betweene them, as they woulde parte
my bleffing; and that they leande to no maner of
perfon any part therof without great lucre and
gaynes, yea, and without bearyng any aduenture at
all.

Item, I geue my Chastitie to the Cleargy. Also,
I geue to the best parte of them, eueryche a red
blooddy goun, and euery other of them a long
greene goun, or a fyne blacke goun, with eueriche
their tippettes of veluet and farcenet, doune to the
grounde, to be knowen from other men, followyng
me to my buriall, if I dye, and none other perfones.
Item, I geue to the meane forte of people a M.
loaues of bread, to be geuen to the dogges, rather
thē to poore men. Item to the Mercers and Grocers,
and other reteylers of wares, euerich of them, a clothe
to hange before their wyndowes; and eueryche of
them a subtile light, to make all their wares to shew
fyne.


Item, I geue to the Vintiner all my rotten wyne,
to apparell the rest of their wyne.

Item, I geue to euery Tayler a Banner, wherein
shal be conteyned al the parcelles of cloth and
fylkes, &c., as he hathe cast them into hell.

Item, I geue to eueryche of the cheifest menne of
the Lawe a Moyle, to bryng him to hell, and two

right handes to helpe himself withall to take money of both partes : and to euery of these pety Bouget men of lawe, and Tearmers, a couple of geldynges for him and his man, to ryde vp and doune, and a Bouget to put inne their sub penas, to crake the poore men with all in the countrey. Item, I geue to all Women foueregntee which they most desyre, and that they neuer lacke excuse.

Item, I geue to euery fyngle woman, and vnchaste wyfe in London, a couered Basket to beare in their handes ; and to the fynest forte of them an Apple squyre, to go before eueryche of them to couer their follyes.

Item, I geue to all Whoremongers, Fornicators and Aduonterers, a craftye wytte to wrest the Scriptures, and to make them serue for filthy purposes, therby to excuse and proue them felues faultlesse. Wherein I wyl al our Sodomitical clergye, which for their owne ease do abhorre paynfull wedlocke, and replenish the worlde with incestuous whoredome, to helpe and ayde them with vnshamefast railyng agaynst our enemies, the ministers of Goddes worde. Item, I geue vnto hym  which, vnder the tyttle of Herefyes Testament, dyd, as a valiant Champion of ours, most traiterously diffame and sclaunder the trew doctrine of my great foe and enemye Jesu Christ, a stubburne, styffe, and rebellious hert, ther-

with stoutly, thorough my speciall diuelysh grace, to withstand and resist, and as moche as in him lyeth, to let his Princes procedynges, and to intoxicate and poyson the simple, lest they falle and swarue from me ; and after his deceasse, if he continew faithfully to the end in my seruyce, a place in hel next to Sathan my eldest sonne.

And bicause that with the inuincible sworde of my mortall enemy, which most victoriously reigneth nowe, our kyngdome beyng almost subuerted, sauing that some yet of our Marked monsters, boldly and vnshamefastly, agaynst their owne conscience and knowledge, do maynteyne and vpholde it, fightyng with toothe and nayle for our honor and right, I feele myself wounded to death, without any hope of recovery. For all Phisicians, to whom I haue geuen leue to kyl boldly without any feare of enditement or hangyng, and to minister poyson to the pacientes, in stede of wholsome phisicke, haue, with the crafty and theuysh surgeons, all forsaken me. I doo here, in my ragions mynde, geue my ample and large banner and standarde, the Masse, vnder the which all false Christians haue with me stoburnly, and moch more blasphemously, fought agaynst the price of their owne soule[s] healthe, and redemption, that is to say, the deathe and bloode of my most deadlye enemy Jhesu Christ, vnto my good, especiall, and trusty frendes

Emferus, Echius, Faber Conftancienfis, and Stephen Gardenerus, with many other, vnto whom, if they wyll perfift ftill in my defent and comely camp of blafphemy, I haue prepared a place meete for fuche Champions and worthy knyghtes : Referued alway, that my fonne the Antichrift, with his fhauelynges and annoynted Sodomites, fhallbe participant therof; that fo, with the daily Offeryng of a new made God, they may purchafe vnto themfelues my Satannicall bleffynge, and helly reft.

I do geue to Urbanus the i. the fyluer and golden Chalices, and vnto Sixtus the firft all my fyne Corporaces; and the holy deuelifh halowed Vestimentes, or Parliament robes, whiche my Standardbearers doo vfe to weare in my battayles and warres, I dooe bequethe vnto Stephen the firft. Item, I geue the rablement of the other feined and domme ceremonies, wherwith my ftandard is patched and made, to the Popyfh mafmongers, to comforte their fory hertes with all, licyfyng them with the mifunderftanded Gofpell and Epiftell to cloke their blafphemous Maffe, as I myfelf dyd bring againft myne enemy Chrift playn fcriptures to blynde him with all. Thefe be the domme and plafphemous Ceremonies that I do meane: the *Confiteor*, wherein is the puddle of all blafphemye; the *Offices*; the mifufed *Kyrie elefon*; their blafphemous *Colectes*; their couetous

Offertory to spoyle the poore Laitee with all, and fyll their owne purses; their stinkyng Canon, with their *Suffipe sancta Trinitas* wherwith they robbe my great enemy Christ of his honor and glory. Item, I wyl them, vnder the colour of the Communion set furthe by their godly Prince, boldly and vnshamefastly to keepe, maintayne and vpholde my blasphemous Masse, which is an iniurye to the right institucion of the Lordes Supper.

Item, I geue to all them that kepe whores, beside their wiues, a baudy house of their owne, and this faiying of the retcheles woman in Salomō (Stollen waters ar sweete, and bread that is priuely eaten hath a good taste) to defende their baudery.

Item, I geue to all Preestes lemondcs, that wyl not marry, but perseuer in their Sodomiticall and abhominable chaſtitie, that they shall pyſſe holy water all the dayes of their lyfe, euer chattering agaynst the trewe wyues of the Ministers.

Item, I geue to all them that profess the Gospell, and with their filthy liuyng doo geue occasion to blaspheme the same, a fayre tongue to talke of it, an hypocriticall face, and a newe Testament, or other Booke in their handes to hyde their feined holynesse and hypocryſie with all. Item, I geue to euery Rufſian a sword and a buckeler, a shyrt of mayle, and hosen of the same, a payre of chayned buskens, a theuſh looke, and a whore.

Item, I geue to all my idle hufwyues a small hufwyfe or ii. to kepe them company with all, and to loue other mens houfes better then their owne, and to paffe as much for their honefty as thei do of their cobled fhoes; and alfo, a loue to go gay on the holy day, and to do nothing and other of the working daye to kepe them occupied ftyll.

Item, I bequethe to all dycers, otherwyfe called wyndeshaken gentle men, to euery one a thoufand payre of falfe dice, a copper chayne or two, xx copper rynges plated with golde, a glofyng tongue, a fayre dyffembled countinaunce to deceyue playne men with all, and an acre of land upon fhoters hyll, worth an hundreth pounce a yeare, therewith to mainteyne his eftate and his amorous lady.

Item, I bequethe to euery honeft woman, beyng a furtherer of loue, the kepyng of fome great mans houfe, that in the owners abfence fayre wyues may reforte thither to banket and make mery with their Franiens. Item, I bequethe to euery yong woman maydenlyke, when fhe fhall goe to the market, a poore woman to buye her meate, that fhe in the mene tyme may go to a bawdy houfe for her recreation, or elles to a dauncyng fcoole to learne facions, &c. Item, I bequethe to euery apprentife, that is willyng to deceaue his maifter, a receauer of his maifters goodes; a houfe to fet his cheft in with his

apparell, that he may go clenly; a Ruffian for his companion, to helpe him to ſpende his money, and to bring him acquainted with whores, &c.

Item, I bequethe to all couetous excequtors a falſe and an vnfaithfull hert, and loth to departe frome that whiche is not their owne, not beſtowing the goodes of the deceaſſed to the comforte of the Poore Flocke of Jheſu Chriſt; which cauſeth vs much to reioyce together in hell to ſee the multitude that cometh thither dailye for that dredefull offence committing.

Item, I geue to all hatefull haters of the poore Chriſtians a proude, crafty, and vnmercifull wyt, agaynſt the prouiſion for the releyſe and maintinauce of the fame.

Item, I geue to certayne Cities, Tounes, and Countreyes, negligent rulers; deuelyſh, vnchaſt, couetous and vnfaciable miniſters, pollers and guydes to haue the gouernance therof; kepyng the goodes bequethed to the maintinauce of the fame to their owne lucre and vantage, and to make merchaundyce of the goodes, landes, and rentes of the fame; to oppreſſe the poore laboring flocke of myne enemy Jheſu Chriſt, that thei enioy not thoſe goodes, landes and rentes, according to the wylle and mynde of the Bequethers, but mayntayne vfury, and make leaces of the rentes therof, to the vtter vndoying of all

Artificers : For the whiche Vfurpers is prouyded a place with me in our infernall Citees and Pallaces, wher they shall raygne with Diues Epulo worlde without ende.

Item, I geue to the faithfull seruantes of my sonne Mammon a proude, couetous, and an vncharitable hert ; therewith, boldly and without mercy, to oppresse the poore, to spoile the fatherlesse and wydowes, and to put the comens of the countrey frome their Farmes, Houses, commodities and liuyng, and all to mainteyne their pride, and eueriche of them which after their deceasse wyll spende all their euyl gotten goodes merily with cardyng, dicyng and whorehunyng. Item, I geue to all Craftes men, that fyght vnder my standarde, a lyeng tongue and swearyng. Item, I geue to the Butchers new fresh blood to ouer spricle their stale meate, that it may seeme to the eye of the vnware byer newly kylled ; and prickes inough to fet vp their thynne meate, that it may appeare thycke and well fedde.


Item, I geue to the Fishmongers free libertee to sell their rotten lynges and stinkyng faltefysh, to breede and engendre diseases among the people, to the phisicians aduantage and proffit.


Item, I geue to the Kookes and Pye bakers good leaue to shreade mouldy meate, and ready to renne away for quick ware, and to mengle it together with

new fresh flesh, therewith to make pies and pasties to furnysh their neyghbours tables with all.

Item, I geue to the Goldefsmithes brasse and copper inough to myngle with their rynges and plate, to make them wey for aduaūtage. Item, I geue to the Peuterers, and all other that occupy wayghtes and measures, to haue false and contrary weightes, to bye with the one and sell by another. Item, to the Apothicaries I geue leaue that when a man asketh them a thyng, and [they] haue it not, to bryng them another thyng, and say it is that.

Item, I geue to my Dearlynges, the priuey papistes, ymages, Crucifixes, and other lyke puppet maumetry to worship secretly in their Oratories and bed Chaumbers, because they may not worship them openly a brode in Temples and churches.


 Ouer this my Testament and last Wylle, which I haue here made in my ragyous mynde and spytefull diuelysh memory, in the presence of my great coūcellour[s] Minos and Radamanthus, I do make the Furies of hell excequtors ; that is to saye, Megera, Alecto and Tisiphone : all Maffemōgers and Papistes, with the Authour of Herefyes Wylle and Testament, beyng faythfull ouerseers of the fame.

 Written by our faythfull Secretaries,
Hobgoblyn and Blooddybone, in the

spytefull Audience of all the Courte
of hel.

TESTE ME IPSO.

**The Courte Auernall, after the
rehersall of the Deuils
last wyll and
Testament.**

 Wo, wo, to our vnfaciabie paunches, which
thorough our Souereygne Lorde Belfeebub had ben
long fed with the labors of the Laitee! O, our belly
chere, our belly chere fare well, that mischeife maye
come vpon these new Gospellers, by whom wee shall
bee driuen to ploughe and to carte, and to kepe
shepe! O Belfeebub! our fweete Mazon, Masses of
Requiem thou shalt lacke none.

Imprinted at London by Humfrey Powell.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS mock-heroic Poem, as far as we at present know, exists only in the single perfect copy preserved in the British Museum : attention was directed to it, not merely as a literary curiosity (perhaps the earliest production of the kind in our language) more than forty years ago (see *Poet. Decam.*, 1820, vol. i, p. 189) and more recently in the "Life of Spenser" (Bell and Daldy, 1862), vol. i, p. cxxxiii, where the remarkable dedication of it to Michael Drayton is quoted. The editor of the present reprint has an exemplar of "The Metamorphosis of Tabacco," but unfortunately very imperfect : it has, however, a fragment of the title-page, with the woodcut of Parnassus and the laurel growing between the forks of the hill : we have not used it here because it was employed for any other works to which the motto *Parnasso et Apolline digna* would at all apply ; such, for instance, as the second part of Warner's "Albions England" in 1606. The only other difference between our reprint and the original is, that, for greater convenience, we have transferred the marginal notes to the bottom of the page.

By whom it was written we cannot conjecture, since it has neither name nor initials on the title-page, nor at the end of the address to the distinguished author of "Matilda," "The Barons Wars," "Polyolbion," etc. A passage in T. Nash's "Have

with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, might lead us to suppose that Anthony Chute was the author of it; but (independently of the date), looking at what he has left behind him, we feel satisfied that nothing so good could have proceeded from his pen. Besides, the writer of "The Metamorphosis of Tabacco" was certainly a young man, who had produced no poem of an earlier date. We might be disposed to assign it to Francis Beaumont, were not his initials subscribed to one of the copies of commendatory verses. It is full of fancy, of pleasant exaggeration, of scholar-like allusion and illustration, and is generally composed in such smooth and harmonious verse, that any poet of the day might have been proud of it.

It appears from passages on pp. 19, 45, that Queen Elizabeth was living when the poem was written; and on p. 38 we have a remarkable line that has been imputed to Ben Jonson. Another line, if not more, on p. 35, seems imitated from some other poet, possibly from Drayton himself, though we have not yet been able to trace it: two useful notes to Shakespeare on the substantives "vast" ("Hamlet," I, 2) and "holy-thistle" ("Much Ado," etc., III, 4) are afforded on pp. 11, 44. The author here and there injures his own verse, as on p. 31, by affected archaisms; and in one place we have inserted a syllable and in another a letter, of course placing them between brackets, in order to complete the defective measure. On p. 32, some may be of opinion that "White" is a misprint for *While*, but as a consistent meaning is afforded by the former, we have felt bound to preserve it in our text.

J. P. C.

THE
METAMORPHOSIS OF
T A B A C C O.

Lusimus Octavi &c.

A T L O N D O N

Imprinted for Iohn Flasket, and are to be sold at
his shop in Paules Church-yard at the signe
of the black Beare. 1602.

Ad mare riuuli.

TO MY LOVING FRIEND
MASTER MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE tender labour of my wearie pen,
And doubtfull triall of my first-borne rimes,
Loaths to adorne the triumphs of those men
Which hold the raines of fortune, and the times :
Only to thee, which art with ioy possesse
Of the faire hill where troupes of Poets band,
Where thou, entron'd with Laurell garlands blest,
Maist lift me vp with thy propitious hand,
I send this poëme ; which for nought doth care,
But words for words, and loue for loue to share.

————— *namq' tu solebas*

Meas esse aliquid putare nugas.

In laudem Authoris.

Graunt me smooth utt'rance, Muses, to reherse
 The pleasing smoothnesse of thy worthy verse :
 If there be words fram'd by admired wits
 To sing thy praise, those words my verse befits ;
 But such are scant, and there's not one remains
 Can giue thee due, none worth enough contains
 To sing thy praise in an vp-raised straine,
 And giue desert to thy admired paine.
 Feare not the censure of each babbling tongue ;
 They care not whom they pleasure, whom they wrong.
 Respect it not if fooles thy Muse miscall,
 Thy paine, her worth, deserues applause of all ;
 In whose adoring if my pen offends,
 My heart my pens defaults will make amends.

Z. D.

See how the chattering throngs of Poets vaine
 Besiege the paths vnto the Muses cell :
 See how they pant, and beate with fruitlesse paine
 The steepe traces to the learned well.
 Securely thou their vaine assaults discount,
 Thou whom Apollo by the hand hath guided,
 A new-found passage to the horned mount,
 And from the rout vnhalloved hath deuided,

And taught thee raise thy foring Muse on wing,
 And thy triumphant name in learned eares to ring.

There didst thou gather on Parnassus clift
 This precious herbe, Tabacco most diuine,
 Then which nere Greece, nere Italy did lift
 A flower more fragrant to the Muses shrine :
 A purer sacrifice did nere adorne
 Apolloes altars then this Indian fire ;
 The pipe thy head, the flame to make it burne
 The furie which the Muses doe inspire.

O sacred smoke, that doth from hence arise,
 The authors winged praise, which beates upon the
 skies !W. B.

Whom Helicon and Tempe doe adorne
 With sugred gifts of diuine poetrie,
 Let no detracting Zoilus him scorne,
 Thinking thereby to cure his maladie ;
 For he that once doth Homers pen dispraise,
 Cannot himselfe to Laureats honour raise.

Then thou, that art the author of this booke,
 Send forth that sacred fume from out thy braine,

That thereon well-disposed wits may looke,
 And say, Giue me Tabacco once againe ;
 For Castile nere did such a pipe afford
 Of Trinidade, vpon mine honest word.

H. H.

If that the Bee, whose winter paines are rest,
 For gathring hony in the fruitfull spring,
 And making choise of eu'ry flowre the best,
 That to her hiue she may the sweetnesse bring,
 Doth to her selfe deserue so great a praise,
 What may be his, whose whole yeares worst spent
 For recreation on some idle daies, [hower,
 Hath suckt such hony from an Indian flower ?
 What may be his whose yonger yeares are such ?
 What may be his whose first fruits are so faire ?
 What may be his I cannot say too much,
 Nay, what is his to giue I doe despaire :
 As one too weake to giue them their desart,
 Yet rather chuse my selfe to take a maim,
 Then for to faile to shew a louing hart
 Vnto my friend, to recompence his paine.

I. A.

What my poore Muse can doe she vowes is thine :
 Black set to white makes it farre clearer shine.

Then, like a faithfull friend she first affaies
 With her owne shame to purchase thee the praise :
 And yet, if enuie seeke thy worth to blot,
 (As what deserts be they she staineth not ?)
 Through truer zeale she plaies this second part :
 The spite that's aim'd at thee comes through her hart.
 N. P.

Sometimes all man, that hath vs'd foule and breath,
 Must print his heele on the black way of Death ;
 But this small poeme, though the least of manie,
 Shall liue like Soules, though natures worst gifts die,
 Till all the compounds weare their fierie sheete :
 Not till all Death shall this slight storie fleete.
 M. G.

To the white Reader.

Take vp these lines, Tabacco-like, vnto thy braine,
 And that diuinely toucht, puffe out the fmoke againe.
 B. H.

My new-borne Muse affaies her tender wing,
 And where she should crie is enforst to sing :
 Her children prophesie thy pleasing rime
 Shall neuer be a dish for hungrie time ;

Yet be regardleffe what thofe verfes fay,
Whofe infant mother was but borne to-day.

F. B.

I doe inuoke none but thy felfe to praife thee,
For there's no other Mufe fo high can raife thee.
Thou art my Mufe, I can thy praifes tell :
My Mufe hath tafted of the Mufes well.

F. R.

The tender plant which goodly fruit hath bore,
Being growne doth promife farre more beautious
ftore :

Seeing thy youths prime a worthie worke hath dight,
What fhall thy riper Mufe produce to light ?
Tabaccoes fpring transforming foueraigntie
Sett forth with truth fictions, Philofophie,
Merits enroulement with Mœonian quill,
Thy wit, zeale, labours, and thy learned fkill.

*Doctrina, ingenio, ftudiis, pietate, labore,
Exupera, polle, profice, crefce, vige.*

I. P.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF TABACCO.

I SING the loues of the superiour powers
With the faire mother of all fragrant flowers ;
From which first loue a glorious Simple springs,
Belou'd of heau'nly Gods and earthly Kings.
Let others in their wanton verses chaunt
A beautious face that doth the senses daunt,
And on their Muses wings lift to the skie
The radiant beames of an inchaunting eye :
Me let the sound of great Tabaccoes praise
A pitch aboue those loue-sicke Poets raise :
Let me adore with my thrice-happie pen
The sweete and sole delight of mortall men,
The *Cornu-copia* of all earthly pleasure, [sure !
Where bank-rupt Nature hath consum'd her trea-
A worthie plant springing from Floraes hand,
The blessed offspring of an vncouth land !
Breath-giuing herbe ! none other I inuoke
To helpe me paint the praise of fugred smoke ;
Not that corrupted artificiall drug,
Which euery Gull as his owne foule doth hug,
And in the sweete compofure of a docke
Drinkes to his Ladies dog, and Mistresse smocke,

Whose best conceits are broacht of bastard fume,
Whose wittie salt depends on the salt rheume,
Which first, like Vapours, doe ascend on high,
But quickly vanish ere they touch the skie ;
Which, like to Meteors, for a while amaze
The simple soules which wondring stand at gaze ;
But being knowne from whence they first were fir'd,
Are counted base, and cease to be admir'd.
Auant, base Hypocrite ! I call not thee ;
But thou great God of Indian melodie,
Which at the Caribes banquet gouvern't all,*
And gently rul't the sturdieft Caniball ;
Which at their bloodie feasts dost crowned sit,
And smok't their barking iawes at eu'ry bit ;
Which lead't the Circle of a sauage round
With iarring songs, and homely musicks sound ;
Which to fond mirth their cruell minds dost frame,
And after with a pleasing sleepe dost tame ;
By whom the Indian Priests inspired be,
When they presage in barbrous Poetrie,
Infume my braine, make my soules powers subtile,
Giue nimble cadence to my harsher stile,
Inspire me with thy flame, which doth excell
The purest streames of the Castalian well,
That I on thy ascensue wings may flie,

* Caribes be sauage people of America.

By thine ethereall vapours borne on high,
And with thy feathers added to my quill
May pitch thy tents on the Parnassian hill.
Teach me what power thee on the earth did place,
What God was bounteous to the humane race ;
On what occasion, and by whom it stood,
That the blest world receiu'd so great a good !

Before the earth and heau'n were create,
When the rude Chaos* lay disconsolate,
When this great All and wondrous worke we see
Had neither forme, nor part, nor qualitie,
Blind Nature did her *Atomis*† disperse
Ouer the large confused vniverse,
And heau'nly powers all out of order plac't
Were buried in the bowels of the Vast :
Then did these feedes, which yet vnpolisht were,
Wage war against the feedes of single-beere ;
And smotherd in that topsy-turvie trance,
Nourisht some smacke of mirth and iouissance :
But when this massie lumpe had chang'd her face,
And eu'ry thing possesst his proper place,
Yet did this plant in darke obliuion lurke :
Small trauaile could not bring forth such a worke,

* This Chaos ancients faine to be a disordered masse, out of which the world was made.

† Some Philosophers fained that the world was composd *ex Atomis*, of little moles gathered together.

(Like to Alcmenaes sonne, the God of might,
Whom to beget Ioue made a treble night)
Till wife Prometheus, which compos'd a creature
Excelling all the world in forme and feature,
When he that rare immortall worke had done,
Stole fire from the bright chariot of the Sunne ;
Which farre-fecht fire had seru'd him to no end,
But that the Earth her chiefeſt powers did lend ;
For ſeeing how great Phœbus was beguil'd
To make a God of her beloued child,
And alwaies enuying at the Gods aboute,
(As her Viperean brood of Giants proue,*
And totall ruine of her ſtubborne race,
For whom in teares ſhe waſht her watrie face,†)
She call'd her Herald-winds, and charg'd them all
That they a councell of her ſubiects call.
Out goes her Purſeuant, the bluſtring gale,
And ſummons eu'ry hill and euery dale,
Curles eu'ry riuer with a ſliding touch
From Titans riſing to his Weſterne couch,
And with the whiffing Trumpet it doth beare,
Commaunds each earthly ſubiect to appeare,
And on a high Embaſſage doth repaire
To Earths three ſiſters, Water, Fire, and Aire :

* The rebellious Giants were ſained to haue Viperian or ſnakie ſecte.

† At the generall flood.

(These foure are ioynt copartners and coheires
Of all that lies below the starry spheres ;
Who for their kingdoms bounds haue been at ods,
But now they, by the sentence of the Gods,
And their dread vmpires, Hot, Drie, Moist and Cold,
In common and without diuision hold).
The day was comen, when on a stately pile
Foure seates were plac't on the Americk Ile,
Where these great Princes and their portly traines
Made enterview on the Atlantick plaines.*

After Pandora† had made eident
The cause of this so sudder Parlement,
Tearing her flowrie locks and furrowed face,
She gan lament the poore Prometheus case.
Stand out (quoth she) thou that art thus distrest ;
Declare thy case, for here thou maist be blest.
Then stept out he as a condemned man,
Clothed in blacke, and thus his speech began.
Know, most dread Soueraignes of the lower globe,
I am a dead man, and this guiltie robe
Shewes that by colour of the Gods contemn'd,
I to a Vulturs mercie am condemn'd,
On Caucasus, amid the Scythian groue,
By the feard sentence of almightie Ioue ;
There to be tide in euerlasting chaines,

* Atlantis (the Iland which Plato mentiös) some suppose to be America.

† The earth.

Plung'd in the horreur of eternall paines.
Yet this torments me not, this must be borne,
(And patience comes perforce to men forlorne)
But that my worke, which I have erst begun,
For all my labour should be left vndone ;
That's my vexation, that's my only grieve,
And only rests in you to give reliefe :
For Ioue enuies the beautie of the frame,
And seekes all meanes how to deface the fame,
Looking on me with a suspitious eye,
As a corriuall of his dignitie ;
When he may well remember (if he please)
How little I deserue such looks as these ;
When I, with counsell of an aged head,
Did stay his youthfull thoughts from Thetis bed,
And told him there he should beget a sonne,
Should him depose, as he before had done
His father Saturne. Then he thank't me faire
(But words are quickly turn'd to fleeting aire) ;
Now hates he me, and doth my worke detest,
Which must, unlesse you helpe, vnperfect rest ;
For all my sharpe inuentions cannot find
How life vnto this trunke may be combin'd.

Here grandame Ops* her grieued head did shake,
And made the massie earths foundations shake :

* The earth.

Then gusht cleere fountaines from her hollow eyes,
(Floods from the earths strange motions often rise)
And at the last her lips did part in two,
(As after Earth-quakes they are wont to doe) :—
Is't not enough (quoth she) that tyrant Ioue
Hath my sonne Saturne from his kingdome droue,
And me, his mother, hath confin'd below,
Because I wept a partner of his woe ?
Is't not enough my middle part doth frie,
While head and feete benumd with cold doth lie ?
That alwaies halfe my Realme the Sunne doth lack,
And for his absence mourne in gloomie black ?
Or that my louing subiects never see
But halfe the heauen, wherefoere they be ?
Is not all this enough, and more then this,
To be fecluded from all heau'nly blisse ?
Bound in a dungeon, vf'd as though I were
A beaſt ordain'd laborious waights to beare ?
Each maſſie thing, and the worlds waightieſt part,
Preſſing vpon my center, to my hart,
Where he hath made huge caues and darkſome holes,
Places of torture for offending ſoules,
Whose howling yells, cries, curſes, grones and teares
Are poiſ'ned obiects to mine eyes and eares :
And is not this enough, but muſt he ſtill
Croſſe the good purpoſe of my harmleſſe will,
Hindring the proiect of our generall care,

Our Sonne, whose wished fruite we hope to share ?
Nor shall too sweete an expectation mocke
Vs happie beldames of a bleffed stocke :
Only it resteth that we now deuise
To seate our darling in the starrie skies ;
Which purpose that we to effect may bring,
A plant shall from my wrinkled forehead spring,
And eu'ry Ladie shall that herbe endow
With the best gemmes that deck her glorious brow,
Which once inflam'd with the stolne heau'nly fire,
Shall breath into this liueless corse inspire.
Scarce had she spoke, but by vnite consent
It was allow'd by eu'ry element ;
Each mountaine nodded, and each river sleeke
Approv'd the sentence with a dimpled cheeke ;
And eu'ry thing in dauncing measure sprung,
As erst they did when gentle Orpheus sung.
As when the Actors of some Enterlude,
Which please the senses of the multitude,
Are backt by the Spectators of the play
With a wisht laughter, or a Plaudite :
So with vnperfect voyces all the rout
Grace this opinion with a loftie shout. [bound,
(Like Bacchus priests whom Strymons banks re-
Whom the shrill Ecchoes of fleete Hebrus found*.)

* Strymon and Hebrus, rivers in Thracia.

Till Fire, the eldest sister, up did stand,
(And silence made with her imperiall hand)
Praising the proiect, swore to grace the same
With active powers of her eternall flame.
Aire likewise promise she would rarifie
The earthly droffe to simple puritie,
And caus'd her skipping Meteors to addresse
Their gifts of light, and iocund nimbleness,
Her cloudes from heau'nly flood-gates manuring
The ground, where this expected herb should spring.
Water refus'd her vertue to inspire,
Least she should quench the hope of future fire ;
Yet did the seruants of her excellence
Offer each one their best parts quintessence :
The icy waues were all with Christall fraught ;
The Magellanick sea her vnions brought ;
Tagus with golden gifts doth proudly rise,
And doth the famous Indian rills despise ;
Eridamis his pearl'd Electrum gaue ;
Euripus the swift fluxure of her waue ;
From British seas doth holesome Corall come ;
The Danish gulfe doth send her Succinum,
And each this hoped embryon dignifies
With offering of a seu'rall sacrifice.
The earth her selfe at last did procreate
This herbe composed in despite of fate,
And charged eu'ry countrie and each hill

A speciall power into this leafe distill,
Which thus adorn'd, by holy fire inflam'd,
Sweete life and breath within the carkaffe fram'd :
And had not Tellus temper'd too much mud,
Too much terrene corruption in the bud,
The man that tasted it should neuer die,
But stand in records of eternitie :
And as the ashes of the Phoenix burn'd
Into another liuing bird are turn'd,
So should the man that takes this sacred fume
Another life within himselfe resume ;
So Iolaüs,* when his first was done,
His second life was of Tabacco spunne.
Some say for this Ioue, vexed at the heart,
Did hide it long from the world's better part :
Hence came that former ages neuer knew
The goods that by this seeming weede accrue,
Till as the Graces trauaill'd through the earth,
Giuing to men the gifts of heau'nly mirth,
At last when they into Americk came,
Drawne by the strange delights, and countries fame,
They in the palace of great Montezume†
Were entertain'd with this celestially fume ;
Where they, forgetting all their wonted pleasure,
Imbrac'd with ioy this truest Indian treasure,

* Iolaus was the only man that euer had two liues.

† Montezume was king of the West Indies, when Cortez first arriued there.

And there remaining did no more respect
Our petie world, with nought but trifles deckt.
So the faire Graces, which were wont to sport
Amid our louing feasts, and sweete resort,
Were now seclused from our lucklesse eyes,
And in their place did braules and quarrels rise ;
All friendship banisht from false Europes sight,
Where flattrring lurkt in stead of deare delight,
Till we, poore foules, in many troubles toft,
Seeking the Graces which we erst had lost,
When we had often fought them farre and neere,
After great paine and trauaile found them there.

Others doe tell a long and serious tale
Of a faire Nymph that sported in the vale
Where Cipo with his siluer streames doth goe
Along the valleyes of Wingandekoe,*
(Which now a farre more glorious name doth beare,
Since a more beautious Nymph was worshipt there) :
There in a greene bowre did this Maiden dwell,
Where pretie waues of a delicious well
Leapt at her sight, and with a faint rebound
Bubbled sweete Musicke with a daintie found.
(This fountaine as a Nymph did whilome range,
Till by her prayers the Gods her forme did change,

* Wingandekoe is a country in the North part of America, called by the
Queene Virginia.

When Cipo fought her chaſtities abuſe
As Alpheus did to virgin Arethufe). [daunted
There dwelt this Nymph, which with her feature
The Soueraigne Gods, and mortall men inchaunted.
So full ſhe was of moſt delightfull grace,
That by the modell of her beautilous face
Ioue was about to build the heau'n anew,
And change the azure to a ruddie hew,
And pull the ſtarrie lights from out the ſkies,
Leauing but two in likenes of her eyes :
But when the Fates ſo great a change forbade,
In imitation of her red he made
A ruddie night before a ioyfull day,
And by her white he fram'd the milk-white way.
Her golden threeds were ſo inchaunting faire,
Men ſcorn'd the Sunne to gaze vpon her haire ;
Phœbus aſham'd of this immur'd his beames
Within the cincture of the Ocean ſtreames ;
Whereat Ioue angrie ſent ſwift Mercurie,
Who to the palace of the Sunne did hie.
Now, the Sunnes Court was glorious to behold,
Supported with ſtrong pillars of bright gold,
The top of Iu'ry was, the doores of plate,
Where Vulcan did ſo nicely imitate
The heau'n, the earth, the ſea, the ayre, the flame,
That heau'n and earth, and ſea enui'd the frame.
Thither came Hermes, and with lowring cheare

Cited the Sunne in perfon to appeare
Before the Gods, to tell his caufe of ftay,
Why he fo long did dallie with the fea.
Phœbus obey'd, and when the Gods were met,
And eu'ry one in wonted order fet,
A way was made by the fierce God of warre,
And Pluto brought the prif'ner to the barre;
Whom Suada, Ioues Sollicitour, accus'd,
That he his light and vertue had abus'd;
That whereas he had fworne by feared Styx,
When Ioue the feale did to his patent fixe,
That he would neuer in one place be found,
But refllefse runne about the maffie round:
This folemne oth he had not duly kept,
But in the ftumpet Thetis lap had fleep't.

Here Ioue did Suadas accusation breake,
And beckning gaue Apollo leaue to fpeake.
You Gods (quoth he) that here as Iudges fit,
I feeke not to defend my caufe by wit;
My chiefeft plea is fpeechlefse eloquence,
Grounded vpon my fpotleffe innocence:
Yet if I pleas'd to winne eternall glorie,
By the fweete cadence of mine Oratorie,
I could reuiue the dead, and heale the fick
By fluence of celeftiall Rhetorick:
The pleafant Mufick of the heau'nly fpheres
Should pleade my caufe to your attentiu eares.

But with plaine termes fhall I my iuft act be tride
(Who laies on colours doth the fubftance hide) :
I doe not make a night as long as three
To dallie with my loue in iollitie,
(And yet I might as well fuch dalliance proue,
As Ioue at Thebes for his Alcmenaes loue) ;
Nor my bright face in liquid teares doe fteepe,
Though my fonnes fall haue giu'n me caufe to weep ;
But on the earth there is a greater light,
Which with her raies doth equall day and night.
Once from my couch I was about to rife, [eyes :
But ftraight this brighter lampe ftrooke blind mine
My fifter Luna, when the night drew nie,
Hath been as loth to fhew her light as I :
Nor can our fplendent glorious lamps compare
With her two lamps that farre more glorious are :
And my Aurora hides her face away
Sleeping with her Tithonus all the day,
And when fhe once beheld this radiant face
Hath euer fince blufht at her owne difgrace.
The Sphæres of Planets with a fudden chaunge
Make her the center of their circled raunge,
And all the heau'nly Orbes doe difagree
What part fhould oft'ft in her Horizon be ;
And mortall men colour and light defpife,
Esteeming her the obieft of the eyes ;
While fhe, (as women be) proud of her honour

Makes the night day, that men may gaze vpon her.

Ioue, hearing this, dismist the Court in haſt,
And in a fillie ſhepheards weedes debaſ't, [ſlide,
Shrouded with clowdes, downe from the heau'n did
And, piping, ſat vpon a mountaines ſide
(Which Occams rolling current ouer-peares
Deſcending from the faire Paſtoraes teares,
Who now a marble ſtone, yet weepeth ſtill
To ſee her loue changed to a hill,
Whom iealous Phœbus did by force remoue,
Brooking no riual in his feruent loue,
Framing high pines of his inticing locks,
Changing his teeth to Adamantine rocks).
Thither from heau'n great Ioue did hie apace,
And ſat on the transformed ſhepheards face.
So ſweetly founded his melodious notes,
That ſheepe and ſhepheards in their homely cotes
Daunc't to his layes, and following the ſound,
Did clime the ſteepe hill with a ſolemne round.
Among thoſe flocks the beautious Nymph did pace,
Whoſe ſnowy neck vied beauties with her face,
(Nor would it in ſo ſweete a combat yield,
Had not her ample forehead wonne the field)
And on that pole doth ſtand the orbe of loue,
Where Cupid in eccentric rounds doth moue,
And now from her faire eyes his ſhafts doth dart,
Then from her lips, and ſtraight from eu'ry part ;

Sweet roseall lips, doores to those sacred places,
The gorgeous temples of the glorious graces,
Which gates of Rubie, when they op'ned were,
A shrine of pearle and cristall did appeare,
From whence delicious Oracles were spoken,
Which pleasing wonders did to all betoken :
Nor is the murmure of Cecropian Bees,
Nor songs of birds vpon the ayrie trees,
Nor the swift riuer falling downe the steepe,
Lulling poore shepheards with a carelesse sleepe,
(Where Nature with her melodie amazeth
The sillie flocke that on the greene bankes grazeth)
Equiuallent with that celestiall found,
From whence, they say, Musicke receau'd her ground.
And first from her did Linus learne to sing,
And with the sweet touch of a pleasing string
Did imitate the playing of the aire
With golden wires of her disheueled haire.
Her countenance was so Angeline bright,
That the pure starres were blinded at her sight,
And euer since their lights so dazled were
That they were forc't to twinkle in their sphere.
Her hands were framed like a pretie gin
Ordaind to catch and hold all pleasure in,
And eu'ry part a feruent loue did teach ;
Yet she herselfe aboue lous wanton reach.
A Coronet she wore she whilome wonne

Striuing for beautie with the radiant Sunne,
Which mightie Phœbus cauf'd the Houres to make
With cunning labour for Leucothoes fake.
This curious worke with Indian pearles was grac't,
Wherein the loues of Gods and men were plac't :
There Neptune in a precious Margarite
Did woe and winne the beautious Amphitrite :
There Iphis did in humble fort obey
The cruell frownes of Anaxarete ;
And Princes loues in arts affections clad
Excell'd the passions they by nature had.
Thus deckt by art and nature did she come,
Whose feature strook the seeming shepheard dumbe,
Nor could his wau'ring thoughts theſelues containe,
But now left off, and ſtraightway pip'd againe.
Sometimes his notes he with shrill tunes did raise
To chaunt aloud the ſkipping Roundelaies,
And then againe his lowly voyce did fall
To ſing a pleaſant homely Paſtorall ;
And eu'ry ſong to the Nymphs honour was,
Like ſhepherds muſicke to a countrey Laſſe,
Lik'ning her eyes vnto the glimſing light
That guides poore heardſmen to their home at night ;
Her haire vnto the golden flowres that grow
Along the fragrant bank of ſiluer Po ;
Her lips to waxe by curious workmanſhip,
Form'd as a patterne to each other lip.

Thus fung he till the black and shadie night
With vgly forme did feare away the light,
And Hesperus,* that stands as euening scout,
Began to leade the starrie ring about,
(Which durst not in her spangled suite appeare,
As long as mightie Titans light was neere,
By reason of some euerlasting iarres
That did arise twixt Phœbus and the starres).
Then all the shepheards, wearie of the Sunne,
And glad that the laborious day was done,
Began to driue their tender flocks away ;
But Ioue did force this fillie maide to stay,
Telling her stories, how the force of loue
Had bow'd the hearts of Gods that dwelt aboue ;
How Ioue, orecome by this celestiall power,
Deceiu'd poore Danaë in a golden shower ;
How with laments and teares Apollo rued
Faire Daphnes change, whom he so fast pursued.
Hereat she blusht and to depart she stroue,
But all in vaine against the force of Ioue.
This saw the Night, and glad she was to see
So fit reuenge for the great iniurie
Wherewith Ioue wrong'd her at Alcides† birth,
Making her watch three daies vpon the earth :
Therefore in hast the darke malicious night

* The euening starre.

† Hercules.

To iealous Iuno doth relate this fight :
Iuno enrag'd with threatning speeces storm'd,
And the poore maide into an herbe transform'd ;
Which Ioue perceiuing by a vaine embrace,
The infant herbe with heau'nly powers did grace,
And on the night he did inflict this paine,
That while the pleasant Summer did remaine,
The lucklesse night should haue but small command,
But in the frostie winter longest stand.

Yet could not Ioue forget his former loue,
But ioyning earthly powers and powers aboue,
Therewith he did adorne this glorious bud,
And fram'd it as a Micro-cosme of good,
Making the ground where this sweet plant did spring
To be a cordiall gainst each noyesome thing,
Endu'd with force all euils to affwage,
And now began the famous golden age.
No publike bond of law, no priuate oth,
Was needfull to the simple faith and troth :
Each had a censure in his owne consent,
Without the feare of death or punishment.
Nor did the busie Client feare his cause,
Nor in strong brasse did they engraue the lawes ;
Nor did the doubtfull parties faintly tremble
While the brib'd Iudge did dreadful looks diffemble :
Then safe from harme the vaunting Pine did stand,
And had no triall of the Shipwrights hand,

But flood vpon the hill where first it grew,
Nor yet was forc'd another world to view :
Nor vnto greedie Merchants yet were knowne
The shores of any land beyond their owne.
Eu'ry defencelesse Citie then was sure,
Nor could deepe ditches make it more secure.
The harmlesse thoughts of that blest age did beare
No warlike Trumpet, Cornet, Sword, or Speare ;
No furious Souldier needed to defend
The carelesse folke which quiet liues did spend ;
Nor did ambitious Captaines know the way
To passe the cliffie shores of their owne sea :
The earth, yet free from any forc'd abuse,
Brought forth all things fit for each creatures use
Without the helpe of any human care,
Vntoucht by harrow, and vncut by share ;
And mortall man vpon those meates did feede,
Which of themselves did from the earth proceede.
The mountaine Strawberie and bitter Sloe,
And Mulberies which on rough boughs doe grow,
And homely Akornes, which did whilom fall
From the high trees which Ioue his owne doth call.
The pleasant yeare was an eternall spring,
Where Westerne winds continual flowers did bring.
The fertile earth vnmanur'd and vntild,
The bounteous gift of plenteous corne did yeeld :
Nor did the field, renew'd each feu'rall yeare,

Make windy founds with many a waightie eare ;
Brookes did with Milke and pleasant Nectar goe,
And yellow hony from the trees did flow :
Al good without constraint, heau'n, sea, men, ground,
No gold, no ship, no law, no plough, no bound,
Till Proserpine by this abused flame
(Striuing to purchase an immortall name)
Reueng'd with raging fire her ancient spite
On Tellus and the scornfull Amphitrite,*
(Which oft had mockt her mansion place of hell,
And call'd it darksome hole and duskie cell) ;
Therefore the Furies she in haft commands
To burne the fruitfull earth with fierie brands ;
And when their hands such instruments did want,
She made them torches of this sacred plant,
By which they fir'd the world ; and that once done,
About the earth in raging fort they runne,
And euer since they by these flames did cause
Famine, diffention, plagues, and breach of lawes.
(Yet was the hellish Queene with fear distract,
Least Ioue should know and punish this foule fact ;
Therefore she hired the Poets, long agoe,
To cast the fault vpon poore Phaëton).

Now when this honour'd herbe was once abus'd,
All paines, all plagues were on the world infus'd,

* The Goddesse of the sea.

And then the wicked iron age began ;
Shame, truth, and faith from earthly mansions ran,
And in their place came fraud and cloked vice,
Treason and force, and impious auarice.
The Mariner whom hope of lucre blinds,
Hasts to the sea, vnexpert in the winds,
And trees that long had stood on mountains high,
As ships vpon the vncouth waues doe lie :
The Merchant then the boistrous sea did plow,
Spite of the frowne of Neptunes angrie brow ;
Nor could the horror of one iourneyes paine
Feare greedie thoughts from vent'ring so againe.
Neptune then griued with the wounds and dints,
Which in his face this curious worke imprints,
(And mou'd with Cybels* outcries, which did frowne
To see her hils defac'd and Pines puld downe,
And Natures plaints, whose lawes it had beguil'd)
Made the Sea stormie, which before was mild :
Since which the ribs of broken ships doe shew
What hurts and dangers by this engine grow ;
Which makes each fertile countrie want the more,
By seeming Steward of each countries store.
Now did the warie reaper with long bounds
Deuide to portions the vnited grounds,
Which erst were common to each mortall wight,

* The Goddesse to whom the Pine is dedicated.

As in the liquid ayre or pleafant light :
Nor did they onely take the needfull corne,
And daily food which from the earth was borne,
But to the bowels of their mother fought,
And curfed riches from the center brought,
Which the wife earth had couer'd vnespide,
And neere vnto the Stygian waues did hide.

First then began the phrafes, Mine and Thine ;
Pure water turn'd to artificiall wine ;
Pleasure vnknowne, and more then fimple mirth
Start vp with gold from out the mangled earth.
The bounds then contracts at a racking price,
And from those bounds fprung boundleffe auarice :
Then hurtfull fteele the workmans hand did feele,
And gold more hurtfull than the hurtfull fteele ;
And when both thefe were comen to perfect growth,
Frō thence came warre that fights with help of both :
Then did the fouldier which in battell ftands,
Shake glittering weapons with his bloodie hands,
All liu'd by wrong : each friend his friend did feare,
And brethren feldome linkt in friendship were.
The husband seekes the death of his owne wife,
And ſhe againe grieues at her husbands life :
The angrie ſtepdames fearfull poyſons make,
Which their new husbands hated child may take ;
And the ſonne wearie of his fathers ſtay,
Longs for his death before his fatall day ;

White Pieties disperfed reliques lie
Conquer'd and fpoil'd of earthly dignitie.
And then Afræa,* laft of heau'nly powers,
Forfooke the earth, reeking with bloodie fhowers.
Yet was not vice afcended to the height :
Yet might our pond'rous foules endure the weight
Of our corrupted flefh : yet might we fay
The growth of finnes perfection wants a day,
Till the fierce Giants, of Viperean birth,
Made loftie heau'n no more secure then earth ;
Seeking Ioues kingdome by prefumptuous warres,
Building high mountaines to the trembling ftarres.
But Ioue the hils did from Olympus toffe,
And caft great Pelion from the top of Offe ;
And when the furious Giants thus were kild
By the great weight which their own hāds did build,
The earth gaue life vnto her childrens blood,
And fram'd them liuing bodies of her mud :
And (leaft no figne should of her ftocke remaine)
She chang'd them to the formes of men againe,
Who, not degenerate from their bloodie birth,
Def'd the heauen, and defild the earth.

Then firft ambitious mortals gan to rife,
And with vaine pride did the great Gods defpife :
Still warr'd they with the Gods, ftill had the worft,

* Iuftice.

And when their hands could do no more, they curst.
Nor could the flood that inward spot deface ;
Still it continued in the human race,
Creeping vnseene, subiecting eu'ry part,
Till it possest our chiefeſt towre, our hart,
Which thus infected did a battell wage
Gainſt the remainders of the golden age.

Then curſed Ate* firſt began her raigne,
And plac't her throne vpon the fluent maine,
Ioying to ſee the billowes in their pride,
Toſſe totter'd ſhips with perill on each ſide ;
Yet ſorie Neptune ſhould ſo largely ſup,
And glad againe when ought he vomits vp.
By her hath eu'ry thing corrupted beene,
From the earths center to the heau'nly Queene,
(Which ſtands aboue the reach of earthly feares,
The loweſt of the pure ceſtiall ſphæres).
The fertile earth, corrupted by theſe feedes, [weeds;
Brought forth vnwholeſome plantes and fruitleſſe
The water, not content with her owne bounds,
Vfurpt vpon the neere adiacent grounds ;
The ayre infected did infect the breath,
From whence aroſe the instruments of death ;
The fire ſo hid her ſelfe that none could ſee
Where her abode or proper place ſhould bee.

* Goddeſſe of wrath and deſpite.

Then sicknesse came on the infected earth;
Some fell in youth, some perisht in their birth;
And whereas mortals neuer died before,
Till spent with age their lights could burne no more,
Now fathers eyes were made a watrie source
To wash their sonnes graues in prepost'rous course;
And had not the immortall Gods at last,
Pitying the sorrowes fillie men had past,
Cherisht poore soules with their eternall loue,
And sent Apollo Pæan from aboue
To crosse the purpose that the hag intended,
Long since her malice all the world had ended.
Yet could not carefull Phœbus quite deface
The venome Ate on the earth did place,
Till Aesculapius, great Apollos sonne,
(Enuying the glorie shepheard Pan had wonne,
When of his loue transformd he did inuent
The pleasure of a Musicke instrument)
Descri'd this herbe to our new golden age,
And did deuise a pipe, which should assuage
The wounds which sorrow in our hearts did fixe
More then the sound of flutes and fiddle-sticks;
And by the force thereof (as poets faine)
Brought torne Hippolytus to life againe,
And watchmen set, and them Phisicians call'd,
Men whom the Muses had before enstall'd,
Whose carefull soules were by this potion fir'd,

And by the power of this sweete herbe inspir'd,
Which by the vertue of their sacred hands
Deliuier'd men from death and sicknes bands.

Others affirme the Gods were ignorant
Of the confection of so sweete a plant ;
For had they knowne this smokes delicious smack,
The vault of heau'n ere this time had been black,
And by the operation of this fume
Been purg'd for euer of her clowdie rheume ;
Daintie Ambrosia, with a loth'd disdaine,
Had been made meate for each milk-pottage braine ;
Ioues Ganymede had neuer smelt of drinke
The heau'nly Mazers flowing ore the brinke,
Nor fixen Iuno euer broke his head
For spilling Nectar on the gorgeous bed :
Gods would have reuel'd at their feasts of mirth
With the pure distillation of the earth ;
The marrow of the world, starre of the West,
The pearle whereby this lower Orbe is blest,
The ioy of mortals, vmpire of all strife,
Delight of nature, Mithridate of life,
The daintiest dish of a delicious feast,
By taking which man differs from a beast.
Thrice happie Isles, which steale the worlds delight,
And doe produce so rich a Margarite !
Had but the old heroick spirits knowne
The newes which fame vnto our eares hath blowne.

Colchis and the remote Hesperides
Had not been fought for half so much as these
Nor had the fluent wits of ancient Greece
Prais'd the rich apples or the golden fleece ;
Nor had Apolloes garland been of bayes,
Nor Homer writ of sweete Nepenthes* praise ;
Nor had Anacreon with a fugged glose
Extold the vertues of the fragrant Rose ;
Nor needed Hermes with his fluent tongue,
Haue ioin'd in one a rude unciuill throng,
And by perswasions made that companie
An order'd Politike societie,
When this dumbe Oratour would more perswade
Than all the speeches Mercurie had made ;
Nor honour'd Ceres been create diuine,
And worshipt so at curious Eleusine,
Whom blinder ages did so much adorne,
For the inuention of the use of corne ;
Nor Saturnes feast had been the ioyfull day
Wherein the Romanes washt their cares away,
But in the honour of great Trinitade
A new Tabacconalia had been made.
Had watrie Neptune knowne the force of this,
He had preuail'd, and Athens had been his,
His gift the Olive would as farre exceed

* Nepenthes signifieth a drink to take away sorow or care.

As Pallas gift excell'd his trampling steed.
Immortall Chiron, had he knowne this leafe,
(Hurt by an arrow of Alcides sheafe)
Had neuer wisht the troden mortall way,
But might haue been well cur'd, and liu'd for aye.
Had foule Therfites, with his spitefull hart,
Crook'd in each inward and each outward part,
By this Elixir been but once refin'd,
He would haue chang'd his bodie and his mind ;
Or had the Bees that Platoes lips did grace
Suck't hony from this sweete Tabacco-place,
He had surpast, and stain'd himselfe as farre
As others by his stile obscured are.
With this had Circe in her pleasant caue
Temper'd the potion she Vlysses gaue,
He neuer would haue wisht that his blest eyes
Might once behold his countries smoke arise.
Had ancient Heralds knowne this sacred plant,
Of which their lucklesse age was ignorant,
When they did giue the worlds most worthie things,
As glorious ensignes to victorious Kings,
Tabacco had been richer armorie
Than Lions, Croffes, or spread Eaglets be.
Did the French Druids* liue, and were obey'd,
Nicot (that first this herbe to France convey'd)

* The Druids were Priests much reuerenced among the sauage Britaines and Frenchmen.

Should be the God of pleasures and delights,
Worshipt with pompe on Bacchanalian nights,
And in his praise the barb'rous Priests would sing
Vntuned numbers in a iarring string,
Caruing harsh rimes on eu'ry knottie tree,
More crookt and rugged then the book could bee,
Sounding in eu'ry homely verse they frame
The treble accent of God Nicots name.
Had the sage Chaldees, which did name the stars
And were the first and best Astronomers,
Seene the great wonders which our eyes haue seene,
This plant had then a constellation beene.
Nor had the honour'd Ramme begun the yeare,
Nor the high Northerne pole adorn'd the Beare,
Nor Ioue disgrac'd, nor with his Minions fild
Th' engrauen vault which first his hands did build :
Our herbe had been a Planet, and indu'd
With light about the greatest magnitude ;
And when this starre had stood in good aspect,
With happie Planets of the best effect,
He whom the proud world then to light should bring,
Had been a Poet, or at least a King.
Saturne had neuer brag'd his chariot went
The next vnto the azure firmament ;
Nor had the Sunne in his Maiestick pride
Been thron'd with equall Planets on each side ;
Nor for high births had the Astrologer

Markt the coniunction of great Iupiter.
Were my quaint polisht tongue my foules best hopes,
And grac't with figures, colours, schemes, and tropes,
This herbe would [far] surpasse in excellence
The great'st Hyperboles of eloquence.

Yet this sweete simple, by misordred vse,
Death or some dang'rous sicknesse may induce.
Should wee not for our sustentation eate,
Because a surfet comes from too much meate ?
Should wee not thirst with mod'rate drinke repressse,
Because a droppe springs from such excesse ?
Should we not take some holesome exercise,
To chafe our vaines and stretch our arteries,
Because, abus'd in a laborious kind,
It hurts the bodie and amates the mind ?
So our faire plant, that doth as needfull stand
As heau'n, or fire, or aire, or sea, or land,
As Moone or Starres that rule the gloomie night,
Or Tullies friendship, or the sunnie light,
Her sacred vertue in her selfe enroules,
And leaues the euill in vaine-glorious foules.
And yet who dyes cloid with celestially breath,
Shall dye with ioy a Diagorian death.*
All goods, all pleasures it in one doth linke,
Tis phisick, clothing, musicke, meate, and drinke,

* Diagoras died for ioy.

It makes the hungrie foules forget their wants,
And nimble daunce like skipping Corybants.*
By force of this, Timon, that odious beaft,
Would haue turn'd iester at each solemne feast,
And by one draught of this Americk grape,
Haue been Laberius or Sarmentus ape :
Nor would the Cynick† in his homely tunne
Haue askt the shining of the gen'rall Sunne ;
But had he then this herbes great vertues knowne,
He would haue beg'd it of the Macedone.‡
The Faunes and Satyres which doe lightly prauce,
The beafts that after Orpheus musick daunce,
At sight of this would haue forgot the sound,
The Ecchoes would no more the voice rebound,
Orpheus himselfe would haue forfook his lute,
And altogether stood amaz'd and mute.
The lumpish Stoicks, which did thus decree,
A mortall man might without passion bee,
Had they once cast their carelesse eyes on this,
Would soone haue showne what humane nature is.
The Epicureans, whose chiefe good was plac't
In earthly pleasures vaine voluptuous tast,
Had our Tabacco in their days been found,
Had built their frame on a more likely ground.

* Cybels priests, that daunced much in their sacrifice.

† Diogenes.

‡ Alexander.

Pyrrho, that held all by opinion flood,
Would haue affirm'd this were by nature good.
The rude Laconians, whom Lyncurgus care
Barr'd from the traffick of exotick ware,
Had Malea* been with such a treasure fraught,
Would haue esteem'd their strictest acts at nought,
And with a slight pretence, or fained cause,
Haue crackt the credit of their cobweb lawes.
When eloquent Hegesias caus'd men die
With disputation of liues miserie,
Had this life-giuing pleasant potion then
Been once imparted to those desp'rate men,
It would haue sooner forced them to liue,
Then the commaunds great Ptolomie could giue.
Had Phœbus Hyacinth, or faire Narcissus,
Venus Adonis, or sweete Cyparissus,
By the propitious Gods been turn'd to this,
Happie had been their Metamorphosis;
Yet it may be to this they were not turn'd,
Because their louers grieu'd to see them burn'd.
This is the Opium which the Turks doe take,
When they their hearts would light and iocund make;
By this Medea did her drinke compose,
Which Aeson did from aged bonds vnlose.
You finde not a diuiner herbe than this

* A Hauen nere Sparta, among the Lacædemonians.

In all *Albertus de miraculis*,
Or the huge Herbals which vaine fooles obey,
In Porta, Fuchsius, and great Dodoney :
In it Phyfitians have no skill at all,
It is an effence Metaphysicall ;
Nor is a thing so exquisite and pure
Compof'd of any common temp'ature ;
Nor can the Scepticks* or Empiricks see
This herbs great vertue, nature, and degree.
Who takes this med'cine need not greatly care
Who Galenists, who Paracelsians are ;
Nor need he seek their Rosaries, their Summes
Their secrets, their *Dispensatoriums* ;
Nor fill his pocket with their costly bills,
Nor stuffe his mawe with their vnfau'ry pills,
Nor make huge pitfals in his tender vaines,
With thousand other more then hellish paines,
But by this herbes celestiaall qualitie
May keepe his health in mirth and iollitie.
It is the fountaine whence all pleasure springs,
A potion for imperiall crowned Kings :
He that is master of so rich a store,
May laugh at Cræfus, and esteeme him poore ;
And with his smokie scepter in his fist,

* Scepticks are those Phisitians which deale by searching into nature, but Empiricks by experience,

Securely flout the toying Alchymist,
Who daily labours with a vaine expence
In distillations of the quint-essence,
Not knowing that this golden herbe alone
Is the Philosophers admired stone.

It is your gallants med'cine singular,
As possets to the wearied Ploughman are.
Alcinous* trees, nor the Isles fortunate,
Cannot afford so sweet a delicate.
Teucer had neuer purg'd his cares with wine,
Had he but dream't of Phisick so diuine ;
Nor Bacchus had been Patrone of delight,
Nor gouvern'd Tigers with his princely might,
Nor conquer'd all the nations of the earth,
Because he tam'd their sauage minds with mirth :
Nor had Mercuriall,† or herbe Gentiane,
The glorious names of Gods or Princes tane.
Moly, of which the Prince of Poets‡ wrote,
Spaines Triacle, or the strongest Antidote,§
Is not so good against the Magicke spell,
Nor deadly poyson from th' heart t' expell,
As our more glorious plant ; which, had it beene
In ancient times and famous ages seene,
The fruitfull Oliue, and sweet-smelling Bayes

* The King of the Phœacians whose orchard Homer describes.

† Mercuriall of Mercurie : Gentiane of Gentius King of Illyricum.

‡ Homer.

§ Antidote is any remedie against poyson.

Had neuer been the signes of peace and praise.
Long since the blessed Thistle and Herbe-grace
Had lost their names, and been accounted base,
Had great Tabacco pleas'd to shew her powers,
As now she doth in this blest age of ours.
Blest age! wherein the Indian Sunne had shin'd,
Whereby all Arts, all tongues haue beene refin'd;
Learning, long buried in the darke abyssme
Of dunsticall and monkish barbarisme,
When once this herbe by carefull paines was found,
Sprung vp like Cadmus followers from the ground,
Which Muses visitation bindeth vs
More to great Cortez and Vespucius,*
Then to our wittie Mores immortall name,
To Valla, or the learned Rott'rodame;
And our poore tongue, which long had barren laine,
Wanting the fall of sweet Parnassian raine,
Was lightned by this Planets radiant beames,
Which, rising from the Westerne ocean streames,
Melteth the drie clowdes to celestiall showres,
And on our heads those heau'nly fountaines powres.
Had the Castalian Muses knowne the place
Which this Ambrosia did with honour grace,
They would haue left Parnassus long agoe,

* Cortez and Vespucius were two that helpt especially to the true knowledge of America.

And chang'd their Phocis for Wingandekoe.
Yet it may be, the people voide of sense,
With sauage rites and manners fear'd them thence ;
But our more glorious Nymph, our moderne Muse,
Which life and light doth to the North infuse,
Which doth with ioint and mutuall honour grace
Her place with learning, learning with her place,
In whose respect the Muses barb'rous are,
The Graces rude, nor is the Phœnix rare,
Which farre exceeds her predeceffours facts,
Nor are her wondrous acts now wondrous acts ;
Which by her wisdom and her Princely powers
Defends the walles of Albions cliffie towers,
Hath vncontrol'd stretcht out her mightie hand
Ouer Virginia and the New-found-land,
And spread the Colours of our English Rose
In the farre countries where Tabacco growes,
And tam'd the sauage nations of the West,
Which of this iewell were in vaine poffest.
Nor is it maruaile that this precious gem
Is thus beset with beasts, and kept by them,
When it is likely that almightie Ioue
By such fierce keepers to obscure it stroue,
Bearing against it an immortall hate,
As the gainfayer of eternall fate.
Besides, a thousand dangers circle round
What euer good within this world is found,

Least mortals should no worke nor trade professe,
But spend their daies in lust and idlenesse ;
And least their fickle thoughts should soone disdaine
The things they got but with a little paine.
Therefore best fruites are couer'd with hard shels,
The sweetest water is in deepest wels,
And Indian Ants, as big as Mastiues, hold
A place most fertile of desired gold.
Sicile, the garner of the earth, her pride,
Hath Scylla and Charybdis on each side,
And in times past had a plague worse than these,
Of the fierce Cyclops and Læstrygones :*
The horride Dragon, which did neuer sleepe,
The Orchard of the golden fruite did keepe ;
And in the countries which be hot and drie,
The dreadfull beasts about the fountaines lie ;
And Gotthish Spaniards haue the royaltie
Where glorious gold and rich Tabacco be ;
A nation worse then the Læstrygones,
And farre more sauage then the Sauages.

Yet doth not this diuine Tabacco foile,
Which shines like a bright Diamond in a foile,
And doth as farre excell the golden graines,
As gold the brasse, or siluer pewter stains ;
Although the Chymists say our mother beares

* Fierce people dwelling neere Sicilie, of whom Homer speaks.

Gold in her wombe so many thousand yeares,
Ere she can perfect what she hath begunne,
And bring to full growth that terrestriall Sunne ;
And though the Theban Lyrick,* crown'd with bayes,
Begins his Odes with that sweet mettals praise,
Yet counteruailes it not this herbs defart,
But only shares a yonger brothers part ;
For this our praied plant on high doth fore,
Aboue the baser droffe of earthly ore,
Like the braue spirit and ambitious mind,
Whose Eaglets eyes the Sunne-beames cannot blind,
Nor can the clog of pouertie depresse
Such foules in base and native lowlineffe,
But proudly scorning to behold the earth,
They leape at Crownes, and reach aboue their birth.
Despised mud sinkes to the center straight,
But worthie things will striue to get on height :
So our sweete herbe all earthly droffe doth hate,
Though in the earth both nourisht and create,
And as the nature is of smoke, and fire,
Leaues this low orbe and labours to aspire,
Wrapt in the cincture of her smokie shroudes,
Mixing her vapours with the ayrie cloudes ;
And from these fumes, ascending to the skies,
Some say the dewes and gentle showres arise,

* Pindarus.

And from the fire thereof the Cyclops stroue
To frame the mightie thunderbolts of Ioue.

This is the fauour which the Gods doth please,
If they doe feed on fmoke (as Lucian fayes)
Therefore the cause that the bright Sunne doth rest
At the low point of the declining West,
When his oft-wearied horses breathlesse pant,
Is to refresh himselfe with this sweet plant,
Which wanton Thetis from the West doth bring
To ioy her loue after his toilesome ring;
For 'tis a cordiall for an inward smart,
As is *Dictamnnum* to the wounded Hart.
It is the sponge that wipes out all our woe;
'Tis like the thorne that doth on Pelion grow,
With which who-ere his frostie limbes anoints
Shall feele no cold in his benumbed ioints:
'Tis like the riuer which who ere doth tast,
Forgets his present griefes and sorrowes past.
Musick which causeth vexed thoughts retire,
And for a while cease their tormenting fire;
Musick the prize, which when the eares haue stole,
They doe conuey it to th' attentiu foule;
Musick which forceth beasts to stand at gaze,
And doth the rude and senselesse foules amaze,
Compard with this is like delicious strings,
Which sound but harshly while Apollo sings.
The braine with this infund all quarrell ends;

Tullie and Clodius will be faithfull friends,
And, like another Crassus,* one carouse
Will linke againe Pompey and Cæsars house,
And quickly stint the inhumane designs
Of furious Guelphes and warlike Gibellines.†
The man that shall this smok[i]e Magick proue,
Shall need no Philters‡ to obtaine his loue,
But shall be deckt with farre more pleasing grace
Than ere was Nireus or Narcissus face.

Here could I tell you how vpon the seas
Some men haue fasted with it fortie daies :
How those to whom Plinie no mouths did giue,
Doe only on diuine Tabacco liue :
How Andron, which did passe the Lybian sands
Vnto the place where Hammons Temple stands,
And neuer dranke, nor was he euer dry,
Supprest the heate of raging thirst thereby :
How a dull Cynick by the force of it
Hath got a pleasing gesture and good wit :
How sparing Demea, whom the Comick chaung'd,
By this was from his former selfe estraung'd :
How many Cowards, base and recreant,
By one pipes draught were turned valiant,

* Crassus was the only bond (while he liued) of Cæsar and Pompeyes friendship.

† Guelphes and Gibellines were a mightie faction in Italie.

‡ Philters be charmes to obtaine loue.

And after in an artificiall mist
 Haue ouerthrowne their foes before they wist :
 How one that dreamt of a Tabacco roll,
 Though sick before, was straight made perfect whole.
 Peace, pratling Muse ! offend sage eares no more,
 Die on the seas which canst not get to shore,
 And sinke, as ouerwhelm'd with too much matter,
 Least telling all the world should thinke thee flatter.
 Doe not, like curious Plinie,* seeke to know
 Whence the earths smoke and secret flames do grow,
 Least this immortall fire and sacred fume,
 Like to Vefuius doe thy powers consume ;
 But clok'd with vapours of a duskie hue,
 Bid both the world and thy sweet herbe Adue.

ἔμμενος καὶ καπνον ἀποθρῶσκοντα νοησαι.

* Plinie was burnt searching to know from whence the fire of the hill Vefuius did rise.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE tract here reprinted appears to have been divided into two portions by the stationer William Wright, and sold separately, perhaps, for the sake of securing double payment. On 25th January 1591-2, Edward White entered "The Arraynement and Condemnation of Arnalt Cosbie," and on 6th February following he put forth "a mournfull Dittye" on the execution of the criminal; but they seem to have been publications different from that in Lambeth Library, to which we have been indebted, and which is not recorded in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. A small portion, the *Ultimum Vale*, in verse, came out separately, without the prose narrative; but though the existence of it is mentioned, we know not where a copy is to be found.

Bibliographers have not recorded what follows in our pages; and it is additionally curious, because the last leaves afford a very early example of English blank-verse: it is the oldest with which we are acquainted, on a merely popular and temporary subject, not devoted to the stage; and Bishop Percy was ignorant of it when he printed his "Specimens of Blank-verse prior to Milton." One expression in it, "Death, rock me asleep," will attract attention, for the first time, as having been quoted by

Shakespeare in "Henry IV, Part II," Act ii, Scene 4: this fact gives peculiar interest to the piece; and the measure and pauses are in some respects superior to those found in the works, if not of Marlowe and Kyd, at least in those of Greene and Peele: the word "dreriment," in the third line, had at this period been used only by Spenser. Thus do the most ephemeral productions sometimes illustrate the works of our most famous poets.

The fatal event to which the tract relates is noticed by Stow in his Chronicle under the date of 1591; and he states that Lord Burke and Cosby, both Irishmen, had had a previous quarrel. He gives the 14th January as the day when the murder was committed; but, though the ensuing performance on the title page supplies the same date, on page 11 we are told that the event occurred on the 4th January.

It is clear, however, that this is a misprint, and various others occur, which we have preserved because they show the haste with which the somewhat wordy narrative was drawn up and printed: thus on page 10 we have "Ormewood" for *Ormond*; on page 16, "wilfully wished" for "wilfully *shed*;" and on page 17, "placed" for *place*, &c.

On page 10, we have a singular illustration of the old superstition, that a murdered body bled afresh on the approach of the homicide; and it is a new and remarkable incident in the life of Bishop Fletcher, the father of the poet, that he was present at the execution, and discharged the last religious offices for Cosby.

J. P. C.

The most horrible
and tragicall murther of the right
honorable, the vertuous and valerous
Gentleman, Iohn Lord Bourgh, Baron
of Castell Connell.

*Committed by Arnold Cosby, the foure-
teenth of Ianuarie.*

Togeather with the sorrowfull sighes of
a sad soule, vppon his funerall :
written by W. R. a seruauant
of the said Lord Bourgh.

Tempus fortuna flent.



Printed by R. R. 1591.

The most horrible
and tragicall murther of the right
Honorable Iohn Lord Bourgh, Baron of
Castle Connell, committed by
Arnold Cosby, the 14 of
Ianuarie.

NOT to painte it out with vainglorious termes of a large exordium, in a matter where throbbinge forrowe breaketh of[f] superfluous circumstances, and ouerverying plaints abreuiate the libertie of speach; nor to vse the choice inuention of a pleasinge discourse, where nothing but heauy misfortunes minister cause of melancholike and pensiue contemplations; but to explaine a tragicall trueth, and set foorth the lamentable order of a premeditated murther, I will brieflie prosecute my owne greefe, and the generall wayling of euery gentle minde. Wherein as well superiours as inferiours (cast from the quiet staie of their former affectes) seeme to beare their indifferent partes.

If the losse of true nobilitie, whereon, as vpon a rocke of safe protection, consisteth the happie go-

uernement of euery flourishing common weale, though by honourable seruice in warre, or by sicknesse at home, the appointed scourge of humane frailty be a greuous maime to the state, inferring a common lament through euerie part thereof, then much more may the state complaine, and euery priuate person shed teares of sorrowe, when the one looseth the hope of expected virtues, and the other is bereft the strength of theyr peaceable fortunes: yet not by repulſing the iniuries of forraine pride, or naturall ſummons of diuine election, but by the poyſoned rancour of domeſticall treacherie, as by this horrible murder executed on the right honourable the Lorde Bourgh may wel appeare, whose vertuous desires were ſtedfaſtly fixed vpon true honors exerciſes, and whose heroycall conſtitution euer abhorred the baſe practiſes of vicious and ignoble qualities. But as the fayreſt roſe is apt to be conſumed by a canker, ſo Enuie, the malicious handmaide of honour, continually ſeeketh the ruine of noble perſonages.

For in the courte, amongeſt the princelike traine of her Maieſties followers, there wanderd (as the pureſte wheat is affiliated with infectious weedes) one Arnold Cosby, a man of proude conceipte, borne of miſcheefe, and predeſtinated to deſtroie that, which his lothed life is too farre vnable to redeeme.

This Cosby, what for countries sake, beeing an Irishe man, or for the curtiuous affabilitie of the Noble man (whose ingenuous towardnesse carried a good conceite of euery one) was so fauoured and well esteemed of him, as he thought nothing lost wherein he might pleasure him, til at last (as is the custome of ouerbold inchroching vpstartes) by too much familiaritie he grewe contemptuous; and the more to manifest his arrogancie and the mallice of his swelling spirite, tooke a sleighte quarrell (after sundrie dispightfull disgraces offered) to prouoke and challenge the Lord Bourgh by a vile and impudent letter, which one night, vnder signe of fawning subtilty, secretly he clapt into his hand. And though the offence did not proceede by him, but principallie rose by the reportes of an other gentleman of Cosbies acquaintance, which offered to maintaine them to his teeth, daringe him to the fiede, yet did he refuse to fight with him [them?], bendinge the course of his conceiued hatred onely against the Lord Bourgh, and would not, forsooth, otherwise be pacified but with his life and ruine of his carkasse; for such were his wordes in his impudent letter, stufte with a rable of bumbasted braues, scornefull tearmes, and odious comparisons, binding him, vpon his honour and manhood, the next morning to meete him in Wanfworth fieldes.

The noble gentleman, whose modest eares did glowe at the immodest and shamelesse lynes, as his milde and curteous demenour was neuer seene to iniure the simplest, so beeing impatient of the least wrong, smiled at his follie, and thought, though he were no waie his equal, yet in so much as he was a fouldiour, and in that respecte a gentleman, it would not be much preiudicall to his honour, if he met him, and with the chastisement of his sword taught him his duetye with better manners; and, therefore, not in hatred of foule, thirsting after bloud, as it appeared by his opprobrious letter he did, but in sobrietie, sent him word backe he would meete him; which resolution, I suppose, was contrarie to Cosbies expectation, who imagined belike the Lord Bourghes would haue stoode vpon tearmes of superioritie with him, or else hee would not have been so liberall in his challenge.

But the night drue on, and Cosbies stomacke, that of late did blowe forth from his windie puffed brest the sound of horreur and death, began now to quail at the hearing of two or three wordes spoken in a milde and temperate vaine, and, therefore, as fitted the opportunitie of time, he entred into counsell with the cursed ruler of darknesse, howe he might worke mischief, and yet defende his owne credite from blot of infamie. Well, somewhat was deuised

and concluded vpon, as after, by his actions, might be gathered; for the daie no sooner appered, but, as prefiguring some dismall accident, it couered the earth with a lowring countenaunce, and black cloudes, in signe of ensuing miseries, distilled repentant teres from their watrie browes, when Cosby, well studied for his purpose, and pricked forward with the desire of deceiuing hope, which his wicked thoughtes had before hatched in his braine, left his lodging, and came to the Lord Bourghe with a case of rapiers, bidding him take his choyce, for those should be the instrumentes of life or death betwixt them.

After this they mounted themselues and rode on towardes Wandsworth, neither of them hauinge made any one priuie to their intent: the one would not in regarde of his honour, the other in feare his villainous pretence should be discouered. I neede not aime at the thoughts of Cosby by the way; they may be coniectured to be such as commonly proceede from a minde premeditating murther. When they were come to the place appointed, Cosby, as it should seeme, beeing first arriued, had made himselfe readie to fight: the Lord Bourgh, comming somewhat later, was not altogeather so ready, yet had cast of[f] his cloake, tyed his horse, and drawne his rapier.

Now, marke the feare with which treacherous hearts doo continually tremble, though they haue

neuer so perfectly studyed the platforme of their pernicious deuises. For Cosby, though he had trained his fresh springing hope of cheualrie and honour into a solitarie place farre from resort, and earlye in the morning when fewe had occasion to be in the fieldes, yet did hee (as ministers of diuelish stratagems vse) faint, and gladlie would haue bin at home again, as by his delaies is euident; for first he entreated the L. Bourgh to measure rapiers, the equal length wherof he knew sufficientlie, for him selfe provided both of them.

Then did he request him to breake his rapiers point (auouching it was triall enough of their manhoods in that they had met in field) and to scarre their faces, and so returne and say they had fought. But the L. Bourgh, as one that lothed his former brags, and detested the dastard-like motion, told him flatly he scorned such pusillanimity, nor came he to plaie boyes plaie. Why then, quoth Cosby, my L., twere best put of[f] your spurres, least they chaunce to hinder you.

Now had the deuill, which all this while had beene absent from his seruant, fitted him at length with a pollicie to work his will, and endamage his owne foule. And now, euen now, the fatall houre was come wherein the bloody homizide gaped to quench his thirst in bloud, and to acte the tragidy of his for-

mer scelerous inuentions. For as the L. Bourghe (whose noble minde suspecting no treacherie) kneeled downe, putting his rapyer in his left hand, and with his right intended to vn buckle his spurres, the monstrous treachetour, taking the aduantage as it fell, not like a fouldiour or a gentleman, but like a brutishe manquellour, and murderous conspiratour, voyd of all vertue and humanitye, with all the violence his coadiutor, the deuill, could lend him, ranne his rapyer twelue inches into his brest, which stucke so fast, as hee was constrained to fet his foote vpon him and plucke it forth ; and beeing cast downe with the force of the thrust, Cosby, that wicked and bloodye Cosby, coulede not be content with one mortall wound, nor might his insatiate furie be staunched, except his vitall bloud streamed in fundrie conduites, to gorge the fell outrage of his greedie mawe : therefore, letting fall hys rapier, tooke his dagger in his right hande, and therewithall gaue him three and twentie woundes more ; which scarce could suffice, for that he feared if any breath remained in hys bodie, his tongue might bewraye the manner of that horrible murther ; and therefore would not haue left so, but that he saw rescue neere, which made him take his horse to escape, which was, when he came vnto that place, a lustie strong geldinge as any is in England : but he was no sooner on his backe, but

he presently fell lame, and was not able to carie him. Suche is the iust iudgement of God, that abhorreth murderers, and wil not their villainie be concealed.

Besides, for all those woundes which the Lord Bourghe had receiued, it pleased God he should liue two or three houres after, time enough to commit him selfe to his mercie, and to reueale the treacherous manner of his death; which hee did in the hearinge of the right honourable the earles of Effex and Ormewood, in a house in Wandsworth, whether hee was conuaied by the meanes of one Iohn Powell, yeoman of the bottles to her Maiesties house, who, comming to the rescue, pursued the murtherer vntill hee shrouded him selfe in a thicke wood; where hee might easilie haue kept him selfe close a long time, but that the prouidence of God, hauing now taken place to punish, where before the diuell had kept possession, for sin, he wold not suffer him to rest, but so soone as it was night, brought him backe to Wandsworth, and the first house he came to was the house wherein the breathlesse bodie of the Lord Bourgh lay: wherunto he was no sooner approched, (which is a thing especially to be noted) but his wounds bled more freshlie then when they were first giuen; whereby the people in the house, beeing agast at that suddaine and straunge spectacle, made forth to search, for surelie they supposed the mur-

therer was not farre off : he, hearing the noyse of their comming, fledde to Newinton, where he was apprehended, and caried to Newgate, and from thence brought, the five and twentieth daye of Ianuarie, to the Sessions house in Southwarke, where he was arraigned and condemned of wilfull murder, which murther he had committed the fourth day of the same month. And thus haue I disburdened the heauy clogge of my greeued conscience, and done my latestt duetie to him dead, whom, whilest he liued, I loued and honoured.

Then, noble mindes, whose heartes, full of lenitie, harbour no suspition of treacherie, banish all secure mildnesse from your foules, that suffers euerie base and ignoble sicophante to encroche into the lenity of your fauorable conceite. And nourish not with your courteous countenaunce the contemptuous aspirers of inferiour reputation. For thereby groweth such boasting vanitie from the baser insolent, that would frame nobilitie to the inferiour tipe of their vnworthines. As well is manifested by the sodaine death of this noble gentleman, and the published villainie of this tragicall murther, a sufficient caveat for euery mistrustlesse minde to be admonished.

**The manner of the death
and execution of Arnold Cosbie,
for murdering the Lord Boorke,
who was executed at Wandsworth
townes end on the
27. of Ianuarie
1591.**

*With certaine verses written by the said Cosby in the time of his
imprisonment, containing matter of great effect, as well
touching his life, as also his penitence before
his death.*

Imprinted for William Wright.

1591.



The manner of the death and execution of Arnold Cosbie, for murthering the Lord Bourke.

IMEDIATLY after that Arnold Cosbie had receaued iudgement, as you haue before heard, he had his hands fast bound, and by the Knight Marshals men was committed vnto the Marshalsey, where he had learned preachers come and conferred with him, shewing him that this life was but fraile and transitorie, and in no sort comparable vnto the life to come; for therein consisted all ioye, pleasure, rest, solace, and continuall comfort; and that he might be assured to dwell and liue for euer among the Angels of God, if so by repentaunce of his former sinnes he would nowe call vpon God, and stedfastly beleeeue that by faith in Christ Iesus he shoulde haue free remission of all his sinnes, which from time to time hee had committed. By meanes of which godly confession, the said Arnold Cosby called to minde the state wherein he had before liued, and in what estate hee now stood, and therewithall comparing the one with the other, &c., seeing his sodaine

downfall through his pride and folly before committed, he burst forth into bitter teares, and grievously lamented both his follie and his fall, wishing that he had neuer beene borne to performe an act so detestable, whereby he had lost the fauour of his prince, and good will of hir people, not being able to make satisfaction for the least droppe of blood which he had wilfully wished; neither could he euer be pardoned of the hainous sinne which he thereby committed, but onely by the mercie of God which was ready (as he alleaged) to refreshe all penitent sinners that sorrowed for their offences euen from the bottome of their hearts. Thus meditating vpon the New Testament, and having continuall conference with those that came to comfort him, he sometime red, and sometime wrote such things as might best content his wofull mind, vntill Wednesday, about nine of the clocke in the morning; at which time he was conueyed from the Marshalsey in a cart vnto Wandsworth townes ende, where vpon a high hill a gibbet was set up, and being brought thither by the Knight Marshals men, he was taken from the cart, and placed at the foot of the said hill; where at his comming he founde the Earle of Ormond, with manie knightes, captaines and gentlemen, who came to see him suffer death, where he found at his comming Doctor Fletcher, Lord Bishop of Bristow and

Almoner vnto hir maiestie, to comfort him against the feare of death, who perswaded him to desie murther, and to acknowledge his offence : which he did openly confesse before all the people, and shewed him selfe forie for the same, asking forgiuenesse both of God and the worlde ; and therewithall desired hir maiestie to forgiue and forget his offence, so as it might be hereafter no blot or blemish to his kindred or allies. Then, after praiers which the prisoner seemed to poure foorth from a penitent heart, confessing that he had before committed fundry hainous offences, stil calling vpon God to forgiue him, euen to the last gaspe, he was turnd off from the ladder and there hanged till he was dead, and nowe remaineth in the placed, hanged vp in chaines according to his former iudgement.

ARNOLD COSBIE'S

VLTIMUM VALE TO THE VAINЕ WORLD.

*An Elegie written by himselfe in the Marshalsea
after his condemnation.*

Breake heart, be mute my sorrowes past compare !
Cosbie complaine no more, but sit and die.
Teares are no tokens of such dreriment,

As thy true grieffe poures to the angrie heauens,
The heauens offended with thy foule misdeeds.
O! great Commander of this glorious round,
The workmanship of thine immortall hand,
Thou that doest ride vpon the Cherubins,
And tuneſt the deepes in dreadfull harmonie,
Cast downe thine eie vpon a wretched foule,
And from thy throne of grace, great Iacobs God,
Raine mercie on me, miserable man,
Falne into snares of sinne and shamefull death,
From thee, sweete Sauour, Sauour of the world.
O world, vaine world, vnconstant and vnkind!
Why haſt thou bred me, nurſt me, brought me vp
To ſee this daie of forrow and of ſhame?
Cosbie complaine. Captaines and men of warre,
With whom I whilome ſpent my careleſſe daies,
Daies dated but to this, to end in ſhame,
Farewell! adieu to you and all the reſt
That follow armes; and armes and life adieu!
From armes and life I paſſe, drencht in the pit
Digde by my deſperate hands, hands full of bloud.
Bleed, heart, to thinke what theſe accuſed hands
Haue perpetrated. Pardon, heauen and earth!
And gentle Lord, miſled by my amis,
Fouly by me ſent to thy longeſt home,
O! pardon [pardon] Cosbies cruell minde,
His minde enraged, and gentle bloud by wrath

And furie tainted and empoisoned.
Why do I kill my do[l]efull dying heart
With fad rehearfall of this heauie chance ?
O death, rocke me asleepe ! Father of heauen,
That haft sole power to pardon finnes of men,
Forgiue the faults and folly of my youth,
My youth miſſpent in waſt and wantonnes,
And for ſweete Ieſus ſake forgiue my foule,
Fouly defild with this aboue the reſt,
This wickednes, this hard vnworthie deed !
And, laſtly, you whoſe fame I haue defild,
My kin, my Countriemen, friends and alies,
Pardon, ô pardon ! ſuch as men to men
Can giue, I beg for wronging you in all,
For ſhaming you in this my wretched end :
The fruitles crop, the meed of my deſerts,
My bad, my baſe deſertes, ſweete Friends, forget.
Friends, countriemen, and kins folkes, all forget
My name, my face, my fact : ô blot me out,
Out of the world, put me out of your thoughts !
Or if you thinke, ô thinke I neuer was ;
Or if you thinke I was, thinke that I fell
Before ſome forte, ſome holde in Belgia.
With this ſuppoſe beguile your ſorrowes, friends :
Thinke that I fell before the canons mouth,
Euen in mine honors heigth, that bleſſed day,
When in aduancement of my name, I left

My countries enemie in his bafe reuolt.
A wretched man to talke of honors heigth,
Fallen fo bafely into the pit of fhame,
The pit of death ! my God, my God, forgiue me !
Next to my God, my countrie pardon me,
Whofe honor I haue ftained and lawes infringe[d].
And thou, my foueraigne Miftris and my Queene,
Bright ftarre of Englandes globe, forgiue my fact ;
Nor let it touch thy Royall Princely hart
That Cosbie hath mifdone fo hainoufly.
The circle of my time is compaffed,
Arriued to the point where it began.
Worlde, countrie, kin, and friends, farewell, farewell !
Flie thou, my foule, to heauen, the hauen of bliffe :
O bodie ! beare the fcouge of thine amiffe.



The enterlude of the vertuous and godly Queene Hester.

THE PROLOGUE.

DIUERS philosophers, auncient and sage,
Their clargy and cunnyng to put in practise.
Oft have disputed, by learning and language,
To whome greatest honour men ought to demise,
Or for what cause hie reuerence shoulde aryse?
And amonge manye some were there, doubtlesse,
That concluded honour due vnto ryches.

Some also to noble bloude, and high parayge,
Affirmed honour dewly to pertayne;
And some to pollicie and wysedome sage,
And some to power and superiall raigne,
Eche man his reason sayde in certayne:
Ouer this some said, that vertuous demenoure
To bee excellent, and of moste honour.

The KYNG, sitting in a chaire, speaketh to his counsell.

Of these, my lordes, we woulde be glad to here,
Whiche is most worthy honoure to attayne,
By your high reasons we thinke it maye appeare,

To fpeake therefore, we praye you, your fentences
And as ye determine, so fhall wee certaine [plaine,
Advaunce to honoure, and to promotion applye
Alwayes the beft, and that bee moft worthy.

PRIMUS GENEROSUS.

Most drad foueraigne, kinge Affuerus, to The first
your doughty, wegthy & fured, gentleman.
Of riches, power, wifdome, vertue or noble bloude,
Which is most foueraigne, and of higheft honour,
Me feames, as vertue none can be fo good,
Not riches nor power, wifdome nor gentill bludde;
For wher vertue fayleth, the other be not fuer,
But full vnstable, and longe cannot indure.

Who fo wyll labour store to peruse,
And them with diligence often will rede,
May see and perceive, how vice dyd confuse
Many noble princes, whiche were in dede
Of such magnificence, that we not nede
To doubt of theyre riches, power and wisdom,
And yet, for lacke of vertue, vice them overcame.

SECUNDUS GENEROSUS.

Nabuchodonor, Senacherib, and Salmanasar,
Nero, Dyoclesian, Maxentius also,
All these princes of hye honoure were,
Of riches, power and wysdome also,
Of noble bloode, yet these and many mo,

For lacke of vertue, to vice dyd fall,
To theyre owne distruction and theyre subiectes all.

TERTIUS GENEROSUS.

But then, as me semeth, yt were expedyent,
Amonge all vertues apperteyninge to a prince,
That fame to knowe by fume reason vrgente,
Which is so necessary to the prouince,
That wythout yt in no wyse he can conuince
Neyther synne nor synners that vniustly deale,
Nor in good order kepe his common weale.

PRIMUS GENEROSUS.

In myne opynion that is Iustice,
A vertu as excellent as may be.
For all thinges it orderith in such wyse,
That where it is, is peace and tranquillitie,
Good order, hygh honour, wealth and plentie;
And where it fayleth in the prince or kynge,
The common weale decayeth withoute tariynge.

SECUNDUS GENEROSUS.

Befyde Iustice there muste bee diligence
In hys owne personne that fame to put in vre,
Or els some tyme fuche coloured sentence,
Vnder cloke of Iustice, ye maye be sure,
Craftely shall procede from them that haue the cure;
Which in proceffe may brynge to downfall
The kynge, hys realme, and hys subiectes all.

The iudgement of Salamon, in his owne perfon,
 Betwene two women of luyinge vnchaste,
 So feared Ifraell that vtterlye no one
 Durste once rebell, but they thought it waste
 In anye wyfe to attempt, eyther fyrst or laste,
 Any thyng of displeasure to hys maiestye royall,
 Fearyng his wysedome and iustice so equall.

TERTIUS GENEROSUS.

If by hys lieutenante had been done the fame,
 Hys honoure shoulde neuer haue spronge so farre,
 Nor so much renowned by noble fame,
 As it is now, and that both here and there ;
 Nor yet hys subiectes to such awe and feare
 He could haue dryuen by no meanes at all,
 As he dyd by his iustice personall.

And ouer this many a noble man,
 At the prynces wyll and commaundymente,
 To employe iustice dyd the best they can ;
 And yet the commons vnneth coulde be content,
 And why ? for in their mynde they thyncke verament
 That either for riches and honour Iustis will doe,
 And he onely, for the zeale that to Iustis he hath to :
 Wherefore, noble prince, if in youre owne perfon will ye
 Employe Iustis, the more youre honour shallbe.

KYNG ASSEWERUS.

My lordes, we thanke you for youre counsell ;

As ye haue fayed, so thinke we verely
 That Iustis mainteneth y^e common weale ;
 And, namely, y^e prince muste nedes himselfe applye
 Vnto the fame, or els vtterly
 Shall folowe decay by warre or els death,
Quoq3, si princeps malus populus coruet.

And ouer this, if that his lieutenaunt
 Shal happen to square from trueth and iustice,
 Albeit his faire wordes and good semblaunt,
 The prince must nedes be circumspect and wise,
 That no ambicion nor couetise,
 Through great welth and riches inordinat,
 Doe erect his corage for to play checkmate ;
 For though it be as well as it may neede,
 It shall be thought nay, I assure you in dede.
 Sir, what is your name and progeny ?

AMAN.

One of y^e gētyll
 mē must answere ;
 whyche you will.

I am Aman, sonne of Amadathy,
 Of the stocke of Agag borne lyniallye.

ASSUERUS.

Your learnyng and reason pleaseth vs well,
 And ye seeme to be of discretion ;
 We beare ye, therefore, our fauour and zeale,
 So that withoute meanes of intercession,
 We make you our chaunceloure : take hede to this
 leffon.

See ye doe iustice and trueth euer approue,
Or to your destruction we shall you soone remoue.

AMAN.

My duty is more nowe then euer it was,
Truly to ferue your moste noble grace,
Both nyghte and day, here and in euery place.

ASSEWERUS.

Et exeat.

My lordes, as nowe thus standes the case.
We are comfortles for lacke of a Queene,
Which shoulde be our ioye and chefe solace ;
And, to say truth, it hath not been oft seene
But the prince with a princes matched hath beene,
Leaste defaulte of issue shoulde be, whiche God
defende : [intend.

Therefore, youre counsellis firste had, to marry we do

PRIMUS GENEROSUS.

Then, let your officers peruse this realme,
And of fayre maidens that be virgins pure,
Of most goodly peronages that may be sene,
Gather a great number, that we may make reporte
Vnto your grace : then may ye be sure
To chose the beste, when ye haue them seene,
And that is the fittest to be your quene.

ASSEWERUS.

Call to vs Aman, our trusty chaunceler.

AMAN.

Here entrith Amā,
with māy mē
awaitig on hym.

If it please your grace, I am here,

ASSUERUS.

Aman, this is the counsell of my lordes all,
That our officers in haſt we ſhoulde ſende
To perſe this region vdiuerfall,
From the begynnyng vnto the ende,
To ſeke faire maidens, where ſo thei may be kende,
And of moſt goodly perſonages that may be ſene,
To the intent among them we may choſe a quene.

Here the kyng
entryth the trauers,
and Aman goeth
out.

This is our minde, more to ſpeake it
ſhal not nede ; [dede.
In all that ye may, ſee it bee done in

Here entreth MARDOCHEUS, and a maiden with him.

I am Mardocheus, borne in Ieruſalem,
The ſonne of Iaſai, and of the ſtocke of Beniamy,
By Nabuchodonoſer brought into this realme
When he did ſubdue our kyng Iechony,
And tranſlated the Jewes by conqueſt and victorie ;
Both I and other, in number many one,
Were brought in captiuitie into the realme of Babilon.

I haue here a maiden of the ſame nacion,
My brothers daughter, named Ediffa,
But Heſter is her common denomination ;
And by that well knowen, *nam a Deo miſſa*.
God graunt her grace, that perſeuer ſhe maye,
In wiſedome and womanhead faythfull to bee,
Her eſpouſe to loue in perfectẽ amitie.

So is it now, oure kynge Affuerus
Diuers Purfeuauntes in great haste hadde fente
Ouer all his realme ; in these parties nere vs
To seeke faire maidens is his entent,
To chose amonge theym one conueniente
To be his quene and Lady Soueraigne,
In loue and honour with him for to raigne.

And for as muche, doughter Hester, that you,
Amonge other, are appoynted for one,
I thynke it accordynge therefore now
To giue you mine aduise and instruction :
Attend ye, therefore, without interruption,
And by faithfull mind, and stedfast memorye,
That I shall faye learne it diligentlye.

HESTER.

Noble Mardocheus, my father moste kynde,
To that ye shall faye I will applye my mynde.

MARDOCHEUS.

Than, yf the kinge chose you to his queene,
It is of hys goodnes, bountie and grace,
And for none your merites, the truthe to bee seene ;
Therefore to hym repaye muste you needes obedience,
Trew loue and kyndnes, aboue perfonnes all,
Not forged nor fayned, but with affection cordiall.
Breake not the course that quenes haue hadde :
In this noble region, most part of all,

They haue aye bene good, and none of theym badde,
To their prince euer sure, iust and substanciall,
And good to the commons, when they dyd call
By mekenes for mercye, to temper the fyre
Of rigors iustice in fume or in yre.

HESTER.

Thys counsell is perfecte, and also so pure ;
I graunt it therfore, and promyse you sure,
It is my whole mynde and hartye desyre
That same to fulfyll, as reason shall requyre.

PURSEUAUNT.

Here entrieth pur-
suante, with ma-
nye maydens.

I haue here of maydens a fayre companye,
Of comely stature and goodly visage,
Which to the king I thynke by and by
For to present, and to his counsel sage,
For their promotion, wealth and marriage ;
Saue before with Mardocheus the Jew,
I muste speake for Hester, that is so fayre of hew.

MARDOCHEUS.

She is here redy, and doth attende
The kynges commaundement to fullfyll,
And at youre pleasure forth shall she wende,
Wyth out refystance, and by her good wyll.

PURSYUAUNT.

Then shall I brynge her the kynge vntill.
Come on, lady Hester, and followe me .
To the kynge shall ye goe with youre company.

Here Aman me-
tythe thē in y^e
place.

AMAN.

Syr purfuant, haue ye these maydens
broughte

For the kynge, lyke as ye had in commaundement ?

PURSYUAUNTE.

Yea, fyr ; and for them farre haue I foughte,
Both in vyllage, towne and tenement :
I truſte I haue done trew feruice and dylligente.

AMAN.

So are ye bounde by very dewty
Of youre allegeaunce and fydelitye.
Se that ye follow us wyth your hole cumpany.

PURSYUAUNT.

As ye haue fayed ſo ſhall it be.

AMAN. .

Thē thei go
to the kynge. Pleafyth it your grace, accordynge your
mynde,

We haue made ferche all youre regyon
For goodly maydens, of nature fyne and kynde,
And of them haue founde, in myne opynyon,
A number ryght fayre, and of complexion
So puer, and of ſo fayre viſage,
That they furmounte all other in perſonage.

ASSUERUS.

Are they alſo of fuche competent age,
Of fuche demeanour and grauitie,
That they be fytte for oure mariage ?

AMAN.

Uppon a profe youre grace shall heare and see,
As well theyr wifedome as theyr beautye.

ASSUERUS.

Sertis, they be fayre and goodly eche one,
And as it maye seme by theyr fyrst countenaunce,
Both by look and gesture, nature and complexion,
In theym shoulde be kyndnes, myrth, and dalyaunce,
Wyfedome, fadnes, and in loue perfeueraunce,
Constancie knyght with comelines, ioy to encrease
Vertue with good demenour, pleasure to put in presse.
But ye, fayre damsell of the highest stature,
And of most ripe age, as shoulde seame
Of all this companye of most fynest nature,
Tell vs your linage, for as yet we deame
Your lookes be so lusty, and in loue so breme,
If that your demenour hereafter be sene
To that accordynge, ye shalbe our quene.

HESTER.

Most noble Prince, as for my linage,
Nor yet my country, fertis I can not saye.
My parentes diceffed in myne none age,
So that I neuer harde yet vnto thys daye -
What coste or countrey, what lande or laye,
I was bred in, broughte forth, or borne ;
It is to me vnknownen, as aye hath bene beforne :
Notwithstanding, I haue had foode and fostring

Of Mardocheus all my lyfe dayes,
Whom I called father in my yonge age,
And so intend to do eftsons and alwaies, [praise ;
Whome for his frendshippe I haue good cause to
Befechinge youre grace, and that moste mekely,
To my fayde foster father good lorde for to be.

ASSEWERUS.

Call in Mardocheus, that we may see his face.

MARDOCHEUS.

I am here to attende vpon youre grace.

ASSEWERUS.

Mardocheus, what call you youre daughter ?

MARDOCHEUS.

If it please your grace, her name is Hester ;
Affuringe you, she is a virgin puer,
A pearle vndefiled and of conscience cleare,
Sober, fad, ientill, meke and demure,
In learninge and litterature profoundly feene,
In wifdome eke semblante to Saba the Quene ;
Fytt for any prince to haue in marriage,
If his pleasure agree to her personage.

ASSEWERUS.

Ye saye ryghte well : then, we thynke it expedient,
Some what to proue by communication,
Her lernynge and her language eloquent,
And by some probleme of hys dubitation,
To knowe her aunfwere and consultation.

How faye you, Hester ; haue you ought reade, or
seene,

Of vertues that be best and fittest for a queene ?

HESTER.

To speake before a king it is no childes playe ;
Therefore, I aske pardon of that I shall faye.

ASSUERUS.

We pardone you what focuer ye faye.

HESTER.

Then to bee bolde ryghte well I maye.
No quene there is, but by marriage of a prince,
And vnder couert according to the lawe,
So that the iurisdiction of the whole prouince
To the kinge pertaineth ; this is the trewe saw.
Albeit, sometyme more for loue than for awe
The king is content to bee counselled by the queene
In many fundrye causes, as ofte hath been seene.

Which sentence is sure and grounded with reason,
But yet not wythstandynge this is not all,
But eftsons it may chaunce at fundrye season
The kynge wyth hys councell, most parte of all,
From this realme to be absente when warre doth call.
Then the Queenes wysdome sadly muste deale,
By her greate vertue to rewle the common weale.

Wherefore as many vertues be there muste,
Euen in the Quene as in the prynce ;
For feare lest in warre sume treason vniust

The realme shoulde subdewe, and falsely conuince.
 The Quene must fauegarde all the hole prouince,
 And so as muche goodnes aye muste be seene,
 As in the kynge, to be in the Quene ;
 And how many vertues longe to a kynge,
 Lyke vnto your grace, I cannot make recknynge.

ASSEWERUS.

Then, I doute not, but the wyfdome of vs two,
 Knytte both to gether in parfytte charyte,
 All thynges in thys realme shall cumpas so,
 By truth and Iustice, law and equitye,
 That we shall quenche all vice and deformitie.

HESTER.

Then at my beginning I beseeche your grace [space.
 That I may shew my mynd, whyle I haue time and

ASSUERUS.

Speake at your libertie ; I wyll heare it gladlye.

HESTER.

Then I wyl be playne, for veritie hath no pere,
 And for a pryncipall of thys my tale,
 And eke his subiectes both greate and smale,
 In honoure and wealth : yea, all the prouince,
 So riche and so stronge, that they maye conuince
 All their enemyes, where so euer they dwell,
 That woulde inuade, resiste or rebell.

And where goddes seruyce and hospitalitie
 Doeth decaye, and almes to the poor all,

There maye be wealth in places two or three,
But I assure you the most part in generall [cial
Neither haue meate nor money, nor strength substan-
Fytte to doe you seruice, when ye haue nede;
Which is no good order, me thynkes, in very dede.

Let God alway therfore haue hys parte,
And the poore fedde by hospitalitie;
Eche man his measure, be it pynte or quarte,
And no man to muche, for that is great ioberdie,
A meane to lose all, as I doe feare me;
For when all is gathered together in a heape,
It may sone be conueyed, cariage is good cheape.
Thys I speake with trew heart and mynde,
Beseechyng your grace to take it in good kynde.

ASSUERUS.

Of these matters another tyme moore at large
We shall speake, and of dyuers other mo. [charge
Aman, see our seruantes doe accomplishe their
To awayte upon oure Queene, and that also
In haste vnto oure wardrobe see ye goe
For riche apparell of golde and pall,
As well for her selfe, as for her ladyes all.

AMAN.

Than, if it please you to licence the
Queene,
As to her pleasure awchyle shall besee me.

Here departith y^e
queene & Aman,
and all y^e maid-
ens.

D

ASSUERUS.

And we for a feason thys bufynesse wyll cease,
And oure selfe repose for our pleasure and ease.

Here entrith PRIDE syngynge, poorely arayed.

To men that be heuy, and wold faine be mery,
Though they feele smarte,
Oft chāce such rekning, y^t with their mouth thei fing,
Though thei wepe in their hart.
Sometime thei daūce, with mery coūtenaūce,
When they had leuer slepe :
Eke thei laugh and grin, whē, by this funne, I wyn
In the heart they wepe.
Who so will accord with this double world
Musfe vse fuche artes,
Outwardly kinde, in his heart a fende,
A knaue of two partes.
Outward honestie, inward infidelitie,
Bothe rydes on a mule ;
In peace he is bolde, but in war he is colde,
That fooneft wyll recoyle.
Manye bee that profers, but fewe that offers
Deuoutelye in theyre hearte : [befall,
They saye they can doe all, but when neede doeth
They begynne to starte.
He that is double loues alwaye trouble,
And at no tyme wyll cease ;

And yet he wyll not fight, by day not yet by nyghte,
In warre nor in peace.
But fuch men by battail may get corne and cattell,
Bullyon and plate;
And yf they once get it, let vs no more craue it,
By GOD we comme to late,
Eyther to begge or borowe, except shame or forowe,
Dyspleasure and hate.

Syrs, my name is Pryde, but I haue layde afyde
All my goodlye araye :
Ye wyne I lye ; there is a cause why
That I goe not gaye.

I tell you at a worde, Aman, that newe lorde,
Hathe bought vp all good clothe,
And hath as many gownes as would serue ten townes,
Be ye neuer so lothe : [gowne,
And any manne in the towne do by him a good
He is verye wrothe ;

And wyll hym straye tell, the statute of apparell,
Shall teache hym good :
Wherefore, by thys daye, I dare not goe gaye ;
Threde bare is my hooe.

Pryde was wonte to be a man of iolytye,
Of hye countenaunce and face,
And since Aman raygned, no man hym retayned,
Allmoste in any place :
For Aman, that elfe, woulde no man but hym selfe

Shoulde be proude in dede.
 For, as men fay, all pryde he taketh away.
 Well, God fende him good fpede.

ADULATION.

And as for Adulation must chaunge his occupation ;
 It is worth a peafe.

PRYDE.

Why so ?

ADULATION.

For my lorde Aman doeth all that he can,
 I assure you without doubt,
 To take vp al flatterers, and al crafty clatterers
 That dwell fourtye myle aboute.

PRYDE.

Yea, but the lawe shal, by order substancial,
 Punyshe all those.

ADULATION.

Yea ; I wil tel you one thing : law now and flatteryng
 Aye together gose.

PRYDE.

Why so ?

ADULATION.

For al law, eft and west, and adulation in his cheft
 Aman hathe locked faste : [tering ;
 And by his crafti patterīg hath turned law into flat-
 So that fyrst and laste
 The cliant must pay, or the lawyer assaye

The law for to clatter : [this light,
And whē ye wene he faide right, I assure you by
He doth not els but flatter.

PRIDE.

Why so ?

ADULATION.

For yf Aman wynkes the lawyers shrynkcs,
And not dare faye yea nor naye :
And yf he speake the lawe, the other calles hym daw ;
No more then dare he fay.
So that was law yisterday is no lawe thys daye,
But flatteryngc lasteth alway, ye may me beleue.

PRYDE.

Dyuiues y^t do preache, methynkes, they should teache,
And flatteryngc reproue.

ADULATION.

Syr, they haue lefte prechyng, and take them to flat-
Moste parte of them all. [terīge,

PRYDE.

I marueyle of that.

ADULATION.

Do ye marueyle ? mary, I wyll you tell
A cause substantiall.
When they preached, and the truthe teached,
Sume of them caughte a knocke,
And they y^t should [haue] assisted, I wote not how
they were brysted,

But they dyd nothyng but mocke.
 And that sawe they, and gate them away,
 As faste as myghte be :
 They folde theyr woll, and purchafed a bull
 With a pluralityte :

And lefte predication, and toke adulation,
 And what by mendation, and dyspensation,
 They gat the nomynation of euery good benefyce.

So better by flatteryng, then by preachyng,
 To wealthe they did aryse.
 But yet ye muste beware.

PRYDE.

Where of?

ADULATION.

That they do not square farre beyonde the marke,
 For yf yt be a good fee, Aman sayeth, that longeth
 Be yt benefyce or parke. [to me,

If he espy to y^e promotion, he wyll streyt geue
 him a portiō,

A lappe of a thousand markes.

He shalbe purged cleane, he shal finge neither tre-
 ble nor meane,

Nor yet speake one worde.

PRIDE.

Is he well seene in adulation?

ADULATION.

He is wardē of y^e occupatiō, without all iestige boorde,

And no man so hardy, but by hys auctorite
The same to vse.

Here entryth AMBYTION.

No; for yf he doe, he were better no,
Hys braynes he wyll confewse.

PRIDE.

Why, who arte thou ?

AMBYTION.

He that can tell how Aman vseth to warke.

PRIDE.

Is not Ambytion thy name ?

AMBYTION.

Yes, for god, y^e same. I was wonte to be a greate
clarke,

But fyn Aman bare rewle, neyther horse nor mule
But ys as wyfe as I.

ADULATION.

How fo ?

AMBYTION.

For all rewlars & lawes, were made byfooles & dawes,
He fayeth verely.

Ordynances & foundation, without consyderation,
He fayeth, were deuysed.

Therefore hys imagination, bringes all out of fashion,
And so all is dyfguifed.

Sum tyme where was plenty, now y^e barnes be
empti,

And many men lackes bread ; [get,
 And wher somtyme was meat, there now is none to
 But all be gone and dead.

Beggers now do banne, and crye out of Aman,
 That euer he was borne :
 They swere by the roode, he eatyth vp all their foode,
 So that they get no good, neyther euen nor morne.
 And many that be pore, though not from doore to
 A begginge they did goe ; [doore,
 Yet had they releefe, bothe of breade and beefe,
 And dryncke also.

And now the dore standes shet, and no man can we get
 To worcke, neither to fyghte :
 Wherefore yf warre should chaunce, eyther with Scot-
 land or Fraunce,
 Thys yeare woulde not goe ryght.

ADULATION.

And where is all this become ?

AMBITION.

As for y^e *domin^o vobiscū*, I dare say nothinge but mū,
 Not tyll an other tyme.

PRYDE.

All this is out of seafon, and nothing done by reafon,
 Nor yet by good ryme.

ADULATION.

How fay you, Ambition, haue ye not prouision for to
 Get promotion, as ye were wonte to do ?

AMBITION.

No, by my holydame, for my lorde Aman
Handelles all thynges so,
That euery office and fee, what so euer it bee,
That maye bee feene and founde,
By his wit he wyl it featche, and or it fal he wil it
 catche,
That neuer commeth to the grounde :
So that I repent, that euer I went
Unto the scoles ;
For his large commission maketh me, Ambition,
To dwell amonge fooles.

PRYDE.

And is there no remedye ?

ADULATION.

None that I can spy, whyle he doeth rayne.

AMBITION.

Then, lette vs make merye, euen tyll we dye,
And dryue pyne awaye.

PRYDE.

I hearde once a Fryer, as trewe a lyer
As anye in the countrey :
He preached veramente, that oure testamente,
Alwaye readye shoulde bee.

ADULATION.

For at oure deathe we shall lacke breathe,
And than, fare well wee.

AMBITION.

Then, mayfter Pryde, begynne thys tyde ;
Let vs here youre fashon.

ADULATION.

And ye fhall here nexte, euen the playne texte,
Of me, Adulation.

PRYDE.

Then, by and by, ye fhall heare playnely,
Wythout impedimente,
The tenour of my wyll, if ye take heede therevntyll :
This is my testament.

Al my prefumptuous pryde, whether he goe or ryde,
Nowe or elles than,

My heart and corage, for power and language,
I geue it vnto Aman.

Let him kepe of my pryde what he wil, the reſte
deuide

Amonge hys whole Garde ; [all
And when they haue it all, what they wyll dooe with-
Aduyce them afterwarde.

If pryde haue a fall, let them be content withall,
As I am nowe :

For as for Pryde laſteth but a tyde,
I affure you,

If to it longe fhame, let them a Goddes name,
Take them bothe :

For as I feare mee, ſo muſte it needes bee,
Bee they neuer ſo lothe.

ADULATION.

And I, Adulation, of the same fashion,
At thys tyme present
To recorde euerye man, geue vnto Aman,
By thys my testament,
All my subtelte, and forged fydelite,
To hym and hys espyes.
I wot they wyll it vse, trew men to confesse,
And that craftely :
And yf they do in dede, I pray God they may spede,
Euen as honestly,
As he that from steilyng, goth to sent Thomas watryng
In his yong age.
So they, from pytter pattour, may come to tytter totur,
Euen the same pylgrimage,

AMBITION.

And I, Ambytion, had a commiffion,
By force of a bull,
To gett what I could, but not as I wolde,
Neyther of lambe nor woll.
Thē bull, nor the calfe, coude please the one halfe
Of my feruente desire ;
But euer I thought, by God, there was I woulde
 haue had,
When I was neuer the nere.
Therefore all my ambition, to gether in a comiffion
Under my feale,

I geue it to Aman, to the intent that Sathan
 Maye loue hym well :
 That whyle he is here, he maye styll defyre,
 And yet neuer the nere, Sometyme to bee ;
 And when he goeth hence, he maye with him dispenche
 By a large facultye,
 That for his fines feuen, or he come to heauen,
 Wyth out bourde or game,
 Sumtyme or tyde, he may for his pryde
 Suffer some shame.

PRIDE.

Now, by wades myll, euerye mans wyll
 Is wonderouflye well.

ADULATION.

And by my holydome, I wene it be wyfedome ;
 For folke often chat, howe men dye in estate,
 But so shal not wee.

AMBITION.

No, by saint An ; but yet my Lorde Aman
 Neuer the better shalbe.

PRYDE.

No forse, so God me faue, yf we our wyll myght haue,
 We woulde he shoulde neuer thee.
 Nowe made is our testament, I praye you be content
 Some myrthe to deuyse.

ADULATION.

Let vs beginne with singynge, and conclude with
drinkyng :

It is the newe gyfe.

AMBITION.

Then let vs beginne a songe, that wyl last euen as long

Thei depart sing- As hence to the tauerne dore.
yng, and Aman
entreth.

AMAN.

(*Et exeunt.*)

Moste noble prynce, and of higheft wysedome,
I do not doubte of youre confidartion,
But that you know what I haue bene, eke what I am,
Bothe in wyll and woorde, and occupation,
Of affured thoughte without adulation,
And as glad to doe seruice vnto your grace
As euer I was to liue anye tyme or space.

And for the fame great malice I do sustayne;
Both of your nobles and communaltie,
To my greate greuaunce, and merueylous payne;
And eke further, I feare the ieoperdye
Of my lyfe, goodes, credence and honestie,
To cease their malyce vnlesse you put in vre
Your power royall, I can not longe endure.
The sclaūderous reportes, the lyes y^t be made,
The fained dectractions and contumilions,
The rimes, the railinges, so farre sette abroad,
Both paynted and printyd in moste shamefull wyfe.
And, God to recorde, all is but leasinges and lyes.

Was neuer made on man lyke as is on me,
Only for aplyment of law and equite.

In so much that, of late now in dede,
Before all the commins vpon myne and me,
Moste dañable reportes were sett a brode
To my dyshonour and shamefull villany :
And all that were there of that cūpanye,
As I myghte see by theyre countenaunce and voice,
That fame alowed and greatly did reioyce :
Wherfore, noble prince, I beseeche youre grace,
Let me be remoued, another to haue my place.

ASSUERUS.

Aman, we harde, wyth deliberation,
Uttered and pronounced by language cleane,
A very elygante and prudente oracion
Of you, as euer to fore was seene ;
By whose tenour we knowe what ye meane :
And haue ye no doughte, so shall we for you prouide
That youre enemies shall damage you on no fyde.
We knowe ryght well the woordes enuious to be,
One agaynste an other for fee and office ;
But that to regarde in no wyse nede ye
As longe as ye obserue trueth and iustyce,
From the which we woulde that in no wyse
Ye shoulde degresse ; for if ye do in dede,
Youre owne distruction shortly ye shall brede.
But for youre comforte harke what I shall tell ;

And for more affiftance in this that ye do feare,
We make you lieutenaunte to rewle Ifraell.
Take heare thefe robes ; fee ye do them weare,
Eke this golden wande in youre hande to beare,
A token of honour and of eftate ryall.
God fende you contynuaunce and well to do with all.

AMAN.

Noble prynce, accordinge as I am bounde,
I will do you feruice tyll deathe me confounde.

ASSUERUS.

For a feafon we wyll to our folace
Into our orcharde, or fome other place,

Here the kynge
entreth the tra-
uerfe, and Hardy
dardy entreth the
place.

HARDYDARDY.

A prouerbe, as men fay, a dogge hath a
When fo euer that it chaunce. [day,
He that wyll drinke wine, and hath neuer a vine,
Muſte fende or goe to Fraunce ;
And yf he do not, endure he cannot,
He muſt nedes ſhrynke ;
Shrinke ? yea, fay that againe, for it is a greate paine
To be with out drynke.
In ſuch caſe am I : I fwere by Goddes pety,
I lacke both drynke and meate.
But, as I fay, a dogge hath a day,
For now I truſte to get :
My tyme is come for to get ſome,
If I be not lett.

It is the common worde, Aman is a lorde,
And Aman is of price,
And hath, perdye, all this cuntrie
At his rwele and deuce :
And I trust to be one of his yemanry,
To weare his bage and marke.
An office I wold beare, and it noughte elles wheare,
But the keper of his parke.

AMAN.

Meseames, ye are not fytte.

HARDY DARDY.

Ye wene I lacke wytte ; it may well be so,
Yet afole, when it doth happe, may somtyme chaunce
to stoppe a gappe
When wyfe men wyll not mell.

AMAN.

Fooles largely will bourde, and tell all theyr thought.

HARDY DARDY.

And wyfe men will not speke one worde, till all
become to nought.

AMAN.

Fooles will tell all, and that troubleth fore.

HARDY DARDY.

And wyfe men will say nought at al, till al be gone,
and more.

AMAN.

Fooles to Idlenes all wayes be preste.

HARDY DARDY.

And wyfe men vse fuch busines it were better they
were at rest.

AMAN.

Fooles let the reformation of common wele.

HARDY DARDY.

And wyfe men be so full of imagination,
They wot not how they deale.

AMAN.

Whyfe men wolde do ryght,
And foles fay nay.

HARDY DARDY.

And fooles be fayne to fyght when wife men rüne

AMAN.

[away.

Fooles spend all, tyll they haue nought.

HARDY DARDY.

And wife men carry all, tyll they dare no more craue.

AMAN.

Ye are a foole; ye do but clatter.

HARDYDARDYE.

Many go to fcole, tyll they can flatter.

AMAN.

Leaue youre clatter, leste ye cume tardy.

HARDYDARDY.

It makes no matter, for my name is Hardydardy.

AMAN.

Is youre name Hardydardy?

HARDYDARDY.

Yea, y^t is it verily. I wold, if it plese ye,
Be one of your yomanrie.

AMAN.

As for that, let it passe : we take you for our folace,
And mirthe sumtime to ken.

HARDYDARDY.

I wene, by Goddes grace, one foole in a place
Doth well amonge wise men :
Ye must nedes laughe amonge, and if a foole singe a
I holde you than a grote, [songe.
Some wise man muste be fayn sumtime to take y^e paine
To do on a fooles cote ;
And than perchaunce it is not redie.

AMAN.

Well, ye can speake merely, wherwith I am contente.
Sirs, tarrie you a season ; se that farre ye not walke :
I will to the kinge secretly to talke.

Moste victorius prince, and of higheste honour,
Primate of the worlde and president chefe,
By whose wisedome, and pollityke demeanoure,
All the world at this day takes relese,
Both kynge, page and lorde ; yea, in sentence brese,
No realme nor region able were to stande,
Onles your counsell with them be at hande.

Who compelleth lordes to mainteine their nobilite ?
Who lerneth knyghtes theyr feates marciall,

Or who religion subdewith to humilite ?
Who haue craftes and laborers the worlde ouer all,
In ciuill cytie or village ryall,
Compelleth eche man to hys order and place,
But only the wifedome and polyce of youre grace.

Your strength defendith, your wifdome faueth all,
Yourre plentye relevithe almoſte euey man ;
Such is your honour and order ryall,
That none other counsell at this day canne
Reache nor attaine to know how or whan,
Lyke good order or honorable guiſe,
As you by wifdume dayly do deuice.

So is it, your grace, from very baſe parage
And poore eſtate, me to hye honour haue brought :
For none my vertues, nor wifdome ſage,
But onely youre gooddes haue made me of nought.
God is mi iudge, it is therfore mi thoughte,
And dayly ſtudy, aboue all worldly treaſure,
That thing to do that is your wealth and plaſure.

And yf it pleaſe your grace therfore to here
One thyng as I ſhall make reherfall,
Whan I haue faide I thinke it ſhall appeare
To youre pleaſure and proffitte ſubſtanciall ;
And, to be playne, this is it fyrſte of all. [dwell,
A greate number of Iewes with in this realme do
A people not goode, nor for youre common weale.

They be diſperſed ouer all youre prouince,

With in them selfe dwellyng, defeuered from our na-
By theyr new lawes they think to conuince, [tion :
And eke draw unto theyr conuerfation,
And vnto theyr ceremonyes and faction,
Of our people as many as may be,
Intendyng to fubdew all gentilite.

More ouer, the preceptes of your law
They refuse, and haue in great contempte.
They wyll in no wise liue vnder awe
Of any prince, but they wil be exempte ;
Wherby good order may fone be interempte,
And occaſion is, as I do feare me,
Your ſubiectes to rebell in hope of lyke liberte.

And youre grace knoweth, it is expediente
Theyre mallice to increace thus by fufferaunce ;
For by that may chaunce greate inconuenience,
And to all your realme importune perturbaunce :
For theyre poſſeſſions be of ſubſtaunce
So greate and ſo large, that I feare, at the length,
They wyll attempte to ſubdewe you by ſtrengthe.

My counsell, therfore, to auoide ieoperdy,
Is that your grace, by your power ryall,
Shall geue ſentence and plainly decree
To flea theſe Iewes in your realme ouer all,
None to eſcape ; let your ſentence be generall.
Ye ſhall by that wyne, to ſay I dare be bolde,
To your treaſure .x. thouſande pound of golde.

ASSUERUS.

My lorde Aman, we haue harde ryght well
All your oration, which is so elegante,
And so well towched, that nedes we muste fele
And perceyue your minde, your wordes be so
pregnante :

And, as touchinge the Iewes, which be so valiaunte,
Both of goodes and greate poceffion,
We do agree vnto theyre suppression.

We ryghte well perceiue that vnto them drawe
Much of our people and ientile nation,
Which to our honour, and also to our lawe
Muste nedes be a greate derogation,
A meane to bringe all out of facion :
To quenche them, therefore, we be contented wele ;
In token wherof, holde here a ringe and seale.

AMAN.

Of your sentence there shall not lacke one claufe,
But all shall be done, and that without pause.
The Pursuauntes call to vs shortely.

PURSYUAUNTES.

If it lyke you, we are here.

AMAN.

These letters deuised we wolde you should applye
To bere furth ; and that dylligently,
With as much hafte as may be,
To the rewlars of euery towne and citie,

Streightly commaunding them all that they maye
The same to execute at their prefixed day.

PURSEUAUNT.

To his hye pleasure we shall make vs preste,
And tyll it be done we wyll take no reste.

AMAN.

We be glad we haue attained our purpose :
I trust it shall abate the hie corage
Of Mardocheus ; and eke all those
That be hys clyantes brynge to repentaunce.

HARDYDARDYE.

Mary, sir, they be lyke to take penaunce.
It woulde greue any man, yonge or olde of age,
Without his head to goe on pylgrimage.

AMAN.

Thei haue deserued it, and they shall haue it ;
It is for theym accordynge.

HARDYDARDYE.

If I shoulde bewray that some men doe faye,
It were a mad bourdyng.

AMAN.

Say what ye lyst.

HARDYDARDY.

So woulde I, yf I wiste ye wolde not [be] angrie.

AMAN.

Ye haue libertie, as ye pleased be,
To stande or tumble.

HARDYDARDY.

Men fay in dede, ye shall lose your head,
And that woulde make you stumble.

AMAN.

Why fo ?

HARDARDY.

Thei fay it is conuenient should be fulfilled y^e testa-
Of Ambition, Adulation, and Pride : [ment
They gaue you all their pryde and flatteryng,
And after that faint Thomas watring there to resta tide.
And men thynke at hoste with them was the holy
Theyre testament was made so holily : [ghoste,
Wherefore all that they sayed cannot be take or sayed,
But as a prophesie.

AMAN.

Well, ye are uerely, disposed merely
Now for to talke ;
And I am fuerly minded secretly
For my solace to walke.

Et exeat.

Here entreth A IEW and speaketh.

O lorde ! what a thinge is crudelite,
Whan to it is annexed couetous and Pride :
It distroyeth both towne and contrey,
Eke all regions on euery fyde.
All is for him to lyttell, his mouthe is so wide ;
His rigour rauenous spares not to spill,

Both man and childe, to haue his owne will ;

This rauinous wolfe, Aman I do meane,
 That hath perswaded the kynge to kill and flea,
 And from all this prouince to auoid cleane,
 All men and women and children that be
 Iewes borne, and of the Iewes confanguinite.
 The precept is fet up men to remember,
 And it shalbe executed the .xiii. day of December.
 Alas ! that euer shoulde fortune fuche rage,
 From so cankered a caytyfe to procede.
 It is hys mynde, my head I ley to gage,
 All those to fley, I assure you in deede,
 That wyll not by flattery hys presumptions fede.
 He woulde be glorified aboue creatures all,
 And yet I trust, as Lucifer depe he shal fal.

ANOTHER IEWE.

The Mantuans thoughte it a greate punishmente
 To be proscribed from theyre goodes and lande,
 As reciteth Virgill, that poet eloquente :
 Much more is our payne, ye may vnderstande,
 That shall lose our lyues, vnles God take in hande
 Us to delyuer, or els we not canne
 Auoide the murder of this carnifex Aman.

AN OTHER IEW.

He shall by this murder our goodes wyne,
 And him selfe enlarge his pride to auaunce,

And when he hath all he shall be new to begynne,
Ever more to gett by some other chaunce.

MARDOCHEUS.

Yet at the laste all shall come to mischaunce,
For both him and his god shall make tame,
And for theyre pryde and pyllage fende them
worldly shame.

HESTER.

Mardocheus, wyth youre cumpanye,
We haue harde youre lamentation,
To our greife and displeasure verely ;
Yet we truste, by meke supplication,
Fyrste vnto God by humble oration,
And than to the king by desyre cordyall,
A meane to fynde for to fauegarde ye all.
Call in the chapel, to the intent they maye
Syng some holy himpne to spede vs
this day.

Than the chap-
pell do singe.

After this prayer, and our former abstynens,
To the good Lorde I call for cumforte,
To inspyre the prynce, and his mynd incense,
That I may optayne now at my resorte
To redeme the Iewes, all the hole forte ;
Eke to dysclose the falsed fauell and fraude
Of this cruell Aman, to thy prayse and laude.

ASSUERUS.

O goodly Hester, our most noble Quene !

Of perfonage pearles, and in wifdome alone,
 In corage and countenaunce none lyke is feene,
 So difcrete in dalliance was neuer none.

Loe, here our wand : approch nere to this place,

Here thei That we may kiffe you, and in our armes
 kyffe. embrace.

What afke you, ladye, and what do you demaunde ?
 Halfe our realme is yours, yf ye commaunde.

HESTER.

Noble prince, and our espoufe moft deare,
 Since that to afke ye haue geuen me libertie,
 I befech your grace, with heart moft entier,
 'That it may pleafe you this day to dine with me ;
 Eke my lord Aman I woulde be glad to fee,
 At the fame banket for to take repafte.

ASSUERUS.

Call vs in Aman, that we may go in hafte.

AMAN.

I am here ready to atende vpon your grace.

ASSUERUS.

Here muft bee Then let vs go, while we haue tyme
 prepared a banket and fpace.
 in y^e place.

Lady Hefter, our moſte beloued Quene,
 So pewater and ſo exauifite is thys repafte,
 Both of wine and meate, that no better may beene ;
 Your mirth eke and manners ſo pleaſaunte to atteſte,
 That for to departe we make no maner hafte :

Eke our prefence, we knowe, is to youre pleasure
Farre better than gold or any worldly treasure.
Wherefore, as we sayde, we wolde ye shoulde
demande,

And at your pleasure your petition make.
The one halfe of our realme, yf ye it commaund,
We shall with departe, only for your sake,
And of it to you a playne surender make :
And the more ye aske, wyth louinge intente,
The more we shall geue, and the better be contente.

HESTER.

Noble prynce, your hye magnificens,
Your bounte, and espieciall grace,
So ofte and so kyndlye doeth incense,
To make request from profite to purchase,
So y^t lenger delay were in me great trespase ;
And by y^t also your grace right wel may it thinke
That finally your loue vnto my heart did sinke.
Wherefore, this fauoure since I haue obtayned
Of your grace to haue any my requeste,
This I do aske, with true harte vnfayned,
And wyth charitie, of all virtues best,
That throw all your reame, both east and west,
As manye as bee of the Iewyshe nation,
Your grace wil them pardon at my supplication.

Affurynge you I am of that nacion,
Borne, and eke brede in Ierusalem,

Yet I and all they by one condemnation
To deathe are determined through all this realme.
No remedy, leffe your pardon vs redeme.
We woulde rather we myght be folde to bondage,
Than thus to peryshe by fury and outrage.

ASSUERUS.

What is he, or what is hys authoritie,
That is so bolde thys act to attempt ?

HESTER.

It is Aman, that by cruell enuy
Is oure mortall enymye and wold vs interrupt,
That our lyfe and godes from vs were adempte :
Then wold he rule all, and if he myght to all get,
And all shoulde not suffice, so hie his heart is set :
Hys pompe and his pryde so much is indede,
That yf he had all, it coulde him not suffice ;
At thys tyme hys treasure youres doeth exceede,
And yet content is he in no wyfe,
But to gette moore daylye he doeth deuife.
The commons he extorteth tyll they bee lame ;
He takes the profyt, and ye beare the name.
But better it were that he shulde suffer payne,
Than thus by crafte your honour to dystaine ;
By his false leasinges he putteth other in blame,
Deludinge youre grace when he lyft to fayne :
And no man so worthy for to suffer payne

As he him felfe, by his poyfon and gall
Hath deceyued you, and eke youre commons all.

ASSUERUS.

He signified vnto me that the Iewes did
Not feede the poore by hospitalitie ;
Their poffeffions, he fayde, were all but hydde,
Amonge them felues lyuyng voluptuouflye,
Thinkyng the fame might be verely
Much better employed for the common weale,
Where now it litle profiteth, or neuer a deale.

HESTER.

Noble prince, as for hospitalitye
Of the Iewes dwellinge in your regyon,
It is with them as alwayes hath bene
Sins the beginning of their poffeffion,
Which God to them gaue, of his mere mocion :
Eke great knowledge both of cattell and of grayne,
That none to them like houghold coulde maintayne.

Is not of Abraham the hospytallyte
In scripture noted and of noble fame,
But one honoring when he receiued three,
The trenite figured in the fame ?
Both Ifaake and Iacob had a lyke name,
Of whom the twelue tribes descended be,
Which euer dyd maintaine hospytallytie.

Sinfe God, therfore, hath begunne theyr hougholde,
And ay hath preferued theyre hospytallite,

I aduise noman to be so bolde
 The same to diffolue, what so euer he be :
 Let God alone, for he shall orderly
A fine ad finem, both here and there,
Omnia disponere suauiter.

ASSUERUS.

O kaytiffe moste crafty ! o false diffembler !
 With thy flatteringe tonge thou hast deceyed me.
 All noble princes by me may be ware
 Whom they shall truste and put in auctorite ;
 Eke whom they shall promote to ryches and
 dignite.
 But we shall teache the good for thine ingratitude,
 And by the[e] all other theyre prince to delude.

AMAN.

O Lady Hester, moste noble princeffe !
 Of thine honour and goodnes foueraine,
 Extende to me that pitie, or else doutles
 To deathe I am dressed and mortall payne.
 I wotte I haue deserued it for certaine,
 And agaynste the my offence is great :
 Wherefore, vneth I dare thy goodnesse entreate ;
 But trueth is, the merite of thys is better,
 And God it more accepteth a thousande fold,
 Agaynst whome the offence is greater,
 And of them that of iniurie coulde not tell me ;
 Wherefore to speake somewhat it makes me bolde :

To encrease thy merite and rewarde heauenlye,
Saue my life, and I thy seruante shall be.

HESTER.

Aman, this matter so heinous is in dede,
That of our honour we wyll nother speake nor speede.

AMAN.

Alas! then I am vtterlye marred;
I must streighte die, it can not be deferred.

ASSUERUS.

O thou kaytyffe! canste thou not be contente
With the mischeffe by the done before,
But the quene wylt oppresse, we beinge presente?
What nede we call for euidence moore?
Make him sure and fast, and therto bind him fore.
We will that oure counsell shortlye deuice
How we shalle bestow him accordyng to iustice.

ARBONA.

There is, in the house of this traitour Aman,
A paire of galowes of fiftie cubites hie;
Vpō them he had thought, either now or than,
To haue caused Mardocheus to die.

ASSUERUS.

Leade him hence, and vpon them by and by
See that ye hange him, and so stoppe his breathe:
Without fauoure see that he suffer deathe.

HARDYDARDYE.

Other folkes be tardye as wel as Hardy dardy,

By this reckeninge.
A fyr, belyde belles, bacon and somewhat els,
Must nedes haue hanginge.

ASSEWERUS.

Hanginge doe ferue, when they that deferue
Are false feytoures.

HARDY DARDY.

And it commes to lottes of heringes and sprottes,
Which be no traytours,
To hange in the smoke, til they chaunge their cloke
From white to redde.

ASSEWERUS.

But such do no wronge ; wherfore they do not honge
Tyl they be ded.

HARDYDARDY.

Ye speake somewhat like, for it toucheth the quicke
To be hanged in good heale.

ASSEWERUS.

Yet none nede to care, that is wyfe and ware,
And truly wyll deale.

HARDYDARDY.

Haue ye not rede of Naso Ouide,
That eloquent Poet ?
Nor Valery, which telles merely
The proper feates ?
How the smith Perillus, like a *tuta vilus*,
Made a bull of bras ;

He had thought iwis, to haue pleased king Phalaris,
But yet he did much wurfe.

ASSUERUS.

Why so ?

HARDYDARDYE.

I wene, by God, he made a rodde
For his owne ars.
Phalaris coulede not gete with in the bull to shett :
Lo, here beginnes the game ;
Wherefore, in dede, he toke for nede
Perillus, maker of the fame.

In he did him turne, and made the fier to burne,
And greatly to increace ;
He cast him in such heate, and eke in such sweate,
He fried him in his greace.

ASSEWERUS.

What meane you by this ?

HARDYDARDY.

I wyll tell you, by gis, my whole intencion :
I meane, my master is the fyrste taster
Of his owne inuencion.

The gallhouse he made both hye and brode,
For Mardocheus he them mente ;
And now he is faine him selfe, for certaine,
To play the fyrste pagente.

ASSUERUS.

He that deserues payne is worthy certaine
Euen for to haue it.

HARDYDARDY.

Therefore, God fende all those, that will steale mens
That once they may goe naked. [clothes,

ARBONA.

If it please your grace, this traitoure Aman
We haue put to deathe, as was youre cummaundymment.

ASSUERUS.

Then shall we streighte, as well as we canne,
Bestowe his goodes ; for he made no testamente.
Lady Hester, this is our intent :
The house of Aman, with all his treasure,
We geue it you, do with all youre pleasure.

HESTER.

I thanke your grace with harte entyre.
Nowe dare I be bolde to shewe you the playnesse
Of my minde, since Mardocheus is heare.
If it please your grace, the truth is doutles,
All be it or now I did it not confesse,
This Mardocheus is for certayne
My fathers brother ; no longer I wyll it leyne.
A gentyll man he is, for lynally
He is borne of the stocke of Beniaminy.

ASSUERUS.

We be ryghte gladde we know his linage ;
Hys truth to vs before was knowen well :
We wyll him aduaunce accordynge hys parage.
Holde, Mardocheus, here is our rynge and feale,

It is our truſte ye wyll with iuſtice deale ;
We commytte, therfore, vnto your wyſe diſcreſcion,
Of all thys prouince iudgemente and corection.

MARDOCHEUS.

I thanke youre grace, truſtinge ye ſhall not heare
In all thynges but as iuſtice doth requyre.

HESTER.

Noble prince, and our eſpouſe moſte deare,
I beſeche youre grace, at my ſupplication,
The precepte youre grace ſente at Amans deſyre
Againſte me and all the Iewiſhe nation
May be reuoked, and vpon conuocation
A new, deuſid by them that can do beſt,
And that ſente forth to ſet the Iewes at reſte.

More ouer, lett the realme be peruſed
By them that be of your hye counsell ;
And if any haue the lawe abuſed,
Of all the Iewes with in youre common weale,
Let them not ſpare correction to deale,
And ſtrayghtly conſtrayne them ſelfe to addreſſe
To obſerue that law God gaue them by Moſes.

The Iewes be the people of God elected,
And weare his badge of cyrcumſicion ;
The dayly prayer of that hole ſecte,
As the pſalmes of Dauid by goſtly inſpiration,

Eke holy ceremonies, of Gods prouifion,
 To God is vaileable, that nothing greater,
 And al the whole realme for thē fares y^e better.

ASSUERUS.

Stande ye up, Lady, and approche ye neare :
 Your petition we graunte it gladlye.

HESTER.

Than, if it please your grace to heare,
 This epistle is made to the fealyng readye.

ASSUERUS.

Let it be red, that it may by and by
 Be fealed and configned, and so furthe sent ;
 And than, I truste, ye shall be content.

SCRIBA.

Here the
 Scribe doeth
 rede y^e kiges
 letter.

We, Affuerus, kynge and highe regent
 From India to Ethiopia plaine,
 Send gretinge and fraighte commaundement
 To all the heades and rulers sertaine,
 Wylyng they should vpon a great payne,
 In a hundreth prouinces and feuen and twentye,
 All men compell to this our decre.

All though it be so our preceptes that be sente
 Be of dyuerse nature and playne repugnant,
 When ye know our mynd, ye shalbe contente
 To thinke it no lyghtnes nor wytte inconstante,

But the necessitye of tymes variant,
And as cause requereth for the vtyllyte
Of our hole reame, heedes and comynalte.

And to the entent ye may know our playne mynde,
The sonne of Amadathy, called Aman,
A Macedone borne, and lyke to theyr owne kynde,
Not of our nacion, as all men tell can,
Whiche by his subteltye, both now and than,
Our gentelnes so in fecteth for certayne,
That neare we were lyke all Iewes to haue flayne.

We fauored hym that he was called
Our father, and all men dyd to hym honoure ;
But his harte wyth pryde so strongly was walled,
That by his flyght and crafty demeanoure,
Had we not espyed his subtile behauoure,
He wolde haue dystroyd quene Hester, our wyfe,
And from vs, at the lengthe, haue taken our lyfe.

But as for the Iewes, we found them innocente
And without all blame, though to death they were
dyth,

Wherefore Aman we thought it conuenient
To hang hym tyll the death, accordyng to ryght,
Within Sufis, our noble cetye of myghte.
Not only our dede, nor yet theyr chans nor fate,

But Goddes owne Iustice, what so euer they prate.

This our precepte and hye commaundemente
We wolde to all cities ye shoulde declare.
This is our purpose and veri entente,
The Iewes to theyre lawes them selfe shoulde prepare
Duely to kepe them, and not from them square;
And no man to hurt them, see ye remember,
As it was mente the xiii day of December.
Dated at Sufis, this is certayne,
The iiii day of December, the iii yeare of our raine.

ASSUERUS.

This is well; fe it be sealed anon,
And that euery citie of them may haue one.
Now, madam, I truste ye be contente.

HESTER.

Yea, and that veramente.
May it now please you your selfe to repose?

ASSUERUS.

Very well; faue fyrst we wol disclose
Parte of our mynde, which we thinke necessary:
If it be well hard, we truste it shall edifye.
My Lordes, by this fygure ye may well se
The multitude hurte by the heades negligence,
If to his pleasure so geuen is he,
That he will no paine take nor dilligence:
Who careth not for his cure ofte loseth credence,

A prouerbe of olde sume time in vfrage,
Few men that ferue but for theyre owne aduauntage.

HESTER.

And yet the feruantes that bee vntrue
A whyle in the world theyr lyfe may they leade;
Yea, theyr welth and worshippe dayly renewe,
But at the length, I assure you in dede,
Theyr fauell and falsehed wyll come abrede,
Whiche shall be to them more bytter than gall:
The hygher they clyme, the deper they fall.

ASSEWERUS.

Let us then cesse this conuocatione,
And this tyme dyffolue this congregation.

HESTER.

That lyke as here they haue lyued deuoutly,
So God graunt them in heauen to lyue eternally

ASSEWERUS.

To the which we committe all this company.

F I N I S.

Imprynted at London by Wyllyam Pickerynge
and Thomas Hacket, and are to be solde
at theyre shoppes.

NOTES.

PAGE 12. In the place.] That is, in the open space in which the performers stood, and recited their parts.

P. 13. And in loue so breme.] “Breme” here means *superlative*: in general it is *violent, outrageous*.

P. 14. Call in Mardocheus.] We are to suppose that Mordecai was standing back, and now comes forward.

P. 16. And falsely convince.] “Convince” is here used for *conquer, or overcome*, as in Shakespeare, *passim*. See again lower down in the page.

P. 18. That soonest will recoyle.] Probably, as the rhyme serves to show, the original spelling was *recule*, Fr. *reculer*.

P. 19. Ye wyne I lye.] Ye *ween* I lie: so in the preceding page, “when by this, I *wyn*.”

P. 20. Adulation.] If Adulation did not enter with this speech, he must have come in with Pride on p. 18.

P. 22. Without iestige boorde.] “Jesting bord” is tautologous; for a *bord*, or *boord*, is a jest, and it was often so used.

P. 23. For all rewlars and lawes.] Ought we not to read “For all *rules* and lawes,” etc.?

P. 27. Sent Thomas watryng.] St. Thomas-a-watering was at that time a common place of execution near Southwark.

P. 28. He shoulde neuer thee.] *I. e.* never *thrive*, from the Anglo-Saxon *thean*, a not very uncommon old word. “No force,” in the previous line, is equivalent to *no matter*.

P. 29. Most noble prynce.] Assuerus obviously comes in at the same time as Aman. "Considartion" in the second line of Aman's speech is, of course, an old misprint for *consideration*.

P. 32. To weare his bage.] It was the custom of old for livery servants to wear *badges*, with the arms, etc., of their masters.

P. 32. Wyll not mell.] *I. e.* will not *meddle*.

P. 34. Secretly to talke.] Here we must suppose that the king re-enters, from his orchard, to which he had retired on p. 31.

P. 36. It is expediente.] *Sic in orig.*; but perhaps a misprint for *ineapiediente*.

P. 37. Here a ring and seale.] With these words the king must make his *exit*, but there is no note of the kind. Stage-directions are often to be supplied by the reader.

P. 39. Cannot be take or sayed.] There is most likely a misprint in this line: perhaps "sayed" here ought to be *layed*.

Page 41. Than the chappell do singe.] This stage-direction shows, in all probability, that the performance was by the Children of the Chapel Royal, or at least that they assisted, and sang here out of sight.

P. 41. Fauell and fraude.] *I. e.* speech and fraud, from the Lat. *fabula*, Ital. *favella*. The word occurs again on p. 55.

P. 42. So pewel and so *exhausite*.] Perhaps a misprint for *exquisite*.

P. 44. And wold vs interrupt.] In a former instance this word is printed *interempte*, and here the rhyme seems also to require it.

P. 53. To death they were dyth.] To death they were *dight*; or prepared.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS tract was unknown to Ames and Herbert, but Dibdin has a notice of it (ii, 386) with some very inaccurately transcribed quotations: he used a copy then in Heber's library, the present location of which we have not ascertained.

It is evidently a translation from the French, although it has hitherto been treated as an original poem: such words as *poche*, *garsons*, *fenesters*, *volenty*, *corsage*, *tesmonage*, *crayntes*, etc., speak for themselves, as regards the language to which they belong. Moreover, whoever rendered the piece into English does not seem always to have clearly understood the original. "The Romaunt of the Rose" is expressly mentioned, with its author, Johan de Mehune, on page 13; but nothing is said of Chaucer's famous version of it.

We do not attempt to apologise for the plainness, and even coarseness, of some of the expressions and allusions: we might as well object to the terms often employed by Chaucer, necessary to the point and humour of his narrative, and belonging to the manners of his age. Our purpose here is to represent the language of the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII such as it was, and not such as it may have been rendered by modern refinement, when we are often more afraid of words than of deeds.

In our day we sometimes endeavour to compensate for laxity of morals by scrupulosity of expressions. We do not, of course, prefer pieces of a lighter and looser character, but we reprint them as we find them, as true representations of thought and language at the dates when they made their appearance. We would rather relinquish our undertaking, than mutilate what is only intended for a very select body of readers.

The obvious misprints are not a few, and in some cases we have adhered to them, in order that the reader might judge of the real state of the original. Thus, we have "nyght" for *nygh* (p. 4), "sotweth" for *soweth* (p. 5), "swarte" for *thwarte* (p. 7), "romanute" for *romaunte* (p. 13), "pleasure" for *pleasaunce* (p. 14), &c. On p. 7 is a line where "and" is worse than surplusage as regards the metre, because it perverts the sense.

A passage in Shakespeare's "Much Ado," etc., Act II, Sc. 3, is illustrated by a line on p. 18, where "nothing" is so printed, though it there means *noting*. On p. 18 we have also an early instance of the use of the name of Wat for a *hare*, as in "Venus and Adonis," where our great poet so beautifully and pathetically describes "the dew-bedabbled wretch" flying before the hounds.

The tract is ended by Wynkyn de Worde's well known tripartite device, which we have not thought it necessary to add; nor the coarse woodcut figures at the beginning, which have no connexion with the subject, and were only prefixed for mistaken ornament, and vulgar attraction.

J. P. C.

Here begynneth the
Complaynte of them that ben to
late married.

Here begynneth the complaynte of them
that ben to late maryed.

AFTER playes, sportes, and daunces of folace,
We must thynke to come to prosperyte,
After that God of his haboundaunte grace
Wyll prouyde how that I may gouerne me,
In mynde I purpose wedded to be.
In a better lyfe may no man lyue in
Than to be maryed, and lyfe out of fynne.

All yonge louers sholde them so affyle,
That they loue trewely, and so for to lyue ;
With ardaunte wytte and perfyte style,
All vnto goodnesse themselfe for to gyue :
Than may they be sure that they shal thryue.
So wyll I lyue in maryage clene and pure,
To Goddes be houe and increasinge of nature.

To longe haue I lyued without ony make,
All to longe haue I vsed my yonge age ;
I wyll all for go, and a wyfe to me take
For to increase both our twoos lynage :

For faynt Iohn sayth that he is fage
That ayenft his wyll doth him gouerne,
And our Lordes preceptes hym felfe for to learne.

There is no greter pleafure than for to haue
A wyfe that is full of prudence and wysdome.
Alas, for loue nygh I am in poynte to raue !
Thefe curfed olde men haue an yll custome
Women for to blame, both all and fome ;
For that they can not theyr myndes full fyll,
Therefore they fpeke of them but all yll.

Now fyth that I haue my tyme vfed
For to folowe my folyſhe pleaſaunces,
And haue my felfe oftentimes fore abuſed
At plaies and ſportes, pompes and daunces,
Spendynge golde and fyluer and grete fynaunces,
For faut of a wyfe the cauſe is all :
To late maryed, men may me call.

The holy ſacramente of maryage,
Before holy chyrche, was ordeyned
For to increaſe humayne lynage :
He that doth other wyfe is not receyued
Before God : thus was man guerdoned
With woman for to lyue at his owene wyll :
He is a fole that elles where doth nature ſpyll.

I haue done as the labourer doth
That fomtyme is payned with trobyll grete,
For he lefeth his payne, for certayne foth,
That in the hye waye foweth his whete :
Well I perceyue that I dyde me forgete,
Or that I put me in to houfholde ;
I haue loft my feed, my worke is but colde.

Women and maydens, both good and yll,
With me I helde my felfe for to please,
The one dyde rebell, the other abode ftyll,
Other made me well at myn ease.
Cupido than came me for to ceafe,
Venus lyghted her bronde of fyre :
For fuch feruyce, fuche guerdon and hyre.

Thus rauysfhed in this fayd abufion,
I was taken with a cantelous wyle,
That me thought to make conclufyon
Of my weddyng within a whyle.
But yet dyde they me begyle ;
They caufed me for to make grete dyfpence,
For I was no foner wed, through my neglygence,

I wolde do make comune, I wys,
My proper goodes ; fo was I lyght
Of wytte, and was all wayes redy, as is

A man of armes in poynt to fyght.
Other whyles I went me ryght
In to places my felfe folyfytynge ;
But nother frequented that beynge.

Yf I withhelde ony praty one,
Swetely ynough she made me chere,
Sayenge that she loued no perfone
But me ; and therto she dyde fwere :
But whan I wente fro that place there,
Vnto another she dyde as moche,
For they loue none but for theyr poche.

I had fyue or fixe companyons
That haunted with me euery houre ;
But I haue knowen to fuche garfons
In secrete they haue done focoure,
Yf that they enioyed my paramoure,
With grete payne durste I it to them faye :
Force me was to kepe counseyll alwaye.

I wote well that I haue ryght fore varied,
For to haue wylled for to lyue alone,
For to haue ben to late maryed,
For that I haue herde so longe a gone,
For she that abandoneth to more then one,

I dare wyll fwere, and ther with it suft[a]yne,
That she abandoneth vnto a dofayne.

Folyshe regardes, full of vanyte,
I keft ouer twarte and eke contrauers ;
To daye I had peas, rest and vnyte,
To morowe I had plete and proceffe dyuers :
Breke I dyde dores and fenesters ;
Sargeauntes met me by the waye,
And enpryoned both me and my praye.

Subiecte I was to a meyny of bawdes,
And vnto a grete company of brothelles,
Whiche to me brought an hepe of rybaudes,
Dronkardes that loued well good morfelles,
Knaues and theues that wolde pyke quarelles.
I gaue them clothes, I knewe not theyr vse ;
There is none so subtyll but loue doth hym abuse.

Alas ! I haue all my tyme spent and lost,
Whiche for to recouer is impossyble ;
Spent haue I nature, at grete expens and cost ;
Agenst the ryght canon and of the holy byble,
Offens done to God neuer ceasyble ;
In daunger for to forfayte bothe foule and lyfe,
By defaute for to haue taken vnto me a wyfe.

Lyke vnto a beft, an hors, or an affe,
That careth not for to tomble in the fen,
Yf that ony with me playenge there was,
An other to helpe I wolde go then :
Mo gallantes a man fholde fe than ren
After a wentche, and lepe and hytche,
Than dogges do about a farowenge bytche.

She wolde to no maner a man efcondyte ;
Eche one fhe appetyled for to receyue,
Takyng therein pleafure and delyte,
To the ende theyr fyluer for to haue :
But in the ftede chyldren to conceyue,
Botches, pockes and goutes they engendre,
In hedes and in legges and in euery membre.

In this maner of fykeneffe many ther be
That ben Impotentes hanged and dede,
But lytell femblaunce they make on to fe
Taken as they ben, not beggyng theyr brede.
Haft you to be wedded, thus I you rede,
Vnto the ende that ye be not cappable
Of this grete daunger, deedly and vncurable.

Now am I out of this daunger fo alenge,
Wherfore I am gladde it for to perfeuer ;
Longe about haue I ben me for to renge,

But it is better to late than to be neuer.
Certes I was not, in my lyfe tyll hyther,
So full of ioye that doth in my herte inspyre :
Wedded folke haue tyme at theyr desyre.

Out am I now of thought, dole and mone,
Lyuyng euer more ryght amorously,
For I haue a wyfe by my felfe alone,
At my commaundement both late and ere ly;
And yf it happen that I loke heuely,
My wyfe me kyffeth, and than she me colleth,
And ryght woman there she me consolleth.

To that I wyll haue done she is redy,
Neuer wyll she ayenst my wyll faye :
She doth to me the best that she can truly,
Nothing of my volenty she doth me naye.
Yf I be angred or trobled ony waye,
Redy she is to chaunge my purpose,
Vnto the ende that I may haue all my repofe.

I haue me all to longe refrayned ;
Furnyshe I can not to all her pleasyre,
And for to promyse her I am constraind
More then I can do to her desyre.
She appetyteth it moche, and doth me enspyre,

Gorgyoufly fhewynge her fayre corfage,
But I am all caduc, and very for age.

I ought to haue by this many chyl dren,
Some fporte and playe, & fome at fyre fyttynge,
Other in the felde to fhote, lepe and ren,
And fome hardy, fome mery and tryumphynge,
In whom I fholde haue all my delytynge;
But to late maryd, withouten dout,
May neuer fe his chyl dren ren out.

My wyfe fhewed to me her proper dugge,
On the mornynge her delyte for to make,
And to haue me for to playe nugge a nugge.
Alas! I wolde it full fayne forfake,
But force it is fuche leffons to take,
And to ryfe vp erly, as I thynke beft,
In the mornynge, and go vnto my reft.

Whan I fe her lye in fhetes fayre and whyte,
As rede as the button of the rofe,
With good wyll wolde I take than delyte;
Neuertheles I lete her haue her repofe,
For it is force that I caft agayne on the clofe,
And to make a pawfe than I am conioynt,
For thynftrument is not yet well in poynt.

But yet fomye I me conſtrayne
To take nature ſolace, thus thynke I,
But all ſodeynly I me refrayne,
For I do fere to be to ſoone wery,
And than I ſlepe with courage all dreary,
And yet am I, I can not paſſe
Vpon women more than euer I was.

Conſtrayned I am to be full of Ialoufy,
Seynge that I can not content her mynde
Touchyng the playe of loue all ſoftely :
Often ynough, the experyence to fynde,
She me affayeth and tourneth by kynde,
Caſtynge vnto me her beggyng legge,
But I do ſlepe ; I care not for ſuche a begge.

With her eyen pleaſaunte caſtynge a regarde
In chaſtyng a laughter amorous,
Than with a praty ſmyle ſhe doth me larde,
And that maketh me ſomewhat joyous ;
But comyng to a bed delycyous
For to holde the ſpere in a full hande,
It plyeth and fayleth, for wyll not ſtonde.

Whan I herde her bable and langage,
Her gentyll termes ſpoken ſo properly,
I do me wyſhe for to be in to the age

Of eyghten, neyntene, or foure and twenty :
Suche affautes than gyue wolde I,
That for it sholde haue no nede to craue
Of the grete pleasure that she sholde haue.

If that she go to banckettes and daunces,
She doth none offence therin certayne :
Nedes she must haue her pleasaunces
In some place to make her glad and fayne ;
Wherefore I dare well say and fusteyne
That after with me I wolde haue her ledde,
If ony soner I had ben to her wedde.

We twayne sholde haue all our yongeneffe,
After maryage custome and ryght,
Passed in joye, folace, and gladnesse,
And is wherefore I haue me pyght :
Force it is to me that the fyre be night,
That at a nede I can not haue quenched.
To late maryed is for to be complayned.

It is sayd, that a man in feruytude
Hym putteth whan he doth to woman bende ;
He ne hath but only habytude
Vnto her the whiche well doth hym tende.
Who wyll to householde comprehende,

And there a bout studyeth in youth alwayes,
He shall haue honoure in his olde dayes.

Some chyldren vnto the courtes hautes,
And ben puruayed of benefyces ;
Some haunteth markettes and be marchauntes,
Byenge and fellynge theyr marchaundyfes,
Or elles constytuted in offyces ;
Theyr faders and moders haue grete folace,
That to late maryed by no waye hafe.

I be wayll the tyme that is so spent
That I ne me hasted for to wedde,
For I shall haue herytage and rente,
Both golde and fyluer and kynred ;
But fyth that our Lorde hath ordeyned
That I this sacrament take me vpon,
I wyll kepe it trewely at all feason.

Theophrastus vs sheweth in his prose
That in maryage all is out of tune ;
So doth also the romanute of the rose,
Composed by mayster Iohan de mehune :
Yet neuertheles it is all comune,
That they neuer were in bonde of maryage,
Wherfore at all auentures is theyr langage.

Matheolus, that was holden fo wyfe,
For to blame women was all his ebate,
Suppose that he was maryed twyfe,
For he was fo olde that balde was his pate ;
For he came the last tyme fo very late,
That in hym there was no puyffaunce,
Amyte, folace, joye ne pleasure.

But whan that a man may do no more,
He blame that that he can not do :
To late wedded the furplus, therefore,
May not furnyshe as other may do ;
For whan he wened to fatysfye, lo,
Nature at nede wyll not hym preuayle :
Suche wenes do to well that other whyle fayle.

Yf that there be ony tryfelers
That haue wylled for to blame maryage,
I dare well saye that they ben but lyers,
Or elles God fayled in the fyrste age :
Adam bereth wytnesse and tesmonage,
Maryed he was, and comen we ben ;
God dyde choyse maryage vnto all men.

Now sith it is thus befall,
Why than ought we it to blame,
Vs for to put we ben holden all,

So sholde we alwayes holde with the fame ;
Or elles holy scription sayeth it is shame,
And that alleggeth all predycatours,
Our Lorde God hateth all fornicatours.

I am now fory that I haue no rathe
Put my selfe into maryages rout,
For many a folyfsheloke it hathe :
It hath me cost here and there about ;
But yet my foule is in grete doute,
For God fornicatures punyssheth,
And out of this realme he them banyssheth.

There is no man lyuynge that can commyt
Without outen the worke of nature,
But he in maryage doth commyse it,
As vs telleth the holy Scripture :
It is than foly to ony creature
Thus for to blame his creason
For ony maner of folyfsheloke opynyon.

All they that by theyr subtyll artes
Hath wyllled for to blame maryage,
I wyll fusteyne that they be bastardes,
Or at least waye an euyl courage,
For to faye that therin is feruage

In maryage, but I it reny,
For therin is but humayne company.

Yf ther be yll women and rebell,
Shrewed, dispytous and eke felonyous,
There be other fayre and do full well,
Propre, gentyll, lusty and joyous,
That ben full of grace and vertuuous ;
They ben not all born vnder a fygnet :
Happy is he that a good one can get.

To late maryed now helpe than me
To make my forowes and complayntes ;
For by my fayth, I fwere to the,
I haue suffred many dolours and crayntes,
And haue sustayned mo attayntes
Than euer dede Wat after the hounde :
At dyspence I lyued, and that haue I founde.

Galantes, playne ye the tyme that ye haue lost,
Marry you be tyme, as the wyse man fayth :
Toffed I haue ben fro pyler to post
In commyffynge natures werke alwayes :
I haue passed full many quasy dayes,
That now vnto good I can not mate,
For mary I dyde my selfe to late.

Rychely in a raye ought for to go
These women that be obedyent ;
Better than these curfed wyues do
That ben not to theyr husbandes pacyent.
To take a wyfe was myn intent,
Goddess lawes to kepe and them to obferue,
Sauynge of nature, and heuen to preferue.

Afore that euer I was maryed
Bordeles I haunted, and places of infame,
But I am now vnto a wyfe alayed,
The worde to holde, and honoure Goddess neme.
That wycked man I holde to blame
That foloweth eyyll ruell, and wyll not amende,
Vnto his foulles helth, and honoure to pretende.

Whan a man to olde age is faden and fall,
Lerne this leffon, herken my fentence ;
Fewe frendes meteth he with all
That wyll to his pouerte take ony intellygence.
Wo worthe, than crye they, of the expence
That they haue spent vnto youtthes lust !
And now they must dye for hunger and thurst.

Better it is in youth a wyfe for to take,
And lyue with her to Goddess pleasaunce,

Than to go in age for Goddes fake,
 In wor[l]dely forowe and perturbaunce,
 For youtnes loue and vtteraunce,
 And than to dye at the laft ende,
 And be dampned in hell with the foule fende.

The auctour

Rychenes in youth, with good gouernaunce,
 Often helpeth age whan youth is gone his gate ;
 Both yonge and olde muft haue theyr fuftenaunce
 Euer in this worlde, foo fekyll and rethrograte :
 Ryght as an ampte, the whiche all gate,
 Truffeth and caryeth for his lyues fode,
 Eny thyng that whiche hym femeth to be good.

Cryften folke ought for to haue
 Open hertes vnto God almyght,
 Puttynge in theyr mynde thyr foule to faue,
 Lernynge to come vnto the eternall lyght,
 And kepe well theyr maryage and trouth plyght ;
 Nothyng alwaye of theyr last ende,
 Duryng theyr lyues how they the tyme fpende.

Here endeth the complaynt of to late maryed,
 For fpendynge of tyme or they a borde,

The fayd holy sacramente haue to long taryed,
Humayne nature taffemble, and it to accorde.
Enprynted in Fletestrete by Wynkyn de Worde,
Dwellynge in the famous cyte of London,
His hous in the fame at the fygne of the Sonne.

FINIS.

LONDON: T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

GEORGE WHETSTONE, a captain in the army, and the author of the following very rare tract, being called away in 1586 to serve in the Netherlands, left the publication of it to the care of his old friend and fellow-poet, Thomas Churchyard. The fourteen Roman Catholic conspirators, for the assassination of Elizabeth, and for the succession of Mary of Scotland to the throne of England, were executed as traitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 20th and 21st September, 1586. This event took place very shortly before Whetstone was sent abroad; and his industrious and ready pen immediately employed itself in describing the deaths of the criminals, and in enforcing and enlarging upon their guilt. For this service, we may presume, he was promoted and employed under the Earl of Leicester; and Churchyard, in his "Discourse" of the wars in the Netherlands, 1602, 4to., sign. O 2, gives an epitaph made by Whetstone, while abroad, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

It will be observed that what follows is a supposed dialogue between persons of the names of Walter, "a godly divine," Weston, "a discreet gentleman," and Wilcocks, "a substantial clothier;" the last having witnessed the dying conduct of the conspirators, and undertaking to describe it to the two others, who remark and moralise upon the various circumstances. Whether Walter and Wilcocks were real persons, it is not of much importance to decide; but it is evident that Weston, "the discreet gentleman," was Whetstone himself, whose name was colloquially pronounced Weston.

There must have been two editions of what follows, the last containing a notice of the decapitation of Mary Queen of Scots; but at the time the first was published, she was only under

accusation, although the author strongly urges the fitness of proceeding to extremities with her. Of the edition we have employed, we believe, only a single copy exists; of the second edition, two exemplars seem to be recorded. The work comprises many interesting particulars not contained in Stow, Camden, or any other authority; and it is therefore of considerable historical value. The object of the writer was that it should be popular, and that it should influence public opinion in favour of the acts of the government: its very popularity was, doubtless, the cause of its scarcity.

The haste with which it was passed through the press is proved upon many pages, for the misprints are numerous, and some of the names are almost unintelligibly corrupted: who, for instance, would recognize in "the King of Marowes" (p. 34) the Emperor of Morocco; or the assassin of the Prince of Orange, Gerard, in Jarngs (p. 48), or in Jarngo (p. 57.) Protew for Proteus (p. 36) would seem to be a fancy on the part of Whetstone, because he gives the same heathen divinity precisely the same spelling in his "English Mirror," (p. 240) which also came out in 1586.

Of the victims to the law we need say little. Salisbury was the father of the Captain Owen Salisbury (the follower of the unhappy and misguided Earl of Essex), who was killed at his lordship's mansion in 1600-1, and who was unceremoniously thrown into a hole in St. Clement's Churchyard. See the "Life of Spenser" (published by Bell and Daldy, 8vo., 1862), vol. 1, p. xvi. From the same work, it appears that the young, and much pitied Chidioc Tichbourne had his grief bitterly aggravated by the fact, that a daughter was born to him very shortly before his execution. This circumstance was not known to the elder Disraeli, when he wrote the very interesting account of Tichbourne in his "Curiosities of Literature," p. 233, edit. 1838.

THE CENSURE OF

a loyall Subiect :

Vpon certaine noted Speach and

behauiours of those fourteene notable Traitors,
at the place of their executions, the xx. and
xxi. of September last past.

Wherein is handled matter of necessarie

instruction to all dutifull Subiectes : espe-
cially, the multitude of ignorant people.

Feare God : be true to thy Prince :
and obey the Lawes.



AT LONDON.

Printed by Richarde Iones, dwelling at the Signe
of the *Rose and Crowne*, neere
Holborne bridge. 1587.

CURTEOUS reader: my good friend M. G. W.
at his departure into the Countrey left this most
honest work to be censured by me, being right well
assured by the continuance of our true friendshipps
that I would not deceiue him with a flattering iudge-
ment: and (trust me) vpon a considerate reading I
found it a little booke containing a large testimony of
his loyaltie to his Prince and countrie, a sweet comforte
and most sound counsaile for good subiects, concluding
by many fair examples of Traitors foule endes, that
the rewarde of Treason is destruction, and after death
lasting infamie. The matter agreeing with the condi-
tion of this troublesome time, I haue aduentured to
posseesse thee with the benefite thereof, before I made
account vnto him of my liking, which is that no good
subiect can mislike the same; and I made the more hast
herein because some wicked persons, that will not be
admonished, haue now by new conspiracie desired our

*publique sorrowe ; and by their discouerie haue brought
an vniuerfall ioy into the church of God. Giue God
thankes for his wonderfull preservation of her Ma-
iestie : serue him, and read this booke, which trulye
promiseth thee that such miscreate persons shall neuer
prosper in their deuices. No more, but feare God, and
thou shalt fare well.*

Thy louing friend, T. C.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, SIR
William Cicill, Knight, Baron of Burleigh,
Lord high Treafurer of England, and one
of the Queenes Maiesties most honora-
ble and prudent priuie counsell: a long
continuance of honour, and
prosperous estate.

RIGHT honorable and prudent Lord, the vngratious Emperor Commodus, vpon the accusation of a guilty conscience, caused fourteen or fifteen discreete Roman Gentlemen to be thrown into the riuer Tyber, for no other offence, but because they foberly talked of the vertues of the good Emperor Marcus Aurelius, his father; alleadging that they could not praise his father without the reprouing of himselfe: and certainly, although Commodus did euil, he spake the trueth, for the commendation of vertue is euermore a reproche to vice: which principal (right honorable) considered of the one part by your manifold seruices done vnto the Queenes most

excellent Maiestie, to her blessed realm, and generally to the true church of God; and of the other side weyed by the most odious treafons conspired by many rotten subiectes, whereof iustice lately hath cut off certaine of the principall, whose vile purpose reached to the life of her sacred Maiestie, the subuersion of their countrey, and generall calamity in the church of God, no other conclusion can followe, but that the reuerence of your publique seruice will alwayes reuiue the hatred of their treafons, and that the reproch of their treafons will neuer suffer the reuerence of your fidelitie to die. Therefore (most graue Lord) desirous to honour (with all duetifull affection) your godly vertues, as the comforte of all good men; and also to acknowledge some especiall fauours shewen vnto my selfe, vnder your found protection, I present (for the generall instruction of my countrey men, the subiects of England) my obseruances of certain noted speach and behauiours of those fourteene notable Traitors, which lately suffered for their treafons; trusting that this censure, by the sentence of all good subiects, will merite the acceptance of my former bookes, which hitherto haue

escaped the disgrace of publique reproofe. Protest-
 ing, in the behalfe of my writing, that my desire hath
 euermore bene to instruct all men, and not to iniure
 the worst of the wicked. And now to conclude, that
 vertue may have her sample by your Lordship, and
 vice her shame by these traitors, in the name of expe-
 rience I aduise all men, whose heades clime aboue
 the height of their present conditions, to make loyall
 and honest actions the ladders of their aduancement,
 which will commend them with a beloued life or an
 honorable death, when treason is the hatchet that
 feuereth life and ioyneth infamie to death. The
 Lord be with your Lordshippe in all your affaires,
 for whose health and honorable prosperitie the good
 subiectes of England continually pray.

Humbly at your Lordships
 commandement,

G. W.

A CENSURE, IN FORME OF A
Dialogue, of certaine noted speach, & beha-
uiours of fourteene notable Traitors at the
place of their executions, &c.

The speakers { WALTER, a godlie deuine.
WESTON, a discreet Gentleman.
WILCOCKS, a substantial Clothier.

West. Neighbour Wilcocks, you are well welcome home.

Wilk. I humbly thanke your worshippe.

West. What is the best newes at London?

Wilk. The best newes are, fourteene of those ranke traitors, that fought to bereaue the Queenes most excellent Maiestie of her life, (which God long preferue) haue made their confession at the gallowes; for my eies saw their traiterous harts burned, and bodileffe heads aduanced to the view and comforte of many thousands of people.

Walsh. You sawe a happie sight, for the quietnesse and safetie of the Queenes most excellent maiestie, and general comfort of al good subiects, and a fearefull example to al traitors: but for as much as they

offended in the highest degree of treason, as traitors resolved to kil the Queens Ma. (whose life almighty God long preferue) to spoile her nauie, to cloy the ordinance, to kil some of her maiesties honorable priuie counsell, to moue a generall rebellion, and what in them lay to procure a forraigne inuasion, all which beeing treasons of such danger as the least of them closed vp the doores of mercie, it seemeth conueniente that their executions shoulde be with more seuerity then the common iudgement of Traitors.

Wilk. Their iudgements and executions were alike, faue that the first seuen were executed with lesse fauour then the latter seauen.

Walk. What difference was there in their executions?

Wilk. Their iudgements were, to be drawn to the place of execution, there to be hanged vntill they were halfe dead, their bowels to be brente before their faces, etc. And truly the first seauen, as the most mallitious (if there be any difference in treason) were executed somewhat neere the seuerity of their iudgement: the other seauen were so fauourably vsed, as they hung vntill they were euen altogether dead, before the rest of their iudgement was executed.

Walk. Their treasons were so odious as, Perillus

Bull, or the extreameſt crueltie that pollicy may invent, wold be too milde to puniſh them : ſo that the leaſt fauour that might be ſhown vnto them was a token of exceeding mercye in her Maieſty, and mildenes in the iuſtice of England.

Weſt. There were neuer people gouerned with more mercie, then the people of England vnder the raigne of our moſt gracious Queene Elizabeth (whoſe proſperitie the Lord long continue) ; and truly I heard many wiſe men ſay that the greatneſſe of her Ma-
Compariſons by
her maieſties mer-
cie. ieſties mercie (applied to an olde pro-
uerb, Ouer much pittie ſpoileth a cittie) is verie daungerous to the peace of England : and ſome haue taken example by a fable of a frozen ſerpent that a pittiful huſbandman found, which he reuiued at his fire, but as ſoone as the ſerpent had gotten ſtrength it ſtong the huſbandmans children : euen ſo, theſe hollowe ſubiects (I pray God I may not ſafely name moſt Papifts) which run into many dangers of the lawe, yet her Maieſties mercie ſo fauoureth them, as it is to be feared, they liue but to recouer ſtrength to perſecute her Maieſties ſubiects.

Walk. In very deede mercie breedeth preſumption in the wicked ; but no doubt almighty God (that for the crueltie which raigned vpon the earth drowned all the world, ſaue Noah and his famelye) is ſo well pleaſed with mercie, as he ſeldome ſuffereth

it to be the cause of inconuenience, especially where temperate iustice is ioyned with mercy : and although the example of the pitifull husbandman and the frozen serpent may be well applied vnto her Maiesties mercie and the papists malice, yet when the serpent stong his children, the husbandman grievously beate him : euen so, when these kinde of people turne her Maiesties mercye to publique disturbance, Justice will doe her office, so that they shal hardly escape the censure of her Maiesties lawes.

West. God bring them to shame and confusion ! But, neighbour Wilcocks, I pray you shew vs the names of the Traitors, and manner of their executions.

Wilk. Vpon the twentieth day of September, being tuesday, Iohn Ballard, a priest, and first perswader of Babington to these odious treasons, was laid alone vpon a hurdell ; and fix others, two and two vpon a hurdell, were drawne from Tower hill through the Cittie of London vnto a felde at the vpper ende of Holborne, harde by the high way side to S. Giles, where was erected a scaffolde conuenient for the execution, and there vpon a paire of gallowes so high, and withal the place was so rayled to keepe off horsmen, as the people might plainly see the execution.

The place of their execution was fometime the meeting place to consult of their treasons.

West. I am much deceiued, if there were not a great multitude of people affembled to see the execution ?

Wilk. I cannot number the thoufands, but by computation there were able men enough to giue battaile to a ftrong enimie : but one thing I efpeciall ye regarded, that although the affemblye were wonderfull great, and the traitors all goodly perfonages, clothed in filkes, and euerie way furnished to moue

The multitude
fhewed no motion
of pittie at the ex-
ecution of the trai-
tors.

pittie, and that the order of their execution was a fearefull fpectacle, yet the odioufnes of their treafons was fo fetled in euery mans heart, as there appeared no fadneffe or alteration among the people at the mangling and quartering of their bodies : yea, the whole multitude, without any figne of lamentation, greedyl ye behelde the fpectacle from the firft to the laft.

Walk. Truly, they that beare dutiful hearts towards the fafetie of the Queenes Maieftie, and peace of their countrey, would not but greatlie reioyce at their deftruction which fought the general fubuerfion of the eftate ; befide the kind affection and motherly loue that her Maieftie published by her gracious letters vnto the L. Maior and ftate of London : wherein her Maieftie protefteth (and fundrie of her gracious proceedinges

Her Maiefties lou-
ing affection to-
wards her good
fubiects.

fullie witneffeth) that she desired no longer to liue, then while in the whole courfe of her Maiefties gouernement she carried her felfe in fuch fort, as might not onely continue their loue and goodwill, but alfo encrease the fame, are caufes ftrong enough to commaunde the multitude to reioyce in nothing more, then in the deftruction of thofe that pretend any hurte vnto her Maiefties perfon. But, good neighbour Wilcocks, continue your purpofe concerning their execution.

Wilk. The firft day the Traitors were all placed
The order of the Traitors executions. vpon the fcaffolde, that the one might beholde the rewarde of his fellowes treason. Ballard, the Prieft, who was the firft broacher
John Ballard the priefte executed. of this treason, was the firft that was executed ; and after that his bowels and traïterous heart were thrown into the fire, his head (feuered from his fhoulders) was fet vpon the toppe of the gallowes.

Wef. By the way, I praye you what confeffion made this traïterous Prieft at the time of his death ?

Wilk. He denied not his treason, died an obftinate papift ; and in his proteftation he doubtfullie faid, if he had offended the Q. Maieftie, or any man els, he was forie, and fo conditionally desired forgiuenes : and to declare (at full) his traïterous mind he

saied, " I am fory I haue bin so scandalous, but most fory I haue bin so remis in my delings."

Walk. The malicious affection of his heart towards the Q. Maiestie appeared euen in the trembling passage of death ; that whereas his treasons were so impious, odious, and damnable as the most wicked (I meane his confederates for the most part) confessed, as the common fame goeth, that they exceeded the greatness of her Maiesties mercie, which may not be measured, wher there is any measure in offending ; and yet in his desire of remission at her Maiesties hands, he added this condition (if), as one that doubted he had offended her highnesse. Wel, leaue we this dissembling traitor a pray to the crowes, and his soule to Gods iudgement : good neighbour, on with your tale to the next.

Wilk. Next vnto this priest, Anthony Babington was made ready to the gallowes, and in euery point was handled like vnto Ballard.

West. Little may be the mone ; bad was the best : but what obserued you in his end ?

Wilk. A signe of his former pride ; for whereas the rest, through the cogitation of death, were exercised in prayer vpon their knees, and bare headed, he whose tourne was next,

Ballards soppist
call asking of the
Q. Maiestie for
giueneffe.

Anthony Babington
Esquire executed.

A note of Babington's
pride.

stode on his feet with his hat on his head, as if he had bene but a beholder of the execution : concerning his religion he died a papist ; his treasons were so odious, as the sting of conscience perswaded him to acknowledge himselfe to be a most grievous trespasser against God and the Queenes maiesty.

West. I wonder that men are so bewitched with the inticements of these Jesuits, as they holde it a holly matter to lay violent hands vpon the Lordes
 Note this contro- annointed ; and at their death their
 uerfie. owne consciences perswade them, that
 the imagination of such wickednes is damnable.

Wilk. Pride, enuie and ambition are the rootes of
 Causes of rebel- treason, the body of treason is murther,
 lion. and all that mischiefe may deuise ; the
 fruites of treason are ruines of kingdomes and common wealthes : the generall reward of treason is the destruction of traitors ; and for that shame and perpetual infamie lead them to the gallows, to collor, if it were possible, their treason, they make religion their ground of rebellion, and with this holly shew strengthen themselues ; but when Justice hath deliuered them to the Hangman, death sommoneth their wickednes before their consciences, and then the feare of Hell maketh them openly to confesse the matter to be damnable, which they took to be a holly ground of rebellion.

West. I am well fatisfied : now, good neighbour, forward with the rest.

Wilck. Next Babington, Sauadg. was made ready

for execution.
John Sauage Gent
 executed.

West. This notable traitor (as the fame goeth) was the man that conferred with D. Gifford at Paris; and by the confirmation of the English fugitiues at Rhemes was resolved to kil the Queenes Maiestie, whose defence the God of hoastes euermore be. It is likewise said, that vpon the apprehension of Ballard, the priest, Babington hastened this Sauadg to dispatch his resolution; and that he only deferred the matter but for making of a court like fute of apparell.

Walk. God by fundrie examples preferueth the innocent from the violent handes of the wicked, euen in the pride and greatest hope of their purpofes. Hamon erected

Gods prouidence
 in frustrating of
 Sauadg his resolution.

a gallowes for Mardocheus, the Jewe, and he and his tenne sonnes suffered thereupon: the false Judges had got sentence of death against chaste Sufanna, but by deuine prouidence the stones dashed out their

The odiousnes of
 trefon in Gods
 fight.

owne braines: but where the practize tendeth to the murder of annointed Princes, the odiousnesse of the matter so highly offendeth the Maiestie of God, as he miraculously hath defended notable Tyrants from the murthering

fwordes of traitors. Comodus was a wicked Emperor, and to kill him the traitor Quintianus waighted at the entrance of the Amphi[the]atre : his daggar

Tirants miracu-
louflye preferued
from Traitors
handes.

was redy drawne, his heart was resolute, and his hande was striking the stroke, the Traitor cried, *This the Senate sendeth thee*, by which fore-warning Quintianus was staied, and the Emperor escaped vnhurte. The day before Scevinus determined to kill the Archtyrant Nero, he put an olde rustie daggar to grinding, he made his testament, he franchised his bonde men, and got rowlers in readines to wrappe woundes in ; by which tokens Milcheus, his seruante, gathered he wente about some waightie purpose, and so accused him to the Emperor : Scevinus straighwaies confessed that his entent was to haue slaine the Emperor. If God plucketh wit and prudence from Traitors that purposed to kill such notable tyrantes, it is constantlye to be beleueed that with the shield of his strength he wil defend righteous Princes : among whom our most gracious Elizabeth is crowned with the foueraigne renown of vertue, in which dignitie the king of kings long continue her Maiestie. The murder of a Prince is so odious as nature crieth

Mute persons and
yong babes cry
out against the
murder of Princes.

out against it. King Crœffus had a yong sonne that from his birth was mute, and yet when one of King Cyrus

fouldiors, taking him for a common perſon, was redy to kil him, the infant cried out, “ O ! kill him not, for he is the king my father.” Aliben Ragel in his Judicials reporteth a ſtranger matter of a kinges ſonne of his countrey, that brake forth of his mothers entrals to giue his father warning of his enemies, and preſentlie after his birth cried out, “ I am born in an vnfortunate hower, to be the meſſenger of no better tidings, then that my father the king is in preſent danger to looſe both his life and kingdome.” Which notice ſignified, the infante preſently died : we hereby perceiue howe the perſon of an anointed Prince is ſo ſacred, as nature maketh a paſſage for ſuckling babes and domb perſonnes to deliuer the ſame from danger ; and withall the traitor is ſo open to deſtruction, as the preacher ſaith to the traitor, a birde of the aire ſhall bewray thy voice, and with her feathers ſhe ſhall bewray thy wordes. Dathan, Corath and Abiran, they and all that they had went downe quicke into Hell becauſe of their rebellion ; which is a great witnes of the ſaying of S. Paule, who forbiddeth to Rom. 13. reſiſt againſt the magiſtrate, *For he that reſiſteth receaueth vnto himſelfe damnation.* And certainly, whoſoeuer marketh the ſequel of treaſon, ſhall find an hundreth examples to one to proue the end of traitors to be miſerable.

Weſt. Vpon Gods prouidence in frustrating the

mischieuous purpose of Sauadge the Traitor, M. Walker, you haue deliuered matter of necessarie instruction for all subiects, especially the common multitude, to learne, whoe are manye times tempted to rebellion with allurementes of godly and honest apparance, when it plainely appeareth that there is no warrant (yea, that destruction followeth) to rebell against tiranous Princes.

Walk. The serpent inticed Eue, and Eue Adam, to disobey Gods commaundement in eating the forbidden fruite, with this subtill perswasion : " If you eat of this fruit you shall not dy the death, but your eies shall be open, and ye shall be as Gods, knowing both good and euill " : euen so with subtill perswasions

The Popes practises to moue rebellion.

are the simple multitude euer more drawne vnto rebellion. When the noble King Henrie the eight banished the Popes imperiall authority out of England, the Popes instrument, Cardinal Poole, thought ciuil commotion to be the readiest way to bring the same in againe : and to bring [it] to better effect, he perswaded the Northren men that no man should eat any dainty meat in his house, neither should any one be married, but he should pay a tribute for the same vnto the king. In king Edward the Sixt his daies, there was almost a general rebellion throughout England : the papists tempted the commons to rebellion with per-

fwasions to throw down inclosure, and for them selues
foysted in to haue their olde religion, and acte of six
articles restored : the banishment of straungers hath
bene the cause of many commotions ; but my coun-
fail is, that my louing brethren, the sub-
iects of england, open not their eares to
such pleasing perswasions, lest rebellion enter into
their harts, and so vengeance light vpon their whole
bodies : vpon the holliest ground of rebellion destruc-
tion of traitors hath euermore growen. The North-
ren men had but a bad prooue of two rebellions,
when they had the crosse and banner of fwe wounds
borne before them. God placeth kinges in their
kingdomes, and he alone wil haue the dissoluing of
them : if Princes be good, let vs be thankfull to God
for them : if they be tirannous, let vs looke into our
finnes ; for God sendeth tyrants to punish the finnes
of the wicked, whoe faith, I will doe vengeance on
my enemies by my enemies. God (faith Iob) mak-
eth the hipocrite to raigne for the finnes
of the people. In Osea (God speaketh
thus), I will giue thee a kinge in my furee. And in
Esaye, Assur is the rod and staffe of my furie. Be
Princes good or bad, let subiects be obedient, least
(for their disobediencie) God take away the good,
and double the tyranny of the bad.

Counfail against
rebellion.

Tirantes are the
scourges of Gods
vengeance.

West. I would this counsell were grafted in all

mens hearts : then, no doubt, the rotten branches of rebellion would foone be cut off. Now, good neighbour, on with your matter.

Wilk. When Sauadge was executed, Barnwell was made readie to die.

Robert Barnwell
Gent. executed.

West. And what of him ?

Wilk. He died an obstinate Papist, and for his treason he made conscience his best excuse.

Walk. He had but a rotten conscience, that was infected with the murther of a vertuous Queene : and since his conscience was so bad, I hope but a few that heard him but forbad their conscience to pittie him, other then charitably to be sorrowful for his error, which was damnable.

Wilk. After Barnwell, Tichburnes tourne was next : he was a goodly yong Gentleman, and certainly his humilitie and mone moued much compaffion : he was not fetled so much in papistrie as the other, but he was so much fetled to the proud humor of Babington, as his head could no longer settle vpon his shoulders. In his mone (which I very well marked) he compared his state to Adam, who said hee was placed in Paradise, and ther inioyed all the pleasures of the earth ; he was onely forbidden to eate of the fruite of one tree, but for his transgression

Chediack Tich-
burn Esquire exe-
cuted.

Tichburnes la-
mentation moued
many to pittie.

he not onely procured wretchednesse and miserie vpon his owne heade, but vpon the heades of all his posteritie. "So (qd he) I that wanted nothing, but had helth, welth and friends, and so might long haue liued, if I could haue forborn to haue bin vntrue to my Prince; but, alas! for my offence I haue brought myself unto this miserie, by which my good mother, my louing wife, my four brethren and six sisters, yea, our whole house, neuer before attained, is infamed, and our posterity for euer like to be vndone."

Walk. His lack of grace is to be lamented, and by his ouerthrowe al men are warned to make choice of good company; for the olde prouerb is verified, *Euill companie corrupt good manners.* And truly, the iniurie that he hath done vnto his wife, his mother, and to so many brethren and sisters, and, to conclude, to his whole posterity, is a fearefull example to feare men from treason, especially the Nobility and better sort of Gentlemen; for they thereby not only lose their life and liuing, but the honor of their house is corrupted: neither seemeth it an iniury against reason, that in punishment of treason a number beare the burden and blot of one mans fault, when for the vertue and dutifull seruice of one man, a number in his posterity receaue both honor and many other temporall blessings. Further in his confession, or comparing his offence to Adams,

it concluded he likened her Maiestie to the plefaunt and glorious fruite, so pretious in Gods eies, as he forbad Adam and all other to lay violent handes vpon, and thus by the mouth of her enemies God causeth her sacred excellencie to be blazed.

West. You put me in remembraunce of a tale that a gentleman, a trauelor, once told me; who being at Rome when Pope Gregorie ther liued, and finding at the English Colledge, ouer the armes of England a Phenix drawn, which the Pope did appropriate to himselfe, the Gentleman, dutifully reverencing her maiestie as his foueraigne and Phenix of the worlde, in scorne of the Pope wrote these verses:

*And reason good the Lion should
the Phenix stand belowe,
For though the leaues bewray the tree,
the fruite the goodnesse showe.*

Applying in secreat zeale the construction therto of this sence: The armes of England to leaues, as but the generall badge of her kingdome, and the Phenix he did propriat to the vertues of her Maiestie, as her excellent beautie and glorie of the world. And of the contrary parte the matter was well taken, I know not by what mistaking.

Walk. It is like enough that the meaning was perceiued, for the pollicie of the Pope and his

fauourers is to turne all to their honours, that in the market place blazeth not their dishonor; as for example. A pleasant Frier being appointed to preach before the Pope and his Cardinals, who, marking with what maiestie and pompe they entred into S. Peters church, as one rauished with their brightnes,

A pleasant sermon
before the Pope.

he scoffingly cried out, "Fy of S. Peter, fy of S. Paule! fy, fy vpon their beggerlye Apostels! what reckoning is to bee made of their religion, when the honor therof consisted in casting forth of deuils, clensing of lepors, raising the dead, in making the blinde to see, the deaf to hear, the domb to speak, and the lame to go? the good they did was to beggers, and their liuing was as beggerly: bareleg and barefoot they wandred from country to cuntry; their raiment was simple, their diet thin, and their deaths violent. But honor and reuerence be to the Popes holines! the glory of his religion is visibly seene: he is able to make kings and to dispose kingdomes: his raiment is of golde, and his victuals the plentie of the earth: he dwelleth and dieth in pallaces, and is buried like a God," &c. This sermon was so wel liked, as the Frier was inuited to dine with the Pope; who, to relish his good sermon, excused himselfe by the weakenes of his braine, that could endure no strong fauor: when his meaning was demaunded, hee aunswered, Since Em-

perors and Kinges kiffed his holines feet, he thought his lot would be but to kiffe the homeliest part of his holines; al which was wel taken, and yet perceiued to be vnhapelie ment. For if the Pope shold reuenge euey dry bloe, he and his Cardinals would soone set Rome in an vprere: but if you make no publique profession of the gospel, for all other offences Rome wil beare with you, and for a few peterpence the Pope will pardon you.

Weß. God bleffe me from such pardons that bring many men to the gallowes!

Charles Tilney a
pensioner execut-
ed.

Wil. Tilney, one of the Q. Maiesties pensioners, next vnto Tichburne made worke for the hangman.

Weß. By statute lawe it is pettie treason for a seruuant to murther his maister or maistris, being but a subiect: how detestable a treason is it then for a sworne seruuant to lay violent handes on his annointed Prince! The offence being in the extreamest degree of finnes, the punishment ought to be according to the feuerest censure of Justice.

Walk. Euery mans houshold, wel gouerned, refembleth a common wealth, wherein seruants ought to live in the awe and subiection of subiects: and among the Romans there was an ancient lawe that

The ancient feru-
tude of seruants.

auuthorised the maister to punish the offences of their seruants with death;

but the wicked pollicy of men hath alwaies ben such, as where open power was to weak, ambition, enuie and money allured the familiiar seruants and meaner persons to Emperors, Kings, and men of al estates to lay violent hands of their maisters, and to betray them to death. Iudas, one of the Apostels, betraied our Sauour Iesus into the hands of the Jewes. King Alexander was poisoned by his phisition Theffalus : the death of the Emperor Commodus was compassed by the practize of his sister Lucilla. Many haue had their banes by their wiues, as king Candaulus ; some by their sonnes, as the great Turke Baiazet the nienth, &c. ; but innumerable that haue been destroyed by the treason of their seruants.

West. I hope these odious attempts wil discouer them ; and for that they are crept into seruices of accompt by subtilty, it shal be the part of euery good subiect to certify their Lords (who are, perhaps, vnacquainted with their religion) of such dangerous seruants.

Wilk. The last of these seauen that suffered was
Edward Abington
Esquire executed. Abington : his father was an officer of good credite in her maiesties house, and for many aduancements was bound to say, *God saue good Queene Elizabeth* ; but his sonne was a notable Papist, an Archtraitor, and at his death did all that in him lay to settle a feare in the heartes of the

ignorant multitude with a speach, that ther could not
 choofe but be a great effuffion of blood
 Abington's threatenings. in England very fhortly.

Walk. Gods prouidence maketh it apparant that
 the prophifes of traitors proue not euermore fcrip-
 ture : Throgmorton, the traitor, faid before one yeare
 were expired, the prosperitie and peace of England
 fhould be tourned into general calamitie ; but the
 date thereof is out, and I hope the deftiny paff. No
 doubt he knewe of a number of mallitious enemies
 vnto the ftate, and with the fpirite of their wicked-
 neffe he blundered foorth his prognofication ; but let
 all good fubiects to their comfort, and
 traitors to their confufion, knowe that
 the wicked diggeth a pit and falleth
 therein himfelfe ; and who treadeth
 down the hedge a ferpent fhall bite him : ther is no
 wifdom, there is no vnderftanding, there is no coun-
 fell againft the Lord : *The horfe is prepared againft*
 Prouerb 21. *the day of battaile, but the Lord giueth the*
victory. The Jewes had S. Paule in prifon ; yea,
 fortie of them vowed that they wold nether eat nor
 drink vntil they had flaine him ; but God (according
 to the Pfalmift) in due time defended him ; yea, in
 that diftreffe he came and ftode by Paule, and thus
 comforted him : *Be of good cheare, Paule, for as thou*
hast testified of me at Ierufalem, fo muft thou beare

witnesse also at Rome. The Angell of the Lorde led Peter forth of prifon ; the Angell of the Lorde defended Sidrach, Mifaack and Abednago in the burning fire ; the Angell of the Lorde stopped the Lions mouthes, that shoulde haue deuoured Daniell ; the Angell of the Lorde, with a drawne sword, tould Iofua that he was the chiefe of the Lordes bande. A comfortable faying and a true experiment, that this holie Angell of the Lord with a drawne sworde (although not vifibly feen) ftandeth betweene the godly and their enemies ; and then, though the wicked come armed, with horfes, chariots, and an hoaft of men, they fhall be ouercome with their fubtil deuices, and their fwords fhall go through their own harts. The Lord will haue the pride of the vncleane Pope

The difgraces of the Pope fince K. Henrie the 8 firft vnmasked his abomination.

abafed, and al the world striue in vain to fet him vp again : if his friends look into his difgraces fince victorious King Henrye the eight firft vnmasked his abomination, they fhall finde no comfort to take his part : he was then in his ftrength, and the greateft princes of chriftendome his friend ; yea, for the Popes caufe they were K. Henries greateft enemies : the

Cardinal Poole moued the French K. againft K. Henrie the 8.

Pope fent Cardinal Poole ambaffador to moue the French K. againft the K. of England : the French made many braggs, but bit little : the mighty Emperor Charles

the 5 prepared a great nauie at the Popes request to

The Pope stirred
the Emperor Char.
the 5 against K.
Henry 8.

trouble the peace of England; the fauoring of whose inuasion cost the Marques of Exeters head, but this attempt prospered not; but, which had likelihood to do more hurt then all the boast of forrain power, by the practice of Cardinal Poole, 20000 rebels in Lincolnshire,

Commotion in
Lincolnshire by
Cardinal Poles
meanes dismaid by
the Kings power.

for religions sake, had put themselves in armes, but when they vnderstood of the K. power comming against them, they cried for pardon, and leaft their chieftaine D. Mackerel, Monk, called Captain Cobler, to the censure of iustice. In february following the Pope, by his instrument, compassed a meer commotion in Yorkshire of 40000 rebels; but, by the pro-

Rebellion in the
North by Gods
prouidence quiet-
ed.

uidence of God, the night before the armies should ioine, they were severed by a mighty fal of water, in somuch as

vpon a pact by the captaines of both sides the rebels were appeased and departed without blodshed: in

General rebellion
in K. Ed. the sixt
his daies punished
and pacified.

the 3 yere of K. Edward the 6, the Pope, to set vp his authority in Eng. by his sedicious instruments moued

generall rebellions through Eng.; but they were ended with the destruction of the kings rebellious subiects. Q. Marie, though vnfound in religion, had the better hand against her rebels, whom, no doubt,

God therein fauoured for her godly father K. Henry the 8, as he did the Idolater Abdias for his greate grandfather Dauids fake. But the manifold disgraces which our soueraign lady Q. Elizabeth hath giuen vnto this bloody Pope (out of whose tirany, euen from her very cradle, the Angel of the Lord hath miraculously deliuered her Maiefty) open the incomparable strength of Gods prouidence, and offer cause of admiration to the whole worlde. When (for our finnes) Queen Mary committed both the word and the fworde to the hipocrisie and tyranny of the cleargie, good Lady, her life was assayled with a thousand publique and priuate practises; but the Angel of the Lord stil stode between her and her harmes, and from the fetters of aduersitie loosed, and crowned her Maieftie with the supream dignitie of this realme; and as a prognostication of his ruine by her renown, the yeare that God placed her royall throne, The Popes friends dropped away when Queene Elizabeth was crowned. he displaced these Christian Princes, the Popes great friendes—the Emperor Charles the fift, the Queene of Hungarie, Queene Mary of England, two kings of Denmarke, Bona Sferza Queen of Polonia, Henrie the third the French king, Ierolme Pruoli Duke of Vennice, Hercules Daeste Duke of Ferrara, and Paule the fourth, Pope of Rome—that these settled friends of the Pope being remooued, other Princes,

A figure of the Popes fall. better affected, or at least not so hurtful to the passage of the gospel, might occupy their places. The Pope and all his fauorers, while their strength yet lasted, shot to deprive her Maiestie of her crowne and dignitie : God so strengthened her Maiestie as by her power the French were

Victorie against the French. dishonorably driuen out of Scotland, and by her wisedome both realmes were

deliuered from forraine bondage ; yea, the King of Scottes is bound to confesse that from God and her Maiesties goodnesse he and his posteritie possesse a kingdome. This peaceable victorie against the French discomforted the Pope a few yeares : in fine, Pius Quintus set D. Merton, an English fugitiue, a worke to raise a commotion in the north parts ;

Victorie against the northren rebels. the Earle of Northumberland, the Earl of Westmerland, and others entred into

open rebellion : the very found of her Maiesties power dismaed them, and happy was he that could run fastest away. The principals fled, but escaped not the iustice due vnto traitors : the Earle of North-

The Earle of Northumberland beheaded. umberland was soone brought vnder the censure of her Maiesties lawes, and

according to his deserte was beheaded at Yorke ; the

Misery of the Earle of Westmerland. Earle of Westmerland euer after, for a bare allowance, was subiect to the proud controlement of euery raskal Spaniard ; Felton, to

drawe her Maiesties subiects from dutiful obedience, set vppon the Popes Bul vpon the Bishop of Londons gates, but (God be praised) the hornes that shold haue gored the innocent turned into a halter to Felton executed.

hang maister Felton: the Pope expected no good successe by open force, and therefore he now armed his practises with Machiuels

pollices. Maddar and Barlowe were made instruments to murther some

principal Maiestrates, but their confusion was speedy, and their purpose frustrate. This wily Pope with an ambitious humour then infected the principal

Pear and most popular subiects of England: his treason was so dangerous as

the person of the Queens maiesty and the peace of England could not be in safetie, vntil the Duke was set lower by the head; in whose confusion, by Gods prouidence, the peace of England was no way troubled. The conspiracie of Throgmorton, Aple-

yard, Brooke, and others had no better successe, than in helping some of those wicked members to the gallowes. The Pope and his

instruments, seeing the pollicie of man preuailed not against the Lords annointed, they set the deuill a worke to destroy her sacred maiestie. The notable

traitor Dr. Storie (whom God woulde haue cutte off by the censure of her

Madder and Barlowe executed.

The Duke of Norfolk beheaded.

Q. Elizabeths death practised by nigromancie.

D. Storie executed.

Maiefties lawes) confefled that certaine perfons (of whome there is yet that liueth, by vertue of her princely word and mercy) vndertooke to deftroy her excellency by Nigromancie; but the deuill had no power where the Angel of the Lord was the fhilde

of his annointed. By the folliciting of
Stukeley's treafon
frustrate. the Atheift Stukeley the pope tooke

hart of grace, by open force, to alter the godly gouernment of England; and for his better ftrengh, Stukeley thought to haue compaffed the K. of Portingals armie, after an ende of his battail with Mulei Maluco, King of Feze and Marowes, but Gods prouidence turned his hope to an idle fancy; for in that battail

Stukeley flaine. the K. of Portingale was flaine, his army was difcomforted, and Stukeley was cut off from difturbing of the peace of England. But yet to keepe the Popes purpofe a foote, Iames fitz Morrice, an Irifh traitor, took vpon him to be the Popes captaine, a man, both for courage, iudgement, and experience better armed to do mifchiefe then Stukeley: and to make paffage for forraigne power, he conuayed himfelfe into Ireland, where he foone allured the Earle of Deafmonde, fir Iohn his brother, and others vnto rebellion: but fuch was Gods iuftice (when the Traitor Fitzmorrice leaft thought

The traitor Fitz-
morrice flaine.

to be furprifed), hee was cafuallie flaine, before he faw any fucceffe of his treafon.

D. Saunders supplied his place, and after him followed the Italian and Spanish forces: it was Gods good providence to giue her Maiesty. so honorable a

The Popes forces in Ireland put to sword.

victorie as not one man escaped to carrie newes, saue a very few that were spared to reporte the mercie and power of her Maiestie: Doctor Saunders wandred vp and down

D. Saunders died of a frenzie in the mountaines.

in the mountaines like a rogue, and died of frenzie; the Earle of Deafmonde was driuen to liue like a begger in the moun-

The Earl of Deafmond beheaded.

taines, and to finish his miserable life after his accustomed and sauage manner, had by an Irish man his head stroken off in his caben; fir Iohn, his brother, like a wolfe in the wooddes, wandring to seeke some pray, was taken and headed after his owne vfage. When the practize of the Pope concerning open rebellion was thus rent in peeces, necessitie droue him, by his vagrant Iesuits, in euery corner to found sedicious Schimeons proclamation, which was to entertain murtherers, thieues, Atheists, and all maner of discontented persons into the seruice of the Pope, to the intent that they should murther the Q. Maiestie, and alter the state of this gouernment both in matters of religion and pollicy: these Iesuits that in disguised habits, some like ruffians, some like seruingmen, and the most like courtiers, notwith-

standing they transformed themselves at pleasure like
 vnto Proteus, and made their night walks like owles,
 yet Gods providence hath delivered their champion,
 Campion and diuers others of them,
 into the hands of iustice; and iustice by
 orderly trial afterward condemned Campion and
 some of the most malicious of the Iesuits to the gal-
 lowes, whereof a number of good subiectes wondred
 at their deformities, and plainly saw that the Lord
 of hostes heaped the deuices of the wicked vpon
 their own heads, and shewed forth the vncomely
 priuities of Babilon according to promise.

West. With your fauour, sir, I the lesse maruel
 that these Iesuits sow their seditions in
 such disguised, warlike and ruffianly
 order, and intice men to violent murther, without
 difference of persons, when their first founder, Igna-
 tius Layola, was a Spanish souldier, who, decreeped
 with woundes, to keepe himselfe from begging in age
 disguised himselfe with the habite of holinesse, and
 with counterfeit miracles began this holy order; not
 vnlike to the curtisanes of Rome, who, when the sale
 of their bewtie is past, professe themselves Nunnes to
 get them a liuing by cloister brokadage in their age.

Walk. In very trueth, since the time that it pleased
 God to make the glorie of himselfe,
 and the passion of his sonne Iesus, to

Campion and
 diuers seditious Ie-
 suits executed.

Original of the Ie-
 suits.

Rebellion colour-
 ed by religion.

be knowne and reuerenced among the Gentiles, the godly embraced religion to nourish their foules, and the wicked dissembled religion to pamper their carnall bodies; and when that experience discovered that the multitude were like vnto a barrel that is ready to receaue euery liquor, and that with hasty running they followed euery new doctrine, the ambitious Atheist straight deuised some new forme of deuinity to rob God of his glorie, many men of their liues and liuelyhode; but, which is most to be lamented, huge millions of their saluation. In the primitiue church there were such a huge sight of heretiques, as christendome resembled a mighty armie, where the souldiers, vnder a number of feuerall ensignes, followed feuerall Captaines; for after euery heretique followed a multitude of people. The en-

Ambition and enuie is the cause of all heretiques.

uous Monke Sergius, through enuie that his heresie in Constantinople was put to silence, deuised the damnable secte of Mahomet; and to strengthen his purpose, he picked foorth Mahomet, the most proud, arrogant, and insolent person of Arrabia, to take vpon him to be a prophet, and by magick wrought such counterfeit miracles, as to this day a great parte of the world are ledde with his error: seeing what force followed the banner of new religion, deuised a religion different from Mahomet's, by the strength of his followers grewe in fine

to be the great Sophie of Persia, the vnnaturall enemie to the great Turke. The number of orders of Friers had their beginning, for the most part, from ambition or enuie; and to this day there is a malicious hatred among them, as whofoeuer wil read Erasmus Dialogue called Fumis shal well perceauē : and seing the knaueries of the old orders of the friers waxed so publique as the date of their credit wearied out, your reason is probable that the wounded souldier Layola deuised this newe order of Iesuits, vnder the habite of holinesse to sustaine his age in the reputation of his youth; and at this day there is in Italy a newe order, called the fellowship of the Trinitie, wherin are Tinkers, Tailers, Tilers, and al mecanicall crafts men : and questionles, if some notable Nigromancer, to worke some false miracles, would enter into their fraternitie, the dignitie of their order would soone outway the credite of the Iesuits. But to our former purpose : if the Deuill and all his furies ioyned with the Pope and his disciples, their pollicies should take no effect against Gods prouidence. The murthering Iesuits thought they had sped of their purpose, when they had ouercome the hairebraine

Sommeruile hang- gentleman Sommeruile to murther her
ed himselfe. Maiestie (whome the Lord alwaies
keepe out of the violent handes of Traitors) : indeede they had picked foorth a dangerous instrument, as a

man so gracelesse he was fearlesse to lay violent handes vpon himselfe : but in his confusion was seene the prophesie of the Psalmist, *His owne tongue made him fall, and all that hearde him laughed him to scorn* : he was first discouered by the suspition of his owne speech, and by his ouerthrowe it was perceaved that God shotte at him with a swift arrowe which wounded him, he made such haste to his deserued death. As this traitor hanged himselfe the night before the appoynted day of his execution, the close

Ardington hanged.
ed.

Traitor Ardington was by Sommeruils discouery brought to confusion. The dangerous traitor Throgmorton, as cunning as he disguised his odious treasons, was intrapped in the snares which he set for his countries destruction, and worthelie died with the sword which he had whetted for the innocent.

Throgmorton executed.

The odious Atheist Parrie had the rewarde of his fellowe traitors : he had the place and opportunitie (which prudence, I hope, will keepe al other suspicious persons from), and yet, as graceles as he was, the very maiesty of her Maiesties countenance made him loose his resolution, with the selfe same vertue that appeared in the faces of the two magnanimous Romanes, Marius and Craffus, where of the one with the motion of his eies, and the other with the stoutnesse of his speech, redeemed them-

Parry executed.

felues from death. The prouidence of God in be-
 raauing the traitors of so valiant a Cap-
 taine as the Earle of Northumberland
 Henrie Percie, earl of Northum-
 berland, flew him-
 felfe with a dag. euery good subiecte to his comforte per-
 ceaueth, who had so deeply entred into disloyaltie as
 his owne conscience condemned him, and therefore to
 faue the honor of his house flew himfelfe. If the popes
 instruments had iudgement to way that no one that
 actually practised her Maiesties death or depriue-
 ment hetherto escaped the visible vengeance of God,
 if her Maiesties goodnes and their duty could not
 moue them to loue, yet the assurance of punishment
 and the continuance of shame might feare them to be
 disloyall: but, alas, those whose hearts
 are hardned haue their iudgements
 blinde, and their affections swift to run
 vpon destruction. Pharaos was warned
 with diuers plagues that hee should not hinder the
 departure of the children of Israel forth of Egipt,
 yet he would needs follow them to his
 vtter destruction. The report of the
 souldiors concerning the glorie of Christs
 resurrection sufficed to haue conuerted the Iewes,
 but to their condemnation, the Deuill and money
 sealed this errour in their harts, that his disciples
 stole him away by night. Gods iustice strooke
 Mahomet with the fallinge sicknesse to make him

When it pleaseth
 God to harden the
 harts of the wicked,
 he likewise blind-
 eth their iudge-
 ments.

Vifable warning of
 God turned to
 strengthen the er-
 rors of wicked.

knowe and repente his blasphemie; but to strengthen the peoples misbeleefe the deuill taught him to say that his passion proceeded of the conference with an angel, whose deuine prefence his earthly shape could not endure. Vpon the principal day of the sauage murder in Paris, as a token that Gods word should flourish in despite of their crueltie, a withered tree bare greene leues in the churchyard that receiued many a murdered car-casse; and yet the papistes, on the contrary part, applied this prophising example to the second flourishing of their Romish church: thus blinde they are in the successe of their errors and wickednesse, as euermore to tourne the preface of their ruines to the apparence of their prosperitie. And with these vaine hopes Babington and his fellowe traitors were ledde vnto the follies and falles of the aboue named vnloyall subiects: and therefore, howsoeuer they perswade themselves, and threaten the multitude with a change of their prosperitie, so long as we feare God and be true to her Maiestie, our peace wil vndoubtedly last, and the disturbers thereof are like to taste their fortunes, like to them that bought the horse Seian, whose maisters had euermore miserable endes.

West. You haue aunswered a matter, which raised much feare and a great deal of speach amongst the common people, so comfortably and truly as cannot

but be the cause of great ioy and contentment vnto the ignorant multitude, and no doubt a spectacle of great terror vnto Traitors, to punish whose offences no torture can be to[o] violent. This Abington was the last of the first seauen that were executed; but forasmuch as the common brute was that the other seauen condemned and iudged should be executed the day following, I would gladly know if you saw their executions, what speeches they uttered, and what behauiour they vsed at their death?

Wilk. I stayed to heare and see the order of their deathes; and according to the generall expectation of the whole multitude, the daye following, being the

21 of September, Salsburie was laid
Thomas Salsbury, Esquier, executed. alone vpon a hurdel, and other six, two and two, vpon a hurdel, were drawne from Tower hill through the cittie of London vnto the former place of execution. Salsburie was the first man that

suffered, and in all points was handled as the seauen that suffered the day before, saue that he and the
The latter traitors executed with exceeding fauour. latter six were executed with this fauour, that they were suffered to hang vntill they were fully dead, before the rest of their execution was performed.

West. It seemeth by their fauourable handling that although the greatnes of their offences egged the sworde to take away their liues, yet the outward signe

of their repentance obtained some compassion at their deathes.

Wilk. In very deede, albeit that Salsburie was blinded with the superstition of papistrice, euen at the point of death, yet he mildly acknowledged his greeuous offence towards the Queenes maiesty, and in his last commendation charged all Catholiques (for so he onely accompted the Papists) that they should leaue to attempt to set vp their religion by violent hand; and by double and treble repetition he counfelled them to pacience, and earnestly forbade them all maner of violence.

Violence forbid-
den by Salsburie.

Walk. This gentleman, by his execution, shewed all traitorous papistes the assured reward of treason; and by his profitable admonition a more necessarie doctrine for them to followe, then the seditious persuasions of al the Iesuits in the world: he was a Papist at point to die, so that it standeth with reason that through the onely working of his conscience he published to the world that the violent courses of subiects were odious, when we doubt not that Ballard and other Iesuits had once blowne into his eares that the same was meritorious. All maner of violence by which the life of man is taken away is murther, except the execution by the sword of iustice, which belongeth to the Kinge and his ministers onelie

where the gouvernement is Monarchia; except also the violence done in righteous warres, and other slaughters by casualtie. And whofoever loofeth his life by any other violence, the same man is murdered, whose blood God will seuerely punish. God pun-

The odiousnesse of
murther.

ished the murther committed by Caine with a most bytter curse; and yet that there might bee no protection in murther, God faide himselfe *That whofoever slewe the reprobate Caine, it should be auenged seauen folde.* God requireth the blood of innocents at the handes of Kinges and annointed Princes. To punish the faulte of King Dauid in seeking the death of Vrias, God tooke away the life of the childe which Dauid had by Vrias wife: furthermore, in the time of King Dauid there was three yeares famine, and Dauid demaunded the cause why? and the Lorde faide it was for Saule, and the house of bloode, because he slewe the Gybonites. According to the opinion of Erasmus, the confenter in murther is as guiltie as the dooer. Iudas that betraied Christ, and Pilate, that adiudged him death onely to please the Iewes, carried the burthen of murther in their consciences, and by the horror thereof wrought their owne destructions, that either might die by the violent hande of the most wicked personne alieue. The heathen men of Milite, when they saw the viper to hange vpon Paules.

finger, euen from the very hatred of nature they murmured and faide—*This man must needs be a murtherer, whome though he haue escaped the danger of the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to liue.* Nature taught the Infidels to beleeeue that vengeance followeth murther. And then reason may perswade Christians to assure themselues that the blood-thirstie are worse then Infidels, and cannot escape the sworde of vengeance : seeing then that Kinges, if they shead anye bloode otherwise then by the sworde of iustice, and Judges, if they adiudge death for hatred, feare, or gaine, by Gods righteoufnesse are punished as murtherers. What may they expecte that in couers laye violent handes of annointed Kinges, or without collour of authoritie murther the innocente? If the eies of their vnderstanding were not blinde they might see a doubtfull succeffe in their purpose, and the open confusion of themselues. I haue reade of a number both of good and badde Princes, and also of other, which haue bene be-reaued of their liues by the violent handes of secreat traitors ; but among a hundred you shall hardly read of one murtherer that hath escaped the torture of Gods vengeance. Brutus and his partakers murthered Julius Cæsar, but not one of them escaped a violent death : yea, the common people so loued Cæsar, as, to be reuenged, they violently ran

vpon all the friendes of Cæsars enemies ; and by way of instruction, the opinion is generall that if for our finnes it had pleased God to haue suffered our most excellent queene to haue fallen into the violent handes of these vilde Traitors, her maiesties louing subiects, being the most of the better sorte, and the whole fway of the commons would, without respecte of persons, haue violently intreated euery knowne Papist as the Romane multitude did the friends of Cæsars enemies. And to continue this terror to murdering Traitors with latter examples : the Archbishop of Pisa, together with the kindred of the Saluiatij, the famely of Pazzie, and other the ancient houfes of Florence, enuying the popular fauour of

Conspiracie of Florence ; murder pretended against the Medici punished. Signior Iulian and Lawrence de Medeces, who then principally gouerned the state of Florence, conspired to murder the two Medeces. To preuent suspition, and to bereaue the brethren of publique succour, which in the streetes they were like to finde, the conspirators made choice of the church for their slaughter house ; and vpon a Sunday, at mid mas, one of the conspirators slew Signior Iulian, and Laurence de Medeces by Gods prouidence escaped into the Sacchristia. The suddaine brute of this assault set al the cittie in an vprore : the conspirators cried, “ Libertie !” and the multitude, “ Life to the Medeci, and vengeance vpon

the conspirators !” To be briefe, within the fpace of three howers, the Archbishop of Pifa was hanged, Ieames Saluiatij, Ieames de Pazzi, Anthony de Volterra, and diuers others of the conspirators, were flaine in the furie of the people : Barnard Bandin was led naked into the market place, and there hanged : the rest of the conspirators, their seruants and fauourers, were in this fort ouerthrowne ; and which is most grievous, their posteritye haue euer since bene subiects to the monarcall gouernment of the house of Medeces. Galeas, the sonne of Frauncis Forze, and Duke of Millen, for his odious vices and extreame tyranny was generally hated of all the people of the cittie : the flew his mother, and by fear of force abused the greatest part of the virgins and faire women of Millen : so that to redeeme the citie from this seruitude and tyrannie, three yong Gentlemen of anchient houses in Millen conspired the Dukes death : their names were Charles Viscounte, Iohn Andrea, and Ierolme Olgiat. These gentlemen kept their resolution, and as the Duke was attending hearing of mas said by the Bishop of Coma, they so violently assailed Galeas as they left him dead in the church.

The murther of the tyrant Galeas, Duke of Millen, punished. God suffered this vengeance to light vpon the tyrant, yet in his iustice would not suffer the conspirators to escape unpunished : Andrea and Viscounte were both flaine in

the hurley burley of the people; Olgiat was afterward apprehended by the ministers of iustice, and, albeit he redeemed the cittie from a great bondage, yet for that the good that they receiued proceeded from an euill action in Olgiat, they executed him as a common traitor. The late King of Scottes was

Murder of the late
K. of Scots pun-
ished.

villanously murdered: the greatest fauourers, and (according to the published records) the greatest procurers of the faide murder, were by common iustice drawne to commit almost all the murderers into the hands of the hangman; and such as escaped, or were not bounde vnto the censure of the law, could by no meanes shift themselves from the vengeance of God. Iohn Iarns, that first assailed the godly Prince of Orrenge, had Murder of the
godly Prince of
Orenge punished. the common reward of traitors; and the most odious Atheist, Balthazar Serack, that slew him, notwithstanding the blessing of the Pope, the commendation and threatning of the king of Spaine, exchanged the pistoll wherewith he slew the Prince for tortures to execute himselfe. I could aleadge infinite examples to diffwade men from violent murder, which Gods prouidence many waies preuenteth, when his iustice neuer leaueth the murderer vnpunished. It is a special pollicy that the Iesuits vse to draw yong gentlemen to these desperat treasons; for if they had iudgements to obserue the

infortunes of such practisers, or experience to looke into the currants of time, they should see the attempt as vaine a matter as to throwe stones against the starres, or with a knock of their head to leauell a mountaine, that seek to displace a beloued Prince.

West. I pray God, the good counsel of this traitor Salsburie may setle obedience in al mens harts; and the better to bridle the malitious affections of the disloyall, they [may] assure themselues, by their outward apparance, that the multitude will entreate them (and all their partakers) as the Romanes did the quellers of Cæsar, or as the Florentines did the conspirators against the Medeces.

Willk. After Salsburie was with al possible fauor executed, Dun was stripped into his shirt; who seemed very penitent for his grieuous offence, and after that, with very earnest perswasion he had likewise dissuaded the Romish Catholikes from attempting any matter of violence, was executed with exceeding much fauour.

West. This Dun, as the report goeth, liued (reasonably) wealthely; but it seemeth the humour of the man was not contented with a reasonable vocation, as appeared by his vain imagination; who, in Trinitie terme last, coming into the Kings Bench office, among other pleasant speach to one of his familiars, "You will marueil (q. he) to

Henry Dun Gent.
executed.

Ambitious humour of Dun.

fee mee, within one quarter of a year, to walke vp and down with twenty men after me": whervpon an acquaintance of his plesantly answered, that he feared he shoulde first see him followed to the gallows with a thousand men.

Walk. Dun shewed his desire, and the other red his destiny: and in this obseruance you haue shoven
 The roote of re- the working cause of most treasons;
 bellion. for though, to draw the affections of
 the multitude, religion or some other publique benefite be the pretence, ambition and desire of dignity is
 Admonition for the ambitious. the welspring of rebellion: but these
 that wil fly without wings are like to
 fall before they be wise. He that is born to be a seru-
 uant ought in no wise to looke for double and treble
 attendants: dignitie is like a phane on a high tower,
 which is subiect to the chaunce of Fortune, as the
 other to the chaunge of the winde; and whoe so will
 fitte therevpon sure, hee must, like the snaile, get ex-
 perience with slowe climing, leaft in taking a swifter
 course, like vnto a birde, he be remooued with the
 leaft stone that is throwne, I mean with the leaft dis-
 grace of fortune. If mens mindes grow bigger then
 their natural conditions, there are many examples of
 vertue to imitate, which have raised fundrie men from
 the carte to the highest degree of honour, when in
 climing by treason many millions of honorable estates

die dishonorably, and to their posteritie leaue no better inheritance then infamy. Let the ende of this traitor be a warning example to all ambitious humored men, that destruction followeth presumption, and that the climbing of pride will haue a falle.

Wilk. When the execution of Dunne was finished, the next that plaied his parte was Iones: this traitor, by that which was easie to be gathered of his behauiour at the gallowes, was a close papist of a shrowd reach, and a very dangerous member in this common wealth; for notwithstanding he protested he dissuaded Salsburie from this odious enterprise, his owne tale shewed that his counsaile proceeded of a fear that he had, that the proud humour of Babington threatned an ouerthrowe of their purpose, rather then any dutieful zeale that he bare towards the safetie of the Queenes maiesty: for he neither would himselfe discouer his treason of the highest degree of treasons, neither did hee counsell his friende Salsburie to preuente his owne danger in discouering the conspiracie of his companions; yea, when the odiousnesse thereof broke out into publique knowledge, contrarie to the general duetie of a good subiect, and in contempt of a special warrant directed vnto him, he not onely refused (as he himselfe confessed) to apprehend Salsburie being in his house, but so far as he might succored him after

Edward Iones
Esquire executed.

that he was published to be of the most wicked conspiracie. One especial thing that neuertheles moued a number to pittie him aboute the rest, with vehement wordes he protested, that though he was a Catholique in religion, yet he so deeply weyed the liberty of his countrey, as that he would [be,] and euer was, redy to spend his life in withstanding any forraigneemie, French, Italian, Spanishe, or whatsoeuer. The tollerating inuasion, by whose opinion, was so far from nature and Christian duetie as no excuse, nor punishment might satisfie the crime.

Forraigne inuasion
reproved by Iones.

Wesl. It is a wonder that papists, who holde it damnable to harken to the counsels of Protestants, are not admonished by the censures and warnings of papistes themselues at the point to die; but contrary to the iudgemente of their fellowes consciences, in that fearful passage they follow the seditious perswasions of Iesuits, that they shal greatly work the libertie of their countrey in deliuering the same into the handes of forraigne gouernours: otherwise they would neuer haue giuen succour and aid to the Italian forces in Ireland, or (as it is one especiall point of their treasons) in all their conspiracies to practize a forraine inuasion.

Walk. Those whose hearts it pleaseth God to harden haue neither eies to looke into their owne danger, nor iudgement to consider of their owne

benefit: and no doubt this traitor, hauing his conscience prepared to die, saw the odiousnes and vn-naturalnes of this kind of treason, which the corruption of his life little respected, or rather fauoured; for as the case standeth with the Papists (God be praised for blessing her Maiestie and the Maiestrates with such prudent foresight), he that setteth his heart to treason inclineth his affection to forraigne inuasion, as

Forraigne inuasion
vnnatural.

otherwise out of hope to see the wished successe of his desire: but since it pleased God to commend by this publique enemy the natural liberty of a mans countrey, and by conclusion to discommend his fellowe traitors who continually labour the bondage thereof, it shall not be amis for our instructions to enlarge our conference with the odiousnesse and vnnaturallnesse, and the Papists owne dangers, in this Archtreason. We see that if two mastiues egerly fight, neuertheles at the sight of a beare they part themselues and flie vpon their natural enemy: forraigne seruitude is as vnnaturall and odious to euery nation as the beare to the mastiue; to be ridde of which seruile yooke, at such time as Titus

Example by the
Iewes.

Vespasian besieged Ierusalem, notwithstanding there were thousandes of the citizens dailye slaine with ciuill fraies, yet at euerie assault of the Romanes, the Iewes ioyned so assuredly together, as if the multitude had beene but one band.

We read in Chronicles of a number of good men that haue bin ingratefully and vnkindly intreated of their own country, and of a very few so badde (vntil this wicked age) that preferred a stranger to the Examples of louers of their country. gouvernement of their natieue country. Themistocles, the good Athenian, was vniustly banished Athens, and for succour was driuen to go to K. Artaxe[r]xes, the Athenians sworn enemy: Artaxerxes, glad of this aduantage, laboured to guide his army against Athens; and when the Captain could no longer withstand the kings importunities, he drunk bulls blood, and died rather then he would reuenge the ingratitude of his country with forraigne bondage. There was mortal hatred betweene two worthy Captaines, Cretinus Magnetius and one Hermias, so that the whole countrey was occupied with their discord; but when the K. Mithridates assailed their countrey, Cretinus Magnetius voluntarily banished him selfe, that the ielosie of their hatred might not hinder the publique seruice of his valiant enemy Hermias. The traitor that for his priuate aduancement laboreth to betray his country would, if his countries danger so required, be loth to follow the example of K. Codrus; who, vnderstanding that the liberty of his country stood vpon the losse of his life, he presently, in the habite of a slaue, entred the camp of the Peloponians and Dorians, his ene-

mies, and there quarelled vntil he was flaine. To do their countrey seruice, Ancurus, K. Midas son, and Curtius voluntarily leaped into a deuouring gulf of the earth : Caius Gracchus facrifized his own daughter ; and the noble Roman Seuola aduentured alone to kil Porfinus in his camp. In ancient time men bore this zeal toward their country, that a number in defence therof ran vpon violent death. If these general traitors had but experience to confider of ther own thraldom, they could not be so redy to welcome the forraign enemy with one hand, as they woulde bee forward to throwe him forth with al their force. The Popish Cleargie, whoe with Cardinall Poole say *Roma mihi patria est*, helpte the Spaniarde into England : the King of Spaine and his counsellors laboured for the monarcal diadem, and as the time then serued they thought, and it is verye like, they had wrought diuers of the nobilitie to fauour their purpose : it is easie to be iudged the euill that they meant vnto their enemies, when they purposed to deale thus with their friends: they determined first by their help to cut short such of the nobility as they found contrary to their desire, and then they meant to make their friends safe with honorable dignities abroad, whereof they should take such sound possession, as they should neuer see England again, as who foeuer hath seene

The purpose of the
King of Spaine in
Queene Maries
daies.

a letter, in forme of an admonition, written by the godly martyr M. John Bradford, to the nobilitie of England, may more largely perceiue. Bernardin de

A pollicie of Bar-
nardin de Men-
doza.

Mendoza, the late ambaffador for Spain (who trained Throgmorton, a principall traitor, and many others no doubt vndifcouered, to make a paffage for a forraigne inuafion), after his forced departure out of England, diuers times hath faid, that if he had continued ftill in England, he wold not haue left a Papifts head of any account ftanding vpon their shoulders, meaning that before the comming of the Spanish power, to leaue no man of eftate or reckoning that might lawefullye looke to ftrike a ftroke in their gouernment, for the Spaniard will be *Domine fac totum* wherefoeuer he ruleth; and where is then the reckoning of thofe traitors that looke for dignitie by this vnnaturall treason?

West. You haue already red their fortunes; and I praye God, both by the falles and follies of thefe traitors that all Englifhmen may haue their harts (to withftand the forraigne enemye) ftrengthened with the proteftation of Iones his tongue at the hower of death. Amen.

Wilk. After Iones had paide the price of his treason, with all poffible fauour, Charnock was executed, and after him Trauis, both men, as it feemed, betwitched with an igno-

John Trauis and
John Charnok
Gent. executed.

rant deuotion, for that in their endes there was nothing to be obserued but their praying to our Lady, calling vpon Saintes, ioyned with a number of ceremonies, crossings and bleffings, so that it appeared that in their prayers they were bound to a forme more then vnto faith.

Walk. The Pope can finde out no instrument so constant for his purpose as the ignorant Their ignorant deuotion dangerous. person bewitched with his superstitious deuotion, for he resolutely followeth whatsoeuer is giuen him in charge: such a one was hair-braine Sommeruile that intended to kil her Maiestie, whose life (as the life of Englands happines) God long continue! and such an other was young Iarugo that first wounded the godly Prince of Orange, whoe was so simple as hee perswaded himselfe that the Pope had the power, and would cause him to doe the deed inuisible; and therefore the Pope was wont to practise moste rebellions by the ignorant multitude, who, so long as they were blinded with his errors, were euer constant in the execution of his pollices: and certainlye, although the simple ignorance and error of these two traitors were to be bemoned, yet the danger of their treasons considered, their executions were very necessary, both for example and her maiesties safetie.

West. You say very truly.

Will. When the hangman had giuen these two
Robert Gage
Gent. executed. fencelesse Papists his heauy blessing,
 Gage prepared himselfe to dy : he be-
 gun his protestation, that there was neuer a subiect
 more bound to a Prince, then his father was to her
 Maiestie ; and from that true acknowledgement of
 her Maiesties gracioufnes fell to excuse himselfe of
Her M. gracious-
nes commended
by this traitor. the odious treasons for which he died ;
 but vpon so weake a ground, as the
 simplest iudgement then present found, by the order
 of his own confession, that he was a dangerous instru-
 ment for the Pope. He confessed that he accompa-
 nied Ballard, the Seminarie Prieste, into Yorkshire ;
Gages hipocrisie. and that he wrote a letter for the faide
 Prieste to a French man or a Spaniard of accompte
 beyond the seas, and in al the course of his confession,
 in indifferent iudgements, he accused him selfe to be
 a hollow subiect and a found Papist.

West. This cunning traitor, Gage, coulde neuer
 haue made a confession of more infamy vnto him-
 selfe, then in acknowledging the Queens most excel-
 lent fauour shewed vnto his father, which a dutiful
 sonne ought to esteeme a benefit vnto himselfe : and
 so, to double reproch his treasons, he condemned him-
 selfe of ingratitude ; which vnnatural fault Periander
 euermore sentenced with death. But in my opinion
 if the Queen were les mercifull, the Papists would be

Her maiesties more faithful; for truly their punishment is so milde, as, by the faith of an honest man, I heard in Rome a Popish Priest, in the presence of other fugitiues, wish to be her Maiesties prisoner in the Fleet, rather than to enioy his liberty of conscience in Rome.

Willk. It is verye likely that the vnseruiceable Priest was regarded in Rome as olde dogges are with their maisters; when the date of their hanging is at hand : for I haue heard how those marked people (that holy scripture wils vs to beware of) are welcome to Rome, and no lesse rewarded of the Pope, when those that by their outward countenance promise not a rebellious spirite are entertained neither with the one nor the other.

West. You put me in remembrance of a speciall difference that I obserued in Rome, which well confirmeth your opinion, and is not impertinent to our conference. Being in Rome, Anno dommini 1580, there was presented unto the Pope a nota[b]le English shifter, who named himselfe Seamer, a one eyed person, and such a one as had abused fundry greate estates in Germanie : this man being in want, and withall vnlearned as he could hardly read English, was a futer to the Pope to be entertained into the English Seminary,

Her maiesties
mercy renowned
in Rome.

The almes of
Rome.

The disposition of
them discribed by
these examples.

and ther to be instructed in the profession of the Iesuits. He soone obtained his purpose, and with a blessing of crownes was shortly after commended to Rheames, and what there became of him I haue not heard. At the same time there came to Rome an English Gentleman, wonderfullie drunken with the zeale of the Romishe religion: he had sometimes a proper lyuing, and good store of money leste him by his father, which for the most parte he consumed in the fellowship of the Papiſts: in fine, he was enioyned by his confessor (I thinke vpon pollicye, because he hadde little leste to maynetayne him) to refrayne from the drinking of wine, and from the eating of all manner of flesh; in the execution of which pennance (for that in Italie there was smal store of fish, and no beere or ale) he was, for the moste parte, driuen to liue with bread and water: this gentleman was so strict in obeying pennance, and so deuout in the Popes holineſſe, as of a number of Papiſts he was derided, and of some other tickled, that he was a very Sainte vpon earth. But what woulde Rome and all the Seminaries of Italie doe for this ignorant and deuout gentleman?—Vnto the shame of all Papiſts I truly certifie, that with many a weary step, in the deepe of winter, he arriued at Rome: he was (not without some repining) entertained with eight daies allowance in the English

Colledge, but one daies succour aboue he could not compasse : he laboured to be admitted into the fellowship of the Iesuits; he was flatly denied, and in recompense of all his toile, charge, and zeale he was constrained to leaue Rome with a bare purse to seeke some new blinde aduenture. His vsage made me abhor the hipocrisie of Papists, and inwardly to lament the blindnesse of my poore countryman. We departed from Rome together, my selfe minding to go vnto Vennis, and he to Madona Delorata. To shoue all the follies of the man in our iorney were
A blinde deuotion. tedious, and more ridiculous : at euery two miles end there was (lightlie) a chappel, and where he found our Lady, or any other Saint, fair painted, he would there kneel down and pray ; but if the images were in bad attire, he euermore past them ouer with the salutation of his cap. Many a mile he stepped foorth of his way to reuerence some old Friers relick : at Loreto he turned their lewd lie of
The Papistes saie our Ladies house was by miracle brought from Ierusalem into Italie. our Ladyes house into English, and to purchase the Iesuits fauour he did al the dueties of a Romish Catholique ; but for all his sute they would not admit him into their society. Thus wandred he al the dead winter from religious house to religious house in Italy ; and yet, for al his pennance and straitnes of life, the poor Gent. could not gette a resting place. The reason was

as you haue faide, and I wel obserued he shewed an apparence of an ignorante zeale, and no signe of a diffentious spirit.

Walk. Wel, leaue we these dissembling Iesuits to the iustice of God, who visibly punisheth them with shame, and the most of their instruments with destruction: and now, neighbour Wilk., I pray you shewe vs what obserued you in the end of the last of these traitors.

Wilk. The last that suffered was one of the Bellamies: his countenance discovered
Jeremie Bellamy
Gent. executed. him to be a settled Papist; and as he could say little to saue his life, so at the gallows he said nothing to defend his death.

West. Although this traitor had but a dul spirit, yet it seemeth he had a malicious heart: he and his friends succoured Babington and some of his coe-mates, when feare of the lawe and shame of their odious treasons made them shrowde themselves like a Fox in the couert. And it seemeth that they were as resolute to followe the treasons of Babington, as they were ready to relieue him from the daunger of the lawe: otherwise, if this Bellamies brother had
One of the Bellamies hanged himselfe in the Tower. had an innocent conscience, he would neuer with violent handes haue hanged himselfe.

Wilk. God be praised that these rotten branches are thus cutte off; but if his prouidence preuent not

the mischiefes, it is to be feared, that of the root there wil grow many other, apt to bring foorth the fruite of publique disturbance.

Walk. In very trueth, necessitie hath made the bloody deuices of the Scottish Q. so common, as no good subiect may iustly be forbidden to deriue the cause both of forraigne and domestike conspiracies from her vnprincely heart : our sacred Q. Elizabeths mercy hath many yeares contended with a number of fearful admonitions, to preferue both the life and honor of this most vnkinde queene : when the Scottes, her own people, pursued her life and printed her defame, the Queenes Maiesty entertained her, as Augustus did his enemye Cinna : she gaue her her life, that many waies fought her own life, and was so carefull of her honour, that she forbad the bookes of her faults to be conuerfant among her english subiects, which almost in euery other nation were made vulgar. But Cinna, after three times forgiuenes, became (none so) faithfull to Augustus ; when this Scottish Queen, being three times thrife forgiuen, remained (none more) bloodily infected to Queene Elizabeth, her own hand writings her witnesfes. During the whole course of her abode in Eng., which may be properly called a protection and no imprisonment, ther is nothing more manifest then that her mallice thirsted

Bookes written
against the Scot-
tish Q. forbidden
in England.

the death of her own life. The currantes of her practises were so general as every good christian prince knew as much, and certified her Maiestie no lesse : in fine, seeing that her pretendings were not only against the person of her Maiestie, but that they also reached to the change of christian religion, some zealous members of the church of God in publique

A book long since written in French to sentence the bloody proceedings of the Q. of Scottes with death.

writing did set downe the danger of her Maiesties mercy, and in christian policy shewed, by many waighty reasons, that God deliuered the Scottish Queene vnto the sword of her iustice, as he did many idolatrous princes into the hands of the Kings of Israel : but our most gracious Queene, notwithstanding these continuall aduertismentes, with a magnanimous heart digested all this danger ; yea, she was so far from reuenge, as she yeelded not to make her subiects partakers of these forraine counsels, whom next vnder her they principally concerned : lastly, when the continuall importunities of her louing subiects, by al the estates of Parliament, tyred her Maiestie with petitions to proceede to the sentence of her own lawes, her clemency found out delay, when iustice would admit no excuse. And since she now liueth onely by the mercy of God and her maiesty, let vs leaue to iudge the determination of either.

The Lord of hostes be the protector of her

Maiestie and good subiects, who with his holy hande hetherto hath giuen her these peaceable victories so wonderfully, as al the world is occupied with the admiration thereof: and that the same God may blesse her highnesse with a long and peaceable life, I beseech you, accompany me to the church, where with thankful hearts we may praise him for many receiued benefits, and with zealous spirits humbly pray for the continuance of the same.

West. With right good will we are ready to accompany you; and God, for his sonnes sake, either turne the mindes of those that miswish her maiesty, or speedily bring them to the shame and confusion of these fourteene Traitors, that haue worthely suffered for their most odious treasons. Amen.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by RICHARD IONES, dwelling at the Signe
of the *Rose and Crowne*, nere vnto Holborne bridge.

1587.

LONDON: T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

THE publications from which we have made the following small selection of lyrical poems are all of more or less rarity, and of several only one or two copies are known.

We need not dwell upon the poetical merits of the songs; for although no names are usually attached to the words, they unquestionably came from the pens of men who were highly gifted, and who threw them off, not as elaborate productions, but generally as the effect of immediate inspiration by passion, or zealous admiration. As may be supposed, the words are generally devoted to love, but graver topics are sometimes touched very appropriately and gracefully; and what may be called the songs of mirth and hilarity are full of joyous spirit and energy. The love-songs are, in many instances, incomparable for warmth without indelicacy, and for pathos without pretence. The writers seem to have abandoned themselves to the impulse, and to the expression of the moment. Such results were not otherwise easily attainable.

It is not only not impossible, but very likely, that men such as Watson, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Jonson, Daniel, Drayton, or Wotton, allowed their scattered verses (and we know that they were scattered) to be so employed; if, indeed, they did not pur-

posely contribute these "unconsidered trifles" to the aid of their musical friends.

On going through them, we are struck by the manner in which various modern composers have excellently availed themselves of the old language of love and loyalty: the names of Horn, Hobbs, Hatton, and Phillips, must occur to recollection, as those of skilful and original musicians who have rejected the poor, sickly, and unimpassioned productions of modern times for the genuine language of the head and heart, to be found printed under the music of Lutenists of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

Here and there we may more than suspect misprints; as, for instance, on page 27, where it is probable that "grow" ought to be *blow*, and "flow" ought to be *grow*: the line, "Those cherries, &c.," seems to have been left imperfect; and though it would be easy to remedy the defect, we have not chosen to amend the old copy. On page 31, we read: "Our spanyels couple *them*," which affords very good meaning, but the rhyme requires *than* (of old used for *then*) in order to complete the stanza. In this respect, however, our ancestors were not by any means strict; they often regarded the sense more than the sound.

We may add that, not a few years ago, we were indebted to the taste and learning of Dr. Rimbault for the opportunity of making the ensuing selection, which, at the proper time, we intend to follow up with other specimens of the same kind.

J. P. C.

LYRICS
FOR
OLD LUTENISTS
IN THE REIGNS OF ELIZABETH
AND JAMES I;

*Being Specimens of the Words of Airs intended
for converted performance, and
social amusement.*



LONDON :
1863.

WORDS
FROM
MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS

BY
THOMAS CAMPION,
THOMAS MORLEY,
PHILIP ROSSETER,
MICHAEL EAST,
RICHARD ALISON,
THOMAS RAVENSCROFT,
JOHN BENNET,
THOMAS FORDE.



SONGS BY THOMAS CAMPION.*

THE RIGHTS OF BEAUTY.

GIVE Beauty all her right,
 Shée's not to one forme tyed ;
Each shape yeelds faire delight,
 Where her perfections bide :
Hellen, I grant, might pleasing be,
And Ros'mond was as sweet as shée.

Some the quicke eye commends,
 Some fwelling lips and red ;
Pale lookes have many friends,
 Through sacred sweetnesse bred :
Medowes have flowres that pleasure move,
Though Rofes are the flowres of love.

Free beauty is not bound,
 To one unmoved clime ;
She visits every ground,
 And favours every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare ;
My sov'rayne is as sweet and fayre.

* From "Two Bookes of Ayes, &c., composed by Thomas Campian.—
London. Printed by Tho. Snodham for Mathew Lownes." Folio, *n. d.*

YOU ALONE.

THERE is none, O ! none but you,
That from mee estrange your fight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view,
Or charmed eares heare with delight.

Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces finde :
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kinde.

Women in fraile beauty trust ;
Onely seeme you faire to mee ;
Yet prove truely kinde and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford mee then your sight,
That surveying all your lookes,
Endeleffe volumes I may write,
And fill the world with envyed bookes.

Which, when after ages view,
All fhall wonder, and despaire,
Woman, to finde [a] man so true,
Or man, a woman halfe so faire.

JACK AND JOAN.

JACKE and Jone they thincke no ill,
But loving live, and merry still,
Doe their weeke dayes worke, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day ;
Skip and trip it on the greene,
And helpe to chuse the Summer Queene ;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a Winter Tale ;
Climbe up to the apple loft,
And turne the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom is mother's boy :
All their pleasure is content,
And care to pay their yearely rent.

Jone can tell by name her coves,
And decke her windows with green boughes ;
Shee can wreathes and tuttyes make,
And trimme with plums a bridall cake.
Jacke knowes what brings gain or losse,
And his long flail can stoutly tosse,
Make the hedge which others breake,
And ever thinkes what he doth speake.

Now, you courtly Dames and Knights,
 That study onely strange delights,
 Though you scorne the home-spun gray,
 And revell in your rich array ;
 Though your tongues diffemble deepe,
 And can your heads from danger keepe,
 Yet, for all your pompe and traine,
 Securer lives the filly fwaine.

MORLEY'S MADRIGALS.*

THE LOVER'S IMPRECATION.

DYE now, my heart, from thy delight exiled,
 Thy loue is dead and all our hope beguiled !
 O Death ! O Death ! unkind and cruell
 To rob the world of that her fayrest jewell.
 Now shoot at me, now shoot and spare not—
 Kill me ; I care not.
 Think not, O Death ! alas, thy dart will paine me :
 Why shouldst thou here against my will retain me ?
 O heere a doleful wretches crying,
 Or I die for want of dying.

* From "Madrigals to Foure Voyces, newly published by Thomas Morley.
 —In London by Thomas Est," &c. 1594. 4to.

LOVE'S REMEDY.

IN euery place fierce Love affails mee,
And griefe doth so torment mee,
That how can joy content mee
When hope no whit at all availes mee ?
O ! gentle Love, O ! grant me leffe to grieve mee,
Or grieve me more, and griefe will foon relieve mee.

MY MISTRESS AND THE MONTHS.

APRILL is [in] my mistris face,
And July in her eyes hath place,
Within her bosome is September,
But in her heart is could December.

LYCORIS AND DORUS.

IN dew of roses steeping
Her lovely cheeks, Lycoris satt weeping.
Ah ! Dorus false, thou hast my hart bereft me,
And now unkind hast left me.
Hear, alas ! heare ! cannot my bewty move thee ?
Pittie me, then, because I love thee.

Aye me ! thou fkorntst the more I pray thee,
And this thou doest to flay mee :
But doe, then, doe ; kil mee and vaunt thee,
Yet my ghoft still shall haunt thee.

THE MORRIS DANCE.

HOE ! who comes here all along,
With bag-piping and drumming ?
O ! the Morris daunce is comming.
Come, come, ladies, come out ;
O ! come, come quickly,
And see how trim they daunce about—
How trim they daunce and trickly.

Hey ! there again, there again ;
Hey, there again, how the bells they shake it ;
Now for our town once, and take it.
Soft awhile, not so fast ; they melt them.
Piper ! Piper ! Piper be hang'd awhile :
Knave, feest not the dauncers how they fwelt them ?
Out there awhile you come :
I fay in,
There, give the hobby horse more room
To play in.

ROSSITER'S AIRS.*

LIFE AND DEATH OF A LOVER.

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love ;
And though the fager fort our deedes reprove,
Let us not way them: heav'ns great lampes do dive
Into their west, and strait again revive ;
But soone as once is set our little light,
Then must we sleepe one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love, like mee,
Then bloudie fwords and armour should not be ;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleepes should move
Unles alarme came from the campe of Love :
But fooles do live and waft their little light,
And feeke with paine their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearfe be vext with mourning friends,
But let all lovers rich in triumph come,
And with sweete pastimes grace my happie tombe ;
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crowne with love my ever-during night.

* From "A Booke of Ayres, set forth to be sung to the Lute, &c., by Philip Roffeter, Lutenist, &c. At Lonond. (*sc*). Printed by Peter Short, assent of Thomas Morley. 1601." Folio.

LOVE AND REPENTANCE,

My love hath vowd hee will forfake mee,
And I am already fped :
Far other promife did he make mee
When he had my maidenhead.
If fuch danger be in playing,
And fport muft to earnest turne,
I will go no more a maying.

Had I forefeene what is enfued,
And what now with paine I prove,
Unhappie then I had efchewed
This unkind event of love :
Maides foreknow their owne undooing,
But feare naught till all is done,
When a man alone is wooing.

Diffembling wretch ! to gaine thy pleasure,
What didft thou not vow and fweare ?
So didft thou rob me of the treafure,
Which fo long I held fo deare :
Now, thou prov'ft to me a ftranger,
Such is the vile guife of men,
When a woman is in danger.

That hart is neereft to misfortune
That will trust a fained toong :

When flattring men our loves importune,
They entend us deepest wrong.
If this shame, of loves betraying,
But this once I clearely shun,
I will go no more a maying.

COME AWAY, MY DARLING.

WHAT, then, is love but mourning,
What desire, but selfe burning,
Till she that hates doth love returne ?
Thus will I mourne,
Thus will I sing,
Come away, come away, my darling !

Beautie is but a blooming,
Youth in his glorie entombing ;
Time hath a while which none can stay.
Then, come away,
While thus I sing,
Come away, come away, my darling !

Sommer in winter fadeth,
Glomie night heav'nly light shadeth :

Like to the morne are Venus flowers,
Such are her howers :
Then will I fmg,
Come away, come away, my darling !

PAIN THE ONLY ILL.

WHETHER men doe laugh or weepe,
Whether they doe wake or sleepe,
Whether they die yoong or olde,
Whether they feele heate or colde,
There is underneath the funne
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest ;
None are worft and none are beft ;
Griefe and joy, and hope and feare,
Play their pageants every where.
Vain opinion all doth fway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in cloudes doe fit
Mocking our poore apish wit,
That fo lamely, with fuch ftate,
Their high glorie imitate.
No ill can be felt but paine,
And that happie men difdaine.

BLIND LOVE AND FORTUNE.

SHALL, then, a traiterous kis, or a fmile,
All my delights unhappily beguile ?
Shall the vow of fayned love receive so ritch regard,
When true service dies neglected, and wants his due
reward ?

Deedes meritorious foone be forgot,
But one offence no time can ever blot.
Every day it is renued, and every night it bleedes,
And with bloody streames of sorrow drownes all our
better deedes.

Beautie is not by desert to be woon ;
Fortune hath all that is beneath the funne ;
Fortune is the guide of Love, and both of them be
blind :
All their ways be full of errors, which no true fecte
can find.

LOVE AND REASON.

AND would you fain the reason know
Why my fad eies so often flow ?
My heart ebs joy when they doe so,
And loves the moone by whom they go.

And will you aske why pale I looke ?
Tis not with poring on my booke :
My mistris cheeke my bloud hath tooke,
For her mine owne hath me forfooke.

Doe not demaund why I am mute ;
Loves silence doth all speech confute :
They set the noat, then tune the lute :
Harts frame their thoughts, then toongs their fuit.

Doe not admire why I admire ;
My fever is no others fire :
Each severall heart hath his desire,
Els prooffe is false, and truth a liar.

If why I love you should see cause,
Love should have forme like other lawes ;
But fancie pleads not by the clawes :
Tis as the fea, still vext with flawes.

No fault upon my love espie,
For you perceive not with my eie :
My palate to your tast may lie,
Yet please it selfe deliciously.

Then, let my sufferance be mine owne ;
Sufficeth it these reasons showne :
Reason and Love are ever knowne
To fight, till both be overthrowne.

WOMAN'S FALSEHOOD.

IF I urge my kinde desires,
She unkind doth them reject :
Womens hearts are painted fires,
To deceive them that affect.
I alone loves fires include,
Shee alone doth them delude.

Shee hath often vow'd her love,
But alas! no fruit I finde :
That her fires are false I prove ;
Yet in her no fault I finde :
I was thus unhappy borne,
And ordain'd to be her scorne.

Yet, if humane care or paine
May the heavenly order change,
She will hate her owne disdaine,
And repent she was so strange ;
For a truer heart then I
Never liv'd, or lov'd to die.

THE IDEA OF HER SEX.

AND would you see my Mistris' face ?
It is a flowrie garden place,

Where knots of beauties have such grace,
That all is worke, and no where space.

It is a fweete delicious morne,
Where day is breeding, never borne ;
It is a meadow yet unshorne,
Whome thoufand flowers do adorne.

It is the heavens bright reflexe,
Weake eies to dazle and to vexe ;
It is th' Idea of her fexe,
Envie of whome doth world perplexe.

It is a face of death that fmiles,
Pleafing, though it killes the whiles ;
Where Death and Love in pretie wiles
Each other mutuallie beguiles.

It is faire beautie's freſheſt youth,
It is the fain'd Elizium's truth,
The ſpring that winter'd harts renu'th ;
And this is that my foule purfu'th.

THE MURDERED LOVER.

WHEN thou muſt home to ſhades of under-ground,
And there arriv'd, a newe admired gueſt,
The beautious ſpirits do ingirt thee round,
While Iope, blith Helen, and the reſt,

To heare the stories of thy finisht love
From that smoothe tongue whose musicke hell
can move.

Then wilt thou speake of banqueting delights,
Of masks and revels which sweete youth did make,
Of turnies and great challenges of knights ;
And all these triumphs for thy beautie's sake.
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O ! tell, how thou didst murder mee.

PROSERPINE'S REVENGE.

HARKE, all you ladies that do sleep !
The fayry queen, Proserpina,
Bids you awake and pitie them that weep.
You may do in the darke
What the day doth forbid :
Feare not the dogs that barke ;
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers mone,
The Fairie Queene, Proserpina,
Will send abroad her Fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blew
Your white hands and faire armes,
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours harmes.

In myrtle arbours on the downes,
The Fairie Queene, Proserpina,
This night by moonshine leading merry rounds,
Holds a watch with sweet Love :
Downe the dale, up the hill,
No plaints or groanes may move
Their holy vigill.

All you that will hold watch with Love,
The Fairy Queene, Proserpina,
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove.
Roses red, lillies white,
And the clear damaske hue
Shall on your cheekes alight :
Love will adorn you.

All you that love, or lov'd before,
The Fairie Queene, Proserpina,
Bids you encrease that loving humour more :
They that have not fed
On delight amorous,
She vowes that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus.

THE JUST MAN.

THE man of life upright,
Whose guilelesse hart is free
From all dishonest deedes,
Or thought of vanitie ;

The man whose silent dayes
In harmles joyes are spent,
Whome hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needes neither towers
Nor armour of defence,
Nor secret vautes to flie
From thunder's violence.

Hee onely can behold
With unafrighted eyes
The horrors of the deepe,
And terrours of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heav'n his booke,
His wifedome heavenly things.

Good thoughts his onely friendes,
 His wealth a well-spent age ;
 The earth his sober inne,
 And quiet pilgrimage.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.

THE fypres curten of the night is spread,
 And over all a filent dew is cast ;
 The weaker cares by sleepe are conquered,
 And I alone, with hideous grief agast,
 In spite of Morpheus charmes, I watch doe keepe
 Over mine eyes, to banish carelesse sleepe.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintnes close,
 And then the mappe of Hell before me stands,
 Which Ghosts doe see ; and I am one of those
 Ordain'd to pine in sorrowes endles bands ;
 Since from my wretched foule all hopes are reft,
 And now no cause of life to me is left.

Griefe ceaze my foule, for that will still endure
 When my cras'd bodie is consum'd and gone :
 Beare it to thy blacke denne, there keepe it fure,
 Where thou ten thousand foules doest tyre upon,
 Yet all doe not affoord such foode to thee
 As this poore one, the worfer part of mee.

COLD CUPID.

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be :
The kindly heate unto my heart is flowne,
To cherish it that is dismaid by thee,
Who art so cruell and so steedfast growne ;
For nature, call'd for by distressed harts,
Neglects, and quite forfakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheekes with careles blood are stain'd,
Nurse not one sparke of love within their harts,
And when they woe, they speake with passion fain'd,
For their fat love lyes in their outward parts ;
But in their breasts, where Love his court should hold,
Poore Cupid sits and blowes his nailes for cold.

CUPID'S FIRE.

MISTRIS, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupid's fire,
In your faire shrine that flame doth rest,
Yet never harbour'd in your breast.
It bides not in your lips so sweete,
Nor where the rose and lillies meete,
But a little higher,
There, there, O ! there lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starrie pearching eyes,
There Cupid's sacred fire lyes :
Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,
For they have power to destroy :
Nor woe I for a smile or kisse ;
So meanely triumphs not my blisse,
But a little higher
I climbe to crowne my chaste desire.

BEAUTY WHEN BEAUTEILESS.

THOU art not faire for all thy red and white,
For all those rosie ornaments in thee :
Thou art not sweet, though made of meer delight ;
Nor faire nor sweet, unlesse thou pitie mee.
I will not sooth thy fancies : thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beautie without love.

Yet love not me, nor seeke thou to allure
My thoughts with beautie were it more devine :
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure ;
I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.
Now shew it, if thou be a woman right ;
Embrace and kisse, and love me in despite.

JAMY AND BESSIE.

It fell on a fommer's day,
While fweete Bessie sleeping lay,
In her bower, on her bed
Light with curtaines shadowed,
Jamy came : shew him spies,
Op'ning halfe her heavie eies.

Jamy stole in through the dore ;
She lay slumb'ring as before :
Softly to her he drew neere ;
She heard him, yet would not heare.
Bessie vow'd not to speake,
He resolv'd that dumpe to breake.

First a soft kisse he doth take ;
She lay still, and would not wake :
Then his hands learn'd to woo ;
She dreamp't not what he would doo,
But still slept ; while he smil'd,
To see love by sleepe beguil'd.

Jamy then began to play :
Bessie as one buried lay,
Gladly still, through this sleight,
Deceiv'd in her owne deceit.
And, since this traunce begoon,
She sleepest ev'rie afternoone.

LOVE AND A LUTE.

WHEN to her lute Corinna fings,
 Her voice revives the leaden fringes,
 And doth in higheft noates appeare,
 As any challeng'd eccho cleere ;
 But when ſhe doth of mourning ſpeake,
 Even with her fighes the ſtrings do breake.

And as her lute doth live or die,
 Led by her paſſion, ſo muſt I ;
 For when of pleaſure ſhe doth ſing,
 My thoughts enjoy a ſodaine ſpring ;
 But if ſhe doth of forrow ſpeake,
 Ev'n from my hart the ſtrings doe breake.

MADRIGALS BY MICHAEL EST.*

THE LADY OF THE MAY.

IN the merry month of May,
 In a morne by breake of day,

* From "Madrigals to 3, 4, and 5 parts. Newly compoſed by Michael Eſte.—In London Printed by Thomas Eſte. 1604."

Foord I walked by the wood side,
Wheras May was in her pride ;
There I spy'd Philliday and Coridon.
Much adoe there was, God wot :
He wold love, and she would not.
She sayd, never man was true ;
He fayd, none was false to you ;
He faid, he had lov'd her long,
She faid, love should have no wrong.

Coridon would kisse her then :
She sayd, Mayds must kisse no men,
Till they did for good and all.
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witnes truth,
Never lov'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as feely shepherds use,
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which long had been deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Philliday, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

LOVE'S RIDDLE.

THE Spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung ;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be greene ;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young ;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seene.
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun ;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

FAREWELL TO HOPE.

YE restless cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my joyes in foulds of endlesse woes,
Tire on my hart, and wound it with your spight,
Since Love and Fortune prove my equall foes.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome, sweet griefe, the subject of my laies.

NIGHT AND DAY.

JOYE of my life, that hath my love in hould,
Vouchsafe to read these lines my hart doth send ;
And having read, some pittie, deere, unfould
'To these sad abstracts drawing to their end.
Let those sweet eies that stellafie the light,
Show equall power, and dayefie my night.

ALISON'S HOUR'S RECREATION.*

UNCERTAINTY.

THE sturdie rock, for al his strenght,
By raging seas is rent in twaine ;
The marble stone is pearst at length
With little drops of drifling raine.
The oxen doth yeelde unto the yoke,
The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stoute,
By yelping hounds at bay is fet ;
The swiftest bird that flies about
At length is caught in fowler's net ;
The greatest fish in deepest brooke
Is soone deceiv'd with subtle hooke.

HONEST LOVE.

REST with yourselves, you vaine and idle braines,
Which youth and age in lewdest lust bestow,
And find out fraudes, and use ten thousand traines
To win the foyle where nought but sin doth grow.

* From "An Howres Recreation in Musicke, &c. by Richard Alifon.—
London Printed by John Windet, the assigne of William Barley, &c. 1606."

And live with me, you chaste and honest mindes,
Which do your life in lawfull love employ,
And know no fleighes, but friends for vertue findes,
And loath that lust which doth the foule destroy.

For lust is fraile, where love is ever found,
Lust outward sweet, but inward bitter gall ;
A shop of showes, where no good ware is found,
Nor like to love, where honest faith is all.

So that is lust where fancy ebs and flowes,
And hates and loves as beauty dyes and growes ;
And this is love, where friendship firmly stands
On vertues rock, and not on sinfull sands.

WIT AND WILL.

THOUGH wit bids will to blow retreate,
Will cannot work as wit would wish :
When that the roch doth taste the bait,
Too late to warne the hungrie fish.
When cities burn on fiery flame,
Great rivers scarce may quench the same :
If will and fancie be agreede,
Too late for wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift
To follow will, and leave the wit :

The wanton horse that runs too swift
May well be stayed upon the bit ;
But checke a horse amid his race,
And out of doubt you mar his pace,
Though wit and reason doth men teach
Never to clime above their reach.

CHERRY RIPE.

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow,
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherrie ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries &c. (*ficc*)
Of orient pearle a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They looke like rose buds fild with snow.
Yet them no peere nor prince may buy,
Till cherrie ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Thretning with piercing powers to kil

All that aproch, with eye or hand,
Theſe ſacred cherries to come nie,
Till cherrie ripe themſelves do crie.

RAVENSCROFT'S DISCOURSE.*

THE SERVANT TO HIS MISTRIS.

My miſtris is as faire as fine,
Milk-white fingers, cherry noſe ;
Like twinckling day-ſtarres looke her eyne,
Lightning all thinges where ſhe goes :
Faire as Phœbe, though not ſo fickle,
Smooth as glaſſe, though not ſo bricke.

My heart is like a ball of ſnowe,
Melting at her luke-warme fight ;
Her fiery lips like night-worms glowe,
Shining cleere as candle-light.
Neat ſhe is, no feather lighter,
Bright ſhe is, no dazie whiter.

* From Thomas Ravenscroft's "Briefe Discourſe of the true (but neglected) uſe of Charactering the Degrees, &c. London, Printed by Edward Allde for Tho. Adams. 1614." 4to. It is ſtated that ſome of the airs are by John Bennet, and others by Ravenscroft. The titles are from the old copy.

THE MISTRIS OF HER SERVANT.

LOVE for fuch a cherry lip
Would be glad to pawne his arrowes :
Venus heere to take a fip
Would fell her doves and teame of fparrowes :
But fhee fhall not fo :
Hey no, nony no ;
None but I this lip muſte owe.
Hey nony, nony no.

Did Jove fee this wanton eye,
Ganimed would wayte no longer ;
Phebe heere one night to lye
Would change her face, and looke much yonger :
But fhee fhall not foe :
Hey no, nony no ;
None but I this lip muſt owe.
Hey nony, nony no.

THE URCHIN'S DAUNCE.

By the moon we fport and play ;
With the night begins our day :
As we frisk the dew doth fall ;
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three ;
And about go we !

THE FAYRIES DAUNCE.

DARE you haunt our hallowed greene ?
None but Fayries heere are feene.
 Downe and sleepe,
 Wake and weepe :
Pinch him black and pinch him blew,
That feekes to steale a lover true.
When you come to hear us fing,
Or to tread our fayrie ring,
Pinch him black and pinch him blew,
O ! thus our nayles shall handle you.

FOR THE HEARNE AND DUCKE.

LUER, Faulkners, luer !
 Give warning to the field :
Let flye ! let flye !
 Make mounting Hearnnes to yeilde.

Dye, fearfull Duckes,
 And climbe no more so high.
The Nyas Hawke
 Will kisse the azure skie ;
But when our foare Hawkes flye,
 And stiffe windes blowe,
Then, long to late we Faulkners crye
 Hey lo ! hey lo ! hey lo !

A HAWKES-UP, FOR A HUNTS UP.

AWAKE! awake!
The day doth break;
Our spaniels couple them.
Our hawkes shall flye
Lowe, meane, or high,
And trusse it, if they can.
Hey trolly, lolly ly lo!

Then rise, arise!
For Phœbus dies
In golde the dawne of day;
And coveyes lye
In fields hard by:
Then, sing we care away.
Hey trolly, lolly, ly lo!

A HUNTS UP.

THE birds they sing,
The deare they fling;
Hey nony, nony no!
The hounds they crye,
The hunters they flye,
Hey trolilo, trolilo!

Cho. The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up!

The wood refounds
To heere the hounds ;
Hey nony, nony no !
The rocks report
This merry fport,
Hey trolilo, trolilo !

Cho. The hunt is up, &c.

Then hye apace
Unto the chafe,
Hey nony, nony no !
Whilft every thing
Doth sweetly fmg,
Hey trolilo, trolilo !

Cho. The hunt is up, &c.

TOSS THE POT.

WE take no thought, we have no care,
For ftill we fpend and never spare ;
Till of all money our purfe is bare,
We ever toffe the pot.

Cho. Toffe the pot, toffe the pot ! let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

We drinke caroufe with hart moft free,
A harty draught I drinke to thee ;

Then, fill the pot againe to me,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our mony is all spent,
Then sell our goods, and spend our rent,
Or drinke it up with one consent,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

When all is gone, we have no more ;
Then let us set it on the score,
Or chalke it up behinde the dore,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our credit is all lost,
Then may we goe and kisse the post,
And eate browne bread in steed of rost,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

Let us conclude as we began,
And tosse the pot from man to man,
And drinke as much now as we can,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, tosse the pot ! let us be merry,
And drinke 'till our cheekes be as red as a
cherry.

DRINKING SONG.

TRUDGE away quickly, and fill the black bole
Devoutly as long as we bide.
Now, welcome, good fellowes, both strangers and all,
Let madnes and mirth set sadnes aside.
Of all reckonings I love good cheere
With honest folkes in company,
And when drinke comes my part to beare,
For still, me thinks, one tooth is drye.

Love is pastime for a king,
If one be feene in phisnomie ;
But I love well this pot to wring,
For still, me thinks, one tooth is drie.

Maisters, this is all my desire ;
I would no drinke should passe us by :
Let us now sing and mend the fier,
For still, me thinkes, one tooth is drie.

Mr. Butler, give us a taste
Of your best drinke so gently ;
A jugge or twaine, and make no waste,
For still, me thinkes, one tooth is drie.

Mr. Butler, of this take part ;
Ye love good drinke as well as I ;

And drinke to mee with all your hart,
For still, me thinks, one tooth is drie.
Cho. Trudge away quickly, &c.
Now welcome, good fellowes, &c.

FORDE'S MUSIC OF SUNDRY KINDS.*

THE CHANGE.

Now I see thy lookes were fained,
Quickly lost and quickly gained.
Soft thy skin as wool of wethers,
Hart unconstant, light as feathers ;
Tongue untrusty, subtle foughted,
Wanton will, with change delighted.
Syren pleafant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Of thine eye I made my mirror,
From thy beauty came my error,
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy sighes I deemed pittie :

* From "Muficke of fundrie Kindes, set forth in two Bookes. Compos'd by Thomas Forde.—Imprinted at London by John Windet. 1607." Folio.

Thy false teares, that me agreeved,
First of all my trust deceived.

Syren pleasant, &c.

Faine acceptance when I asked,
Lovely words with cunning masked ;
Holy vowe, but hart unholy :
Wretched man ! my trust was folly ;
Lilly white, and pretty winking,
Sollemne vowe, but forrie thinking.

Syren pleasant, &c.

Now I fee, O, seemely cruell !
Others warme them at my fuell.
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Since in love is no assurance :
Change thy pasture, take thy pleasure ;
Beauty is a fading treasure.

Syren pleasant, &c.

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,
And make white those tresses yellow ;
Wrinkled face for looks delightfull
Shall acquaint the dame despitefull,
And when time shall date thy glorie,
Then, too late, you will be sorry.

Syren pleasant, &c.

LOVE RENOUNCED.

WHAT, then, is Love, sings Coridon,
Since Phillida is growne so coy ?
A flattring glasse to gaze upon,
A busie jest, a serious toy ;
A flowre still budding, never blown,
A scantie dearth in fullest store ;
Yeelding least fruite where most is sowne :
My dalie note shall be therefore,
Heigho, heigho ! ch'ill love no more.

Tis like a morning dewie rose
Spread fairely to the suns arise,
But when his beames he doth disclose,
That which then flourishd quickly dies :
It is a selfe-fed dying hope,
A promise blisse, a falseleffe fore,
An aimeleffe marke, an erring scope,
My dailie note shall be therefore,
Heigh ho ! &c.

Tis like a lampe, shining to all
Whilst in it selfe it doth decay ;
It seemes to free whome it doth thrall,
And leades our pathleffe thoughts astray.
It is the spring of wintred harts,

Parcht by the summers heate before,
 Faint hope to kindly hope converts :
 My daily note shall be therefore,
 Heigh ho ! &c.

BEAUTY'S SHRINE.

UNTO the temple of thy beauty,
 And to the tombe where pittie lies,
 I, pilgrime, clad with zeale and duty,
 Do offer uppe my hart, mine eyes.
 My hart, loe ! in the quenchleffe fire
 On Love's burning altar lies,
 Conducted thither by desire
 To be beauties sacrifice.

But pittie on thy fable herse
 Mine eyes the teares of forrow shed :
 What though teares cannot fate reverse,
 Yet are they duties to the dead.
 O mistresse ! in thy sanctuarie
 Why wouldst thou suffer cold disdaine
 To use his frozen crueltie,
 And gentle pittie to be flaine ?

Pittie that to thy beauty fled,
 And with thy beauty should have liv'de,

Ah! in thy hart lies buried,
And never more may be reviv'de.
Yet this last favour, deare, extend
To accept these vowes, these teares I shed,
Duties which I, thy pilgrime, fend
To beauty living, pittie dead.

LOVE TILL DEATH.

THERE is a ladie, sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleasde my mind!
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her jesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voyce, my hart beguiles,
Beguiles my hart, I know not why;
And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behaviour, winning lookes,
Will make a lawyer burne his bookes:
I toucht her not, alas! not I,
And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt my armes,
Judge you, that thinke such sports were harmes,

Wert any harm ? no, no, fie fie !
For I will love her till I die.

Should I remaine confined there
So long as Phebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to denie,
Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged, and doth range
Her countrie, so my love doth change ;
But change she earth, or change she skie,
Yet will I love her till I die.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

NOT full twelve yeeres twice told a wearie breath
I have exchanged for a wished death.
My course was short, the longer is my rest,
God takes them soonest, whom he loveth best ;
For he thats borne to day, and dies tomorrow,
Loseth some dayes of mirth, but months of sorrow.
Why feare we deth, that cures our sicknesse,
Author of rest and end of all distres ?
Other misfortunes often come to grieve us ;
Deth strikes but once, and that stroke doth relieve us.

A MISTRESS DESCRIBED.

How shall I, then, describe my love,
When all mens skilfull arte
Is far inferior to her worth,
To praise th'unworthiest part ?

She's chaste in looks, mild in her speech,
In actions all discreet,
Of nature loving, pleasing most,
In virtue all compleate.

And for her voyce a Philomel,
Her lips may all lips skorne ;
No funne more cleare then is her eye
In brightest summer morne.

A mind wherein all vertues rest,
And take delight to be,
And where all vertues graft themselves
In that most fruitfull tree.

A tree that India doth not yeeld,
Nor ever yet was seene ;
Where buds of vertue alwaies spring,
And all the yeare growe greene.

That countries blest wherein the growes,
And happie is that rocke
From whence the springs; but happiest he
That grafts in such a stocke.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS is a tract for which literary antiquaries were many years in search: a copy of it, perhaps the one we have used, and certainly the only one with which we are acquainted, was employed by Dr. Whitaker in his "*Loidis and Elmete*," fo., Lond., 1816; but he omitted a full third of it, did not observe the old spelling, and changed part of the original language. We give it entire, because the earlier portion relates to, and materially illustrates, one of the dramas imputed to Shakespeare. The later portion refers to a different and a deliberate murder.

Although the "*Yorkshire Tragedy*" was published in 1608 with Shakespeare's name on the forefront, and although many critics have held that the language proves the authorship, it has never been included in any edition of his works. There is, we are confident, nearly as firm ground for ascribing the "*Yorkshire Tragedy*" to our great dramatist, as for assigning to him "*Pericles*" or "*The Two Noble Kinsmen*;" yet "*Pericles*" has generally been published with "*The Tempest*," "*Macbeth*," etc.; and the "*Two Noble Kinsmen*" has never been inserted in any re-impression of the productions of Beaumont and Fletcher, without the information that Shakespeare also had a share in it.

We are to bear in mind that the "*Yorkshire Tragedy*" has reached us, like many other plays, in a comparatively mutilated state; and that, as it was one of four distinct dramas acted on the same day, the author himself may have abbreviated it as much as was consistent with his views, while other portions may have been omitted by performers or printers: the opening scene (which, we imagine, was, for the sake of dispatch, by another hand) has been so reduced in its proportions, as in parts

to be scarcely intelligible ; it fits on to the rest most clumsily and defectively. It will be seen that the drama and our tract correspond remarkably ; but we do not trace any such particular coincidences of expression, as to lead us to suppose that the narrative was founded upon the play. That narrative is full of proofs of the haste with which it was put together and printed, although it was not entered at Stationers' Hall until some months after the sad occurrence, to which Stow's continuator and others allude. It happened on St. George's Day 1605 : Malone, (*Suppl.* ii. 631) referring to Stow, erroneously fixes it a year earlier.

Of a ballad, and a pamphlet, called "The Arraignment, &c. of Mr. Calverley," which were recorded in the Registers of the Stationers' Company about the same date as the tract, we can say nothing : their existence is not now known ; but, considering how unexpectedly such productions are sometimes brought to light, we do not despair of recovering them. We suspect that they were entered so long after the catastrophe to which they relate (*viz.*, in July and August, 1605), because there had been some unwillingness on the part of the literary licensers to shock public or private feeling by authorising the circulation of the story through the medium of street-performers.

The drama was not licensed until 2nd May 1608, possibly on account of difficulties often put in the way of publishers in obtaining theatrical manuscripts ; but we may feel sure that it was acted at the Globe Theatre very soon after the unhappy news reached London ; and the suppression of all names in it is one indication of the fact : they are supplied in the following pages, but for Caverley we must throughout read *Calverley*.

J. P. C.

■ Two most vnnaturall and bloodie Murthers :

The one by *Maister Cauerley*, a York-
shire Gentleman, practised vpon his wife,
and committed vpon his two Children,
the three and twentie of Aprill
1605.

The other, by *Mistris Browne*, and her seruant
Peter, vpon her husband, who were executed
in Lent last past at Bury in Suffolke.
1605.



Printed at London by V. S. for Nathanael Butter
dwelling in Paules churchyard neare Saint
Austens gate. 1605.

Maister *Cauerleys* unnaturall and
bloudie murther, practised vpon his
wife, and committed vpon *his children*.

THERE hath happened of late within the countie
of Yorke, not farre from Wakefield, a murther
so detestable, that were it not it desires record for
example sake, humanitie could wish it rather vtterly
forgot, then any Christian heart shuld tremble with
the remembrance of it.

Within this county was bred a gentleman, one
M. *Cauerly* of *Cauerly*, a man whose parents were
such, as left him seuen or eight hundred pounds a
yeare, to enrich his hopes, cherish his content, and
make him fortunate. His father dying before he had
reacht the yeares of priuilege, during his nonage he
was warde to a most noble and worthy gentleman in
this land; in all which time his course of life did pro-
mise so much good, that there was a commendable
grauity appeared euen in his youth. He being of this
hope, vertuous in his life, and worthy by his birth,
was fought vnto by many gallant gentlemen, and
desired that he would vnite his fortune into their
families, by matching himselfe to one and the cheife
of their daughters.

Among which number it happened, being once inuited for such a purpose (a welcome guest) to an antient gentleman of cheefe note in his country, (hee came) where in short time was such an interchangeable affection, shot in by two paire of eies to one paire of heartes, that this gentlemans best beloued daughter was by priuate assurance made Maister *Cauerleys* best beloued wife : nor could it bee kept so clofe betweene the paire of louers (for loue will discover itselfe in louing lookes) but it came to the fathers knowledge, who with a natural ioy was contented with the contract ; yet in regard Maister *Cauerleys* yeeres could not discharge his honourable gardian had ouer him, the father thought it meete (though the louers could haue wished it otherwaies) to lengthen their desired haste, till time should finish a fit howre to solemnize their happy wedlocke. Maister *Cauerley* hauing spent some time there in decent recreation, much abroad, and more at home with his new Mistresse, at last he bethought himselfe that his long stay made him long looked for at London. And hauing published his intended departure, the father thought it conuenient, though the vertuous gentlewoman danced a loth to depart upon his contracted lips. Maister *Cauerley* came to London, and whether concealing his late contract from his honorable gardian, or forgetting his priuate and

publicke vowes, or both, I know not, but Time, mother of alterations, had not fanned ouer many daies, but hee had made a new bargaine, knit a new marriage knot, and was husband by all matrimoniall rites to a curteous gentlewoman, and neere by marriage to that honourable personage to whom he was ward.

Rumor, with his thousand tongues and ten thousand feete, was not long in trauel before hee had deliuered this distasted meffage to his first Mistresse cares, who, looking for a more louely commendations, and hauing hearde but part of that, such as truely it was, the winde of her sighes had so raised vp the tide of her teares, that shee clipped the report, ere it could bee tolde out, into many peeces. And as she would still faine haue asked this question (Is it so indeede?), shee was faine to make vp her distracted fillables with the letters of her eyes. This gentlewoman, Maister *Cauerleys* wife (if vowes may make a wife) tooke, with an inward consideration, so to heart this vniust wrong, that exercising her howres onely in continual forrow, shee brought her selfe to a consumption; who so plaide the insulting tyrant ouer her vnblemished beautie, that the ciuill contention dwelt in her face of white and redde was turned to a death like paleness; and all her artires wherein the spirite of life mixed with blood doth runne, like giddie subiectes in the empire of her bodie, greedie

of innouation, tooke such vngentle parte with this forraigne vsurper, that where health before was her peaceable foueraigne, now distracted sicknes and feeble weaknesse were her vntimely conquerors: yet vnder this yoake of griefe shee so patiently indured that, though she had great reason, a foundation whereon she might haue build arguments to haue curst his proceedings, and where others would haue contrasted fillables both of reproach and re-proofe agaynst him, shee onely married these letters together: I intreate of God to grant both prosperous health and fruitfull wealth to him and his, though I am sicke for his sake.

But to Maister *Cauerley*, who hauing finished this wrong to this gentlewoman, and begun too much distresse to her that he married (as too soone appeared): for though the former, conquerd by the gentleness of her nature, forgaue his fault, yet reuenge being alwaies in Gods hand, thus it fel.

This gentleman had not liued many months with his wife, but he was so altered in disposition from that which he was, and so short from the perfection which he had, as a body dying is of a life flourishing: and where before his thoughts onely studied the relish of vertue and her effects, his actions did now altogether practise the vnprofitable taste of vice, and her fruites.

For though he were a man of so good reueneue as before, hee continued his expence in such exceeding riot, that he was forced to morgage his lands, run in great debts, entangle his friends by being bound for him, and in short time so weakened his estate, that, hauing not wherewithal to carry that port which before he did, he grew into a discontent, which so fwaide in him, hee would sit fullenly, walke melancholy, bethinking continually, and with steddily lookes naid to the ground, seeme astonisht that when his wife would come to desire the cause of his sadnesse, and intreate to be a willing partner in his sorrow ; for,

*Consortium rerum omnium inter nos
Facit amicitia,*

hee would eyther fitte still without giuing her an aunswer, or rising vppe, depart from her with these wordes : A plague on thee ! thou art the cause of my sadnesse. The gentlewoman, which without question this report is true of, neuer so much as in thought offended him, and hauing beene sundry times cursed without cause, once came to him, and making hir teares parlee with her words, she thus intreated him : Sir, maister *Cauerley*, I beseech you by the mutuall league of loue which should be betwixt vs, by the vowes we made together, both before and at our marriage, and by that God that registers our thoughts, tell me what I haue done, the remembrance of which

should afflict you, or what I may do that might content you : as you desire the three louely boyes you haue beene father vnto should grow vp and make your name liue in your country, acquaint me with your griefes ; and what a wife can shew to manifest her loue to her husband, shal be perfected in me. Maister *Cauerley*, fixing himselfe with a stedy eie vpon her, at last delivered this : I now want money, and thou must help me.

O ! Master *Cauerley* (quoth she), though God and your selfe know I am no cause of your want, yet what I haue to supply you, either in iewels or rings, I pray you take ; and I beseech you, as you are a gentleman, and by the loue you should beare to your children, although you care not for me, looke back a little into your estate, and restraine this great floud of your expense before your house be vtterly ouerthrowne. You know, sir (quoth she), your land is morgaged already, your selfe otherwise greatly in debt, some friends of yours that are bound for you like to be vndone. But, as she would haue gone forward, hee cut her off with these wordes : Base strumpet ! (whom thogh I married I neuer loued) shall my pleasure be confined by your wil ? If you and your bastards be in want, either beg, or retire to your friends, my humor shal haue the auntient scope. Thy rings and iewels I wil sel, and as voluntarie

spend them, as when I was in the best of my estate. The good gentlewomans eyes being drawne full of water with these wordes made him no other replie but this: Sir, your will be done. But he fled on in this vehemencie of bloud: I protest by heauen, I will euer hereafter lothe thee, and neuer lie with thee, til thou giue thy consent thy dowrie shall be folde to maintaine my pleasure, and leaue thy-selfe and children destitute of maintenance. Sir, (answered she) in al this I will be a wife: what in all this the law will allow me to doe, you shall commaund. See thou doost it (quoth he), for no longer then I am full of money shalt thou partake from me a taste of kindnesse.

Mistresse *Cauerley*, going forward with this intent to sell away her dowrie, was sent for vp to London by that honorable friend whose neece she was, and whose ward he had beene; who hauing heard of her husbands prodigall course, at her comming vp, began to question her about her estate, and whether he bore himselfe as a husband should do in familiar loue to her? The gentlewoman, though she knew how desperate his estate was, and her tongue coulde too well haue tolde his vnkindnesse, she answered both thus: For my husbandes estate, I make no doubt but it is in the same height his father left it to him; but for our loue one to another, I am assured, and I

prayse God for it, wee liue like *Abraham* and *Sarah*, he louing to me, I obedient to him.

Howsoeuer, (answered this honourable friend) your words are an ornament a good wife should haue, and you seeke to shadow the blemishes his actions haue cast vpon his life : let this suffice you ; I know of his prodigal course, I know how his land is all, or the most part of it, morgaged, himselfe in debt to manie ; yet censuring these infirmities to proceede of no other cause, but from the rash heate of youth, which will in time, no doubt, be suppressed by experience ; and for that I beleeeue your words be true, and am glad to heare of his kindnes toward you, I will take such order for him, as hee shall continue still master *Cauerley*, in the same degree, or better, than ere his ancestors were in *Yorkeshire* : and at your returne to certifie him withall, that he hasten vp to Court. Nor let the feare of his Creditors abridge his comming vp, for I will protect him, both from them, and also prouide some place in Court for him, wherein he shall finde I am his honourable kinsman.

The good gentlewoman was so stricke with ioy at this comfortable promise, that she was scarce able to speake out her duetifull thanks. And thinking her husband would be satisfied with this preferment, hoping that kindnes would be contracted again betwixt them, and assuring her selfe there would be

now no neede to make sale of her dowrie, (for that was also a part of her busines) hauing taken leaue of her honourable kinsman, she returned toward *Cauerley*.

During this her absence, master *Cauerley* maintained his accustomed habite, and indeede grew from bad to worse: for mischiefe is of that nature, that it can not stand, but by strengthening of one euill with an other, and so multiply in it selfe vntil it come vnto the highest, and then falles with his owne weight. So Maister *Cauerley* being giuen to excesse, rioting, as dicing, drinking, reuelling, and, it is thought, etc., fed one euil with another, and in such continuall vse, that his body was not in temper without the exercise of sinne: for who knowes not, *sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus?* so, without money pleasure will hardly be maintained.

And this gentleman, hauing now made wracke of his estate, and finding himselfe not able to maintaine his pleasure, when his desire was as great as before (for pleasure being once delightfull vnto the memorie, is as hard to be resisted as madnesse) first he fel into a hatred with his wife, and in this her absence to such a loathing of his children, that in what company foeuer hee had happened, he could not containe his rage, but would openly proclaime his wife was a strumpet, his children were bastardes. And although

theyr marriage was made by honourable perfonages, her felfe nobly defcended, from the firft houre hee embraced her to that very minute hee didde loathe her. Some would mildely perfwade him from this phrenfie, others would courteoufly reprooue him, faying, It was not fitte. And all, whose modeftie thought it vnmeete to meddle betwixt man and wife, knowing her vertuous life, didde vtterly condemne him.

But hee continued this publication in all places where he came ; and at one, among the number, there happened a Gentleman to be, who having knowne the difcreeteneffe of his wife from her very cradle, and hearing him fo wilde in his abufes, prepared himfelfe confidently to correct him : and hauing beganne his fpeech of chafticement, the other not induring to be detected, both being foone inflamed, fel to quarrelous tearmes, and in fuch heate, that Maifter *Cauerley* did not fpare to fay, That hee might wel be his wifes friend, for aught that hee knew ; nay, there was great prefumption for it, fince he fo eafily fhould bee stirred vp in his wifes excufe. The Gentleman, not enduring to heare her reputation, but efpecially his owne, to be touched, fo aunfwered Maifter *Cauerley*, and agayne Maifter *Cauerley* him, that they both agreed to purge themfelues in the field. Both mette, and after fome thruftes chaunged

betweene them, Maister *Cauerley* was hurt, yet would he not giue ouer ; so that after he became at the gentlemans mercie : but hee of that humane condition not to desire his life, nor so much blood as was, had he not beene vrged, bade him rise, and left him with these words : Maister *Cauerley*, you are a gentleman of an antient house ; there hath beene much good expected from you ; deceyue not mens hopes : you haue a vertuous wife, bee kinde vnto her ; I forget my wrong, and continue your friend.

But Maister *Cauerley* vnfsatisfied with this, his hart flew to his mouth as it would haue leapt out after him for reuenge ; yet knowing he could get little by following him, but hurts such as he had already, prepared to turne his wrath another way. Then, looking vpon his wounds and seeing them bleede, said to himselfe, Strumpet ! thou art the cause that I bleede now, but I wil be the cause that thou shalt bleed heereafter. So, taking his horse, rode presently home, where, before his wounds were thoroughly cured, his wife was come from London, and the first greeting was giuen her by her husband was, What ! hast thou brought the money ? Is the land sold ? She answered : Sir, I hope I have made a iourney shall redound both to your comfort and mine : so acquainting him with the precedencie, which was his promised preferment by her kinsman ; and expecting

a louing acceptance, the first thanks he gaue her was a spurn. And looking vpon her as if his eies would haue shot fire into her face, Haue you bin at London to make your complaint of me, you damnable strumpet (quoth hee) that the greatnesse of your friends might ouer sway the weakenesse of my estate? and I that haue liued in that ranke of will which I haue doone, that freedom of pleasure, should forsake it now? shal I, being a *Cauerley* of *Cauerley*, stoope my thoughts so low to attend on the countenance of your alliance, to order my life by their direction, and neither doe nor vndoe any thing but what they list? which if I refuse to doe, your complaints haue so wrought with them, and you haue so possessed them of my estate, they will inforce mee forfoothe for your good, and the good of my children: was this your tricke to faue your dowrie, the which I fware you should sell? Was this your going to London?

The good Gentlewoman, being almost blowne to death with this vehemencie of his wrath, fell at his feete, and desired him to heare her, when (poore soule) she was so full of griefe, she had not the power to speake; yet hauing eased the way with a few of sorows drops, shee beganne to pleade this true excuse to him, that (like one had lost all his senses) had scarce patience to heare. Sir (said she), God knowes the words I speake haue no fashion of vntruth: my

friends are fully posselt your land is morgaged ; they know to whom, and for what ; but not by me, I be-seech you beleue : and for anie difference betwixt your selfe and me, which I doubt would offend more then the morgaging of your land, I protest yet ther is no occasion of suspect. If you think I haue published any thing to him with desire to keepe the sale of my dowrie from you, either for mine owne good or my childrens, though it fits I should haue a motherly care of them (you being my husband), passe it away how you please, spend it how you will, so I may enioy but welcome lookes, and kinde words from you : and when all which you call yours is gone, ere you or yours shall want, I wil worke for your maintenance ; neither of which extremities, sir, neede, if you please, if you will but accept preferment in Englands court, being offred you *gratis*, which many men would purchase with cost, and cannot compasse it.

At which words, thogh thus mildely vttered, and on her humble knees, he was so without cause enraged, that had not one of his men come vp in the instant, and told him there was a gentleman from one of the Universities staied to speake with him, he had offered her present violence.

Maister *Cauerley* went downe to talke with this gentleman, leauing his wife stuffed with greefe vp to the eye-lids : and thee, good foule, hauing eafed her

heart with a long fetcht sigh or two, laid her downe vpon her bed ; where in her carefull flumbers we will leaue her, and attend the conference betweene Maister *Cauerley* and this gentleman.

Maister *Cauerley* had a second brother, who at this present was of good standing in the Univerfitie, who vpon some extreamitie Maister *Cauerley* was in, for so he would pleade himselfe to be to his friends when he would haue them bound for him, had passed his bond with his brother for a thousand pound : this bond was by Master *Cauerley* forfeited ; and this young gentleman being reputed of staied gouernment, the execution was serued vpon him, and hee at this instant prisoner for his brothers debt.

About this businesse came this gentleman to Maister *Cauerley*, who being master of the Colledge wherein his brother had his instruction, and hauing euer noted his forward wil to the exercise of vertue, in pittie of his estate, being mooued thereunto by the young student, came purposely thither ; who, without long circumstance, told Maister *Cauerley*, that the cause of his comming was to stir vp his conscience to haue regard of his brother, for he heard he was carelesse ; and indeed dealt so sharply and forcibly in laying open to him what scandall all the world would throw vpon him, what judgement by God should fall vpon him for suffering his brother to spend the

glory of his youth, which is the time young men of hope should seeke for preferment, in prison by his meanes; and did so harrow vp his soule with his inuincible arguments, that in that minute he made him looke backe into the error of his life, which scarce euer in his life hee had done before this instant.

The gentleman, hauing spoke his minde, asketh him what he meant to doe with his brother, for hee now waited his answere? Maister *Cauerley* made him this milde reply: Sir, I thanke you, both for your paines and good instructions to me in my brothers behalfe, and I must confesse I haue done him much wrong. So, calling for a cup of beere, dranke to him, and bade him welcome. Now, sir, quoth Maister *Cauerley*, if you please but to walke downe and see the grounds about my house, one of my men shal goe along with you; at your returne I wil giue so sufficient answer, that my brother by you shal be satisfied, and he a prisoner but few houres. The gentleman thanked him, and told him in performing that naturall office, he should both glorifie God, satisfie the world, and he himselfe account his paines profitable.

This stranger is gone to walke with one of Master *Cauerleys* men to ouer-view his ground, and Maister *Cauerley* retires himselfe into a gallery; where being

alone, he presently fell into a deepe consideration of his state, how his prodigall course of life had wronged his brother, abused his wife, and vndone his children. Then was presented before the eyes of his imagination the wealth his father left him, and the misery hee should leaue his children in. Then hee saw what an vnnaturall part it was, his brother to lie in prison for his debt, and he not able to deliuer him. Then he saw that his wife being nobly descended, vnlesse her owne friends tooke pittie vpon her, should with his children be driuen to beg remorse of the world, which is composed all of flint. Then sawe hee the extirpation of his family, the ruine of his antient house, which hundreds of yeeres together had bin gentlemen of the best reputation in Yorkshire; and euery one of these out of their feuerall obiects did create a feuerall distraction in him: sometimes he would teare his haire, by and by the teares would flush into his eyes, strait breake out into this exclamation: O, I am the most wretched man that euer mother receiued the feede of! O, would I had beene slaine in my wombe, and that my mother hadde beene my sepulchre! I haue begot my children to eate their bread in bitterneffe, made a wife to be nothing but lamentation, and a brother to die in care. And as hee was thus tormented in the remembrance of his owne folly, his eldest son being a

childe of foure yeeres old, came into the gallery to scourge his toppe, and seeing his father stand in a study, looked prettily vppe to him, saying, Howe doe you, father? which louely looke and gentle question of the childe rayfed againe the remembraunce of the distresse that hee should leaue him in. And as the sea, being hurled into hideous billowes by the fury of the winde, hideth both heauen and earth from the eye of man, so he, being ouerwhelmed by the violence of his passion, all naturall loue was forgot in his remembraunce, caught his childe vp by the necke, and striking at him with his dagger, the childe lent him such a looke would haue driuen a hand seauen yeeres prentice vnto murther to an ague: (yet he) O, would it had neuer beene done, it might neuer haue beene told! though his arme seemed twice to remember him of the monstrosnes of the fact, he strook the louely infant into the head, and holding the bleeding childe at his armes length, that the blood might not sprinkle his cloths which had staind his hart and honor, hee so carried it into a neere chamber, where his wife lay asleepe vpon a bed, and the maide was dressing an other childe by the fire: (heere is to be noted, his thirde was at nurse abroad) but the woman seeing him come in in that cruell forte, his childe in one hand, his reeking dagger in the other, the childe bleeding, hee staring, started from the fire, and with

the childe in her armes, cried out : but hee, letting go the boy he had wounded, caught violently the other out of her armes, and, this chamber doore being at the top of a high paire of staires, carried her forth by main strength, and threw the poore woman downe to the bottome, who in tender pity by president of the one would haue preferued the other. The childe that was wounded was all this while crying in the chamber, and with his woful noife waked as wofull a mother, who seeing one childe bleeding, the other lie on the ground (for he had laid the younger downe while he stroue to throw the maid downe staires) she caught vp the youngest, and going to take the elder which was going toward the doore, her husband, comming backe, met her, and came to strugge with her for the childe which she fought to preferue with words, teares, and all what a mother could do, from so tragicall an end : and when he saw he could not get it from her, he most remorcelesse stabbed at it some three or foure times, all which she faued the childe from by taking it on her selfe ; and, hauing a paire of whale-bone bodies on, it pleased God his dagger so glanced on them that she had yet but one wound in the shoulder. But hee, more crewell by this resistance, caught fast holde vpon the childe, and in the mothers armes stabd it to the heart ; and after giuing his wife two or three mortall wounds,

ſhee fel backward, and the child dead at her feete. The maid that was throwne downe the ſtaires by him, with the greatneſſe of the fall, the ſtaires being high, lay for dead at the bottom : the noiſe of this had brought the ſeruants, not knowing of that which was more tyrannous, to helpe the maide, thinking ſhe had fell by miſchance, and did their beſt to comfort her beneath, while the father and the mother were ſtriving, one to preſerve the infant, the other to kill it. The childe which was firſt wounded fought to get to the doore, and hauing recovered the top of the ſtaires, (by expence of blood, and the greatneſſe of the wound) hauing no body to comfort it, fell alſo downe ſtaires, that the armes of the ſeruants, helping the maide at the ſtaire foote, were faine to let her goe to receiue him : ſome caught vp the dead infant, ſome helped at the maide, all amazed at this tragicke alteration, knewe not what to thinke ; yet one of the men, more hardie then the reſt, ranne vp and met his maiſter in the chamber, where he ſaw his miſtreſſe lie on the ground, and her dead childe at her feete, and ſaying to him : Oh ! ſir, what haue you done ? That which I repent not, knaue, answered hee ; and hauing ſtill his dagger in his hand, came to ſtab at him ; but the fellow ſeeing to ſaue himſelfe, as alſo to attach his maiſter, they both fell to ſtruggling. Maſter *Claerley*, which was knowne before a man of

weake constitution, was in the strife too hard for the fellowe, who was reported of a very able body ; and in the wrestling together, did so teare him with the rowels of his spurres, both on the face and legges, that there he left him, not being able to followe him. Maister *Cauerley* went downe staires, and presently tooke toward the stable : by the way hee met the gentleman who before was walking to viewe his groundes, who, wondring to see him in such a heate, asked, What ayls you, sir ? He answered, No great matter ; but, sir, I wil resolute you within, where I haue taken order for my brothers businesse. So the gentleman walked in, and M. *Cauerley* hastened to the stable, where finding a gelding readie saddled, backt him and fled away presently. The gentleman coming in, was entertained with outcries and shriekes, the mother for the children, (for by this time shee was almost recovered), the men seruants at this doleful mischance, and all lamenting a father should bee so vnnaturall. The gentleman doubting that, which was, of Maister *Cauerleys* escape, left all the house making elegies of sorrowe, and betooke himselfe to his pursuit, and hauing forthwith raised the towne, and heard which way hee rode, followed him with the swiftest haste. Maister *Cauerley* againe, beeing well horst, spurd as fast as they, not earnest to escape, but thirstie after more blood ; for hauing an infant of

half a yeare old at nurse some twelue mile off, he, prickt by his preposterous fate, had a desire to roote out all his owne generation, and onely intending to murther it, was carelesse what became of himselfe : hee rode hard for an act of sinne, and they pursued for the execution of iustice. But God, that ordereth the life of a wren, hath then a care of his reasonable creatures ; and though *Caine* was suffered to kill his brother *Abel*, God bound him not to destroy himself. So for Maister *Cauerley*, though God permitted the sunne to blush at his vnnaturall acts, yet he suffered him not escape without his reuenge : for when he was at the townes ende, within a bowshoote where his childe sucked, that hee came to murther, and his hart had made sharp the knife to cut his own infants throte, (O God, how iust thou art!) his horse that flew with him from his former tragedies, as appointed by God to tie him from any more guilt, and to preserue the infants life, in a plaine ground, where there was scarce a pibble to resist his haft, the horse fell down, and M. *Cauerley* vnder him. The horse got vp, and breaking from the hold his maister had to stay him, ranne violently toward the towne, leauing Maister *Cauerley* not able to stirre from thence ; where he was soone ouertaken by the pursuit, and indeede ceazde on by those did both lament his fall and pittie his folly. From thence he was

carried to a worshipfull gentlemans, on[e] Sir *John Sauill*, who, hauing heard the tempest of this euill, and knowing from what ancessors hee was descended, did bewaile his fate ; yet being in the place of iustice, hee was enforced to aske him the cause that hadde made him so monstrous ? He, being like a strumpet made impudent by her continuance in sinne, made this answere : I haue done that, sir, I reioyce at, and repent this, that I had not killed the other : I had brought them to beggery, and am resolved I could not haue pleased God better then by freeing them from it. Oh, sir ! answered that worshipfull Knight, you haue done so much, that when you shall your selfe but thinke vpon the terror of death, the remembrance of this wil make you wish you had neuer beene borne. But his heart being for that instant hardened, was from thence committed to one Maister *Keys* house, a Gaile but lately built vp in Wakefield, for at this time the infection of the plague was violent in Yorke.

The way to Wakefield from Sir *John Sauils* lay direct by Maister *Cauerleys* house, against which when he came, he intreated of the multitude that were his conduct, hee might speake with his wife before hee came to prifon, who he heard was aliue, though in great daunger ; that libertie was granted him. The distressed gentle woman, when shee saw

him, forgot both her owne wounds, and the death of her two children, and did as louingly kisse him and tenderly imbrace him as he had neuer done her wrong : which strange kindnes so strook to his heart, remembring the misery hee had heaped on her, that imbracing one another, there was so pittifull lamentation betweene them, that had flint had eares it would haue melted into water. And could either words or teares haue perswaded his keepers to haue left him in her armes, she, Mistris *Cauerley*, before the blood was washed off from her cloathes (which he pierced out of her and her infants bodyes) gaue occasion, would haue altered them. But heere they were diuorced, she vnable to rise to follow him, and he inforced to leaue her : and by the way he should passe from his house, the graue chamber of his ancestors, which hee neuer should see againe. Euen on the threshold lay his two children to take their farewell with bleeding tongues ; which when hee beheld his eyes were scarce able to beare vp their couers, nor was he distracted with the sight, but all like a pillar of salt ; and the remembrance of their liuely shape reflected such a natural heate vpon him, that he was melted into water, and had not power to take any farewell of them, but onely in teares.

He was not long before he came to *Keys* house : hee was not long there, but the memorie of his

children fate in his eyes, so that for the one he repented all the day, and for the other lamented all the night : nor can the penne of the diuineſt Poet expreſſe halfe the grieve in wordes, that he conceiues in heart. For whereas before hee tolde Sir *John Sauill* hee was glad hee had ridde the worlde of beggars, hee now employes his houres in theſe words : I would I had thoſe beggars, either I to begge with them, or they to aſke heauens almes for mee !

FINIS.

The cruell murther of *Maister Browne*
in *Suffolke*.

Within the countie of Suffolke, neare Eaſtbridge, at a place called Lawſon Albie, dwelt an antient gentleman, one Maister *Browne*, who of late had married a rich widdow, one Miſtres *Gardiner*. This Maister *Browne* had onely one daughter, which

though she was his base childe, he brought her vp in house with him, and was now growne to womans estate. He had also a seruant called *Peter Golding*, a fellow onely fortunate in his Maisters loue; yet in his seruice he demeaned himselfe so dutifully, and that in trust was imposed on him so carefully, that his Maister helde him both a nurse to his age and also the principall guide whereby he gouerned his ordinarie affaires, both at home and abroad. Vppon this setled affection his Maister had of him, which *Peter* quickly perceiuing, began to thinke thus with himselfe; that heere were an antient couple, his Maister and Mistresse, of exceeding wealth, no child but one betwixt them, and by the course of nature, their yeares tolde him euidently they were not farre from their graues; which being so, quoth he to himselfe, how should I now, being a man borne to no other fortune but seruice, and seruice is but a poore heritage, beeing already got into my Maisters loue, so beare my selfe to haue all his lande? Out of this consideration *Peter* sawe no present hope howe to rayse himselfe to five or sixe hundred poundes a yeare, which his maister was Lord of, but onely by growing into league with his maisters onely daughter, thinking with himselfe, shee being his onely childe, though as wee call it a by blow, yet behauing her selfe dutifully and vertuously as the young gentlewo-

man did on her part, and hee on the other part humoring him, and fatisfying the testie affection which olde men are subiect vnto with content, as hee was well resolued hee coulde, hee perceiued certainly by marrying with her, hee should be not onely his maisters sonne, but also his maisters heire.

Whilst *Peter* intended to strike this stroke for his maisters land, Maister *Browne* about that time was studying howe to gratifie Peters diligence and loue; and being troubled with the olde mans disease to take a Moufe for a Mountaine, he confidently perswaded himselfe, that *Peter*, in his seruice, shewed himselfe more like a sonne then a seruant; that wiues loue, daughters loue, nay the diligence of all the whole housholde beside, made vp together, were nothing to that great care he confessed to himselfe *Peter* had of him, and hauing no sonne, he would adopt that comfort to him. And honest *Peter* should be the man on whom he would set this rest, that hee shoulde no longer weare the seruile name of a seruant, but by marrying of his onely daughter bee aduanced to the title of a sonne.

Whilest maister *Browne* was running this chafe for *Peters* preferment, it was *Peters* chaunce to steppe iust in his way, and the inuention beeing fresh in the olde mans memorie, hee presently tolde his minde out to *Peter*. It appeares before, *Peter* needed not

much wooing, and in briefe, maister *Browne* with his owne handes contracted his onely daughter to *Peter*, and assigned out a portion of lande to him, which he should enioy for a stay, whilst he himselfe liued ; nay, promised him vpon his sonne-like kindnesse, which hee made no doubt of, after his death the inheritance of all he had. Thus was the fishe brought into *Peters* hand by his maister, which he himselfe was setting the net for.

Peter, relying vpon this contract and his maisters promise, made no great haste of the marriage, but continued carefull in his businesse. This gentlewoman to whome *Peter* was contracted (as appeares), though her father could commaunde her tongue, he could not commaunde her heart, but in the absence of *Peter*, who was come vp to London to the Tearme about some suites his maister had there, being glad of the opportunitie, married her selfe to a gentleman and neighbour to her father, one maister *Wentworth*, a man of good reuenue, some thinke with maister *Brownes* consent, because hee was welthy : howsoeuer, the same lande was marked out for *Peter*, hee gaue maister *Wentworth* in marriage with his daughter.

Peter, returning from London and seeing this vnexpected alteration, made his grieve manifest, (for without question, hee by this time did intirely loue

the gentlewoman) and so publisht his discontent, that hee should not onely loose the lande hee might properly call his, but chiefly his wife, that it appeared to his maister.

Maister *Browne*, being a man timerous, (for it is faide of him, that when he was walking alone he would talke to himselfe, and did euer feare he should be murdered) to stop all furie reuenge might studie for such a wrong, called *Peter* to him, perswaded him to patience, told him hee would still continue his good maister; nay, would better any promise he had made vnto him, and, as testimonie thereof, assured him in present possession thirtie pounds a yeare at a place called *Dunnage*. *Peter* thanked his maister, seemed satisfied; and againe, his maister thought all had beene well: but his maister being gone, hee remembered to himselfe what his owne heart best knew, that he loued the daughter, which loue now appeared was lost. Hee remembered she was contracted to him, yet another had married her; he remembered the land, which was assigned as the portion to him, an other now tilled and reapt the fruit on: and all these remembrances, maister, you, that should haue beene my father, tell me, quoth he, that I haue wrong, and you are guiltie of it; which I being throughly perswaded of in my hart, thirtie pounds a yeare shall not satisfie him, that should haue beene

heire of fūe hundred, nor faire wordes tempt me from reuenge, which haue beene wronged in my wife. Yet I wil seeme calme, shew diligence, and creep againe into your loue; but as a serpent in your bosome, that when I seeme most kind, I will be most subtile, and my reuenge most fodaine.

This aforefaid gentleman, maister *Browne*, and that widow which he had married, liued in great vnquietnesse together, for two testie olde folkes haue as little agreements when they meete as two windes; which *Peter* taking hold on, wrought himselfe into his mistresse fauour, yet not so farre but he kept in as great as before with his maister. And although this man and wife liued together like diuided housholdes, shee with her seruants, he with his, she her dish by her selfe, he the like by his, yet *Peter* carried himselfe so euen towarde bothe parties, that hee had the loue of both: and where their seuerall seruants could not agree one with another, but would expresse their heart-burnings, all yet were at league with him; that through the countrey was a general talke of his commendations, how well hee carryed himselfe, and his maisters loue now appeared more grounded towarde him then before: his outwardly the like to him, though inwardly otherwise.

Peter liuing thus (as it was thought contented), hauing the thirtie poundes a yeare his maister gaue

him, beside the benefite of his seruice, on a day, as mistresse *Browne*, *Peter*, and a kinsman of hers, one *Brian Smith*, were in the parlour together, they fel to conference of the age of man, and the vncertaintie of mans life; how long this olde man liues, and howe soone this young man dyes; how this man growes rich by nothing, another is borne wealthy, and dies a begger. Vppon which familiar talke, *Smith* tooke occasion to say to him: *Peter*, you are in the happy estate of those who from nothing but your endeouour are made rich. Howfoeuer, sir, I am, answered *Peter*, I thanke my maister: I would my estate (bee it spoken without ambition) maister *Smith*, were equall with yours. With mine? quoth *Smith*; why, my certaintie is nothing, if mine aunt should not out liue my vncle, when you already are estated into thirtie poundes a yeare: beside, I knowe you are not without a good stocke of money, which you haue thriftily purchased by your seruice. Oh! but, answered *Peter*, should my master die (as all creatures liues are in Gods hands) before your aunt, what were your estate then? Why, quoth M. *Smith*, be it spoken I protest (free from desire of either of their deathes) should it happe so, if there be a blisse to be endowed with earthly possessions, I were happy. You say well, quoth *Peter*; and if you please wee will haue a wager: what wil you giue me to pay

ten for one if my Maister die not before, or by this day twelue month? O! quoth Maister *Smith*, such an assumption were vnreasonable and vndecent. What a childe are you! said Miftres *Browne*: is it vndecent to win mony? your vncle is likely to liue; and if you will not, I will. *Smith* answered, if you say so, aunt, though I neither desire his death nor *Peters* money, yet to fatisfie your demand, I will venture ten shillings. *Peter* presently answered, And before my Miftres heere, I will make it ten pound, if it prooue not so. The ten shillings was giuen by *Smith*, receiued by *Peter*; and on the former condition *Peter* sealed Maister *Smith* a bond, and Mistris *Browne* was the witnesse.

The time was soone slipt ouer; yet some two dayes before the day was expired, Mistris *Browne* and *Peter* were in the same parlour alone, where this bond was sealed, where she straight tooke occasion to say to *Peter*: O *Peter*! your tenne shillings will be dearely bought, for your maister is in health. But, *Peter* answered, Mistris, the day is not yet come, and you knowe death can performe his act vpon a mans life, as soone in a minute as in a month.

For though before this time he had attempted many wayes to murder him, yet performance thereof was thus long by Gods prouidence preuented; but at this time the diuel had possessed him, that now

was the time to finish his reuenge, and saue the payment of his bond; which his couetous disposition foone harkened vnto, and also perswaded him, that it was so cunningly contriued, that the whole country knowing his masters loue to him, and his as great to his maister, the act being done, and the body found, he of all men should bee least suspected: and, indeed, had not God dwelt in heauen, and looked downe vpon the crueltie of the fact, who neuer suffers murder to be vnreuenged, it was [so] slyly conueyed, and so closely acted, that without a diuine inspiration it had neuer bene reuealed, nor discovered.

Neare to maister Brownes was a coppice or groue of his, where *Peter* knewe he euery day at an houre vsed to walke: *Peter* that day was to ride forth a town to receiue money, yet before hee ridde forth, in this coppice hee had cut downe three ashen stakes, and laide them readie for this his tragicall purpose. Hee dispatched his businesse, receiued the money, and was readie in the coppice at his maisters coming; and standeth close whilest his maister passed by him, with one of those stakes, behind him, knockt him on the head; and there left him, taking his horse which he had tied readie for him, and rode home, and made his owne tongue the first demaunder for his maister, told his mistresse hee had brought the thirtie poundes hee sent him in Dunnage for: she

answered him, he was gone to walke, but none could tell certainly whither. This discourse was not long, but some countrey people, going that way about their labouring businesse, found the dead, and soone brought the tragical newes to the house of the death of him. None was more readie then *Peter* to inquire after the murtherer, nor none seemed halfe so forrowfull at this difaster as *Peter*. Search was made, many whisperings, feuerall coniectures, but *Peter* of all men was least suspected.

Neare to the place was beneficed a worthy diuine, one maister *Morgan*, who, with the rest of the country, wondring that such a murther should be done, a gentleman slaine so neare his house, nor no tidings of the murtherer, came to *Peter*, in the self same opinion the countrey held of him, that he loued his maister, and his maister him; and minding to make him a partie with him, that their two inuentions might studie how to discover the murtherer, broke with him thus: *Peter*, thou of all men diddest loue thy maister, and thy maister of all men did loue thee best; heere hee is come to his vntimely ende, thou art cut off from thy best friend, hast lost a maister, nay, rather a father then a maister. My selfe haue hadde some taste of his loue, for which I protest I wil ingage my howers in prayers to heauen, and practife on earth, to bring out this deede, darker then

night, that Iustice may right her selfe on so vn humane a wrong: where if I will doe this, *Peter*, for him, whose bountie to me is as the least atomie compared with thine, me thinkes thou shouldest search for straines of miracle, aboue the height of imagination, ere thy maisters blood, so good an old mans blood, so good a life, should be tane away by the hand of a murtherer, and not be reuenged. *Peter* seemed so moued and stird, so full of sorrowfull teares with this, that had he beene accused for the fact, any man would haue sworne he had beene no murtherer. At last, these words broke out: O, Maister *Morgan*! my Maister was to me as is the funne to man, or raine to parched sommer, the life of what I am, and the giuer of what I haue, were my thoughts so penetrable to pierce into a meanes, my Maister *Abels* blood, (at that he paused) and wept againe, should not, O! should not be shed by a murtherers hand, and yet the murtherer liue. His words made the good diuine ready to weepe too. Yet, quoth hee, *Peter*, I now see thou art that true man men thinke thee to be, and thou didst loue thy maister as the foule loues the body, whilst the body loues the foule: we two together, by the helpe of God, and God will help vs to find out murtherers, wil know who killed him. Then tell me, *Peter*, quoth he, thou knowest who of his tenants were at

oddes with him : I am to preach at his funeral ; inuite them al thither, at which fermon, if the *Caine* be there, I hope to vtter fuch heauenly sentences fhall make his eyes ftare, and his heart ftiale his blood out of his treacherous face. In breefe, this was done ; a heauenly fermon he made to terrifie murtherers : and *Peter*, fitting among the reft, though all wept, yet there appeared no fuch figne of guilt in any as in him ; for he fate like one had laine fix daies in a graue : no conftitution could be made from his words but frenzie, nor from his actions but diftraction. The Preacher, perceiuing his alteration, would needs lie with him that night ; but ere the morning he forced his own tongue, by the terror which he pronounced was in Gods iudgement, to reueale the treafon his hand did, which no heart did fufpect.

Peter was apprehended, and fo sifted by the grauitie of Iuftice, that his miftrefse, Maifter *Brownes* wife, was found a partie therein. The fizes comming on, they were both arraigned, both found guiltie by a credible Jury, and from the vtterance of a graue and honourable Judge receiued their feuerall fentences : the one to bee drawne on a hurdle to the place of execution, there to be hanged til he were dead, and after, his body to confume hanging in chaines ; the other to be burnt to afhes : both which were executed in Lent laft. But the morning before

Peters execution, this *M. Morgan*, happy by the reuealing of this murther, where before he had terrified him with the iudgement of God, after so wrought for him that (a thing feldom or neuer seen in England) he procured he might preach to him a fermon of Gods mercy, before his execution, in the same church where the terror of Gods power from his tongue had made him reueale this monstrous fact; and there did to comfort his foule with the ioyes of heauen, that repenting his treacherous de[e]d, he rather desired death then life: and so was executed, after hung in chaines, and the stake wherewith he killed his Maister hanged at his backe.

FINIS.



INTRODUCTION.

WE apprehend that the poem, or rather specimen of versification, reprinted on the ensuing pages, is unique : we have made search in every accessible catalogue, but can meet with no trace of it. Neither do we believe that it was ever entered at Stationers' Hall ; but it is preserved in a depository to which publications of a doubtful character were sometimes sent for approbation, without obtaining it. Our notion, therefore, is that, although printed, it was never published, having been forbidden on account of the circumstances of the time, and the nature of the production.

Stow and other authorities inform us, that in 1562 (the date on the title-page) Queen Elizabeth put forth a Declaration, "the realm of France being in great trouble, about this season, by meanes of civill dissention and warres that rose amongst themselves" (*Annales*, p. 1096, edit. 1605) ; and in this document her Majesty especially dwelt on the slaughters of the Protestants "at Vassy, Paris, Sens, Tholouse, Blois, Tours, Angers, and other places, by credible estimation amounting to 100,000 persons." It is to this interesting and afflicting subject that the ensuing "Complaint of the Church" relates ; and it might be considered by the state authorities inexpedient to allow it to be published

at the precise period when the Queen's Declaration was put into circulation. The copies of the "Complaint" having thus been called in, perhaps the only one preserved was that we have employed for our reprint. We shall be greatly obliged by any information upon the point.

It is itself a poor, yet overwrought, composition, entirely anonymous, and probably printed, as well as written, in haste; but it shows the prevailing spirit of the time, and the methods then adopted by more zealous than discreet friends of the protestant cause to animate and influence the people. As newspapers were unknown, it was also, no doubt, intended as a means of conveying information on the sad events which had recently occurred abroad. Misprints will easily be detected: on page 11, line 1, "Then" ought certainly to be *Thou*; on page 12, line 16, occurs a passage that, from probable corruption, we cannot clearly understand; and on page 13 the mistake of a parenthesis is obvious, but still, if it were corrected, the grammar must remain defective.

J. P. C.

A Complaint
of the Church, against
the barbarous tyranny

executed in Fraunce

vpon her poor members. 1562.



PSALM 129.

Many a time haue they fought against me from
my youth vp, (may Israel say) many a time haue they
fought against me from my youth vp, but they haue
not preuailed against me.

A COMPLAINT OF THE CHURCH.

WHY shed I teares ? why sigh I thus ?
what causeth me complaine ?
Halas ! (my freendes) not causes, no,
iust cause doth me constrain.

What mother may forget the babe
that in her wombe she bare ?
Or who (of all) her owne estate
neglects, bereft of care ?

If these may then prouoke or moue
(beseen in greuous plight)
To waile thus wife, let passe to doom
my state, so wondrous sight.

My self, mine owne, y^e pappes haue nourst,
are folde to spoile : againe
My foes are flesht : (o Neroes they !)
in lust they rule, they raigne.

* Lo, cause of teares, lo, cause of fighes,
lo, cause of doleful plaint!
Whiche causes cause me now complaine
for aid, and foes restraint.

The same am I, that woman, she
of whome Saint John dooth write,
Affaild with force of fearful drake,
that dragon blood in fight :

O Lorde ! o Chrifte ! o children mine !
he me pursues about
With band of fearce and cruel doggs,
to rend and root me out.

O Romain roomish bishop thou !
o Triumvirat thine
Of Fraunce ! agreed with bloody hands
to murther me and mine.

That bastard bird of Roome must rule,
that gaudy whore must reign,
And I afflicted flee opprest ;
my children must be slain.

The babes that I haue borne in wombe,
my members, God on hye,

With enmyes hand are throwne to ground ;
dead heere and there they lye.

Alas ! may I their Mother, then,
may I from teares refrain ?
May I reioice, or rest in ioy
til they haue peace again ?

The cruel Pharao, Egipt King,
so hard did not oppresse
The Church of Iewes, as tirannes now :
they all must this confesse.

Ne Amenophis, bloody wight,
though children male a flue ;
Ne yet that fearce Antiochus,
no cruel turk nor Iew.

Domitian to, Maxentius eke,
Sapores, and the rest
Did neuer so turmoil the Church,
as dooth this bloody nest.

Reorde the ruful realm of Fraunce,
the riuers dyed with blood,
The bodyes dead, that to and fro
are tumbled with the flood.

Record my fely members there,
that only Chrifte professe ;
Recorde the spoil of earthly frutes,
and marchants ill fucceffe.

Record the restles hands, alas !
of Triumuirat thofe,
That bathe their swordes in giltles bloud,
my fearce and deadly foes.

Record the rout of straungers there,
that Guife hath calld for aid ;
Record their Armes embrewd with bloud,
with pitie neuer staid.

Record that bloody fearce Ediſt,
that horrible decree,
Proclaind in June (o Scithian dukes !
o barbarous crueltie) !

Record alas ! alas ! recorde
the bloudshed euery where :
In executing it with force,
not God nor man they feare.

Record the flaine of all degrees,
yea, thofe of noble race,

The hoarie heads, the tender maides :
no teare coulde purchase grace.

The Husband with the louing Wife,
the women great with childe,
The Sonne, the heire, the bond, the free :
o fauage beastes and wilde !

Recorde the Infants yung (poore fooles)
with force halde from the pap,
With tendrest babes of all torne out
from mothers armes and lap.

Record the spoiles of noble Fraunce,
That Guife hath giuen for pray
To straungers, fuche as hierd he hath
my members deere to flay.

Recorde the toune of Vassy, o !
recorde the bloud there spilt
Against the Kings Ediēt and law,
my children void of gilt,

Affsembled they, poore foules, vnarmd,
to pray and heare the word,
The tirant Guife vpon them fel,
and spoild with shot and fworde.

Reorde can also Paris beare,
where not a few were slaine ;
The toun of Seyne, the chanel eke
where marks of bloud remaine.

Tholose can testify likewise
the tirannes flaming Ire ;
Angers and Toures, o children deere !
The foe wrought his desire.

And you, as sheep, were butchard doun,
your bloud dooth reorde beare,
That streaming ran about the stretes :
no pittie made them spare.

O Bloys ! thy batterd beaten walles,
thy tounesmen wholly slaine,
Where tirannes made their Canons keies,
my record shall remaine.

Thou Pont du mere by Duke Daumale,
though yelding, nought didst finde
But fworde and bloud thy folke destroid.
o Lorde ! beare all in minde.

Poyters, alas ! o, wasted cleane,
the fely foules destroid

Bothe olde and yung, man, childe, and wife,
o ruinous realme auoid !

All these record the cause I haue,
yea, causes to complaine,
That those (my members) faithful foules
should giltlesly be slain.

Record yet more, thou ruinous Roan,
in whiche were slain, indeed,
A number of my children deere,
that makes my hart to bleed.

None spare, not women great w^t childe,
nor greenly laid in bed,
But hang or kill for gospels cause ;
record the bodies dead.

Reorde eke of these tirannes acts
the walles and toune of Roan,
Where thundring peales of roring shot
haue shake and ouerthrowne.

Record their hands embrude with blood,
heere running to and fro :
Record my wounded members deere
with spere of mortall wo.

If these wil not fuffise to shoue
forth tirannes cruelnes,
Record the hundred thousand flaine
within six monthes and leffe.

Lo, these so bloody flauterers heere,
with others that remaine,
Dothe wound and kill my penfue hart,
and driues me to complaine.

How be it to whome? to God alone :
he only can redresse,
But first (as poore vnperfect wretche)
my finnes I wil confesse.

Acknowledge, Lorde, I doo with hart,
that breche of holy lawes
By me of this my woful scourge
is iust deferued caufe.

I haue not, I, esteemed so
thy word as well I ought,
Nor liued like, nor thankful been
to him that hathe me bought.

Yet fith thy promise standeth fast,
when woful harts repent,

Then pardon wilt : lo, Lorde, I come ;
let grace my greef preuent.

And first to thee, my Father deere,
for Chrifte our fauing helth,
With fauour look on Syon, Lorde ;
o, wurk thy peoples welth !

Thy Churche redeem from tirants yoke,
and cause their harts rebound ;
If not, with speed, o mighty God !
their wicked power confound.

Inflame the harts (for Christes bloud)
of Princes far and neere,
That truthe professe, to aid thy Churche :
Let Jehues zeale appeere.

O Chrifte ! deere Lord, the head of those
whome tirannes thus oppresse,
In mercy, for thy mercyes sake,
let mercy them redresse.

Shall those that hate thy gospel pure,
and wold expel it quite,
Triumph ? shall they for euer reigne ?
the Churche is thy delight.

Then, when she shall corrected be
sufficient to thy will,
Redeem thy doue from Lions iawes,
thy darling faue from ill.

O holy Ghost ! o spirit of truthe !
thou spring of comfort eke,
With comfort comfort those (I pray)
that moste thy comfort seek.

And, namely, fuche as hard bested
are now by tirannes rout :
O ! giue them peace and ioy within,
though they haue warre without.

And let despised Syon hill
be dewed with drops of grace,
O fence of Chrifte to pressed soules,
And fine of Hamans race.

And now to you, that nurces be
Of me contemned wight,
You christian Princes, that professe
the wurd of truthe and light,

My piteouse plaint, my woful crye,
my teares and members flaine,

My threatned spoil, mine enmyes force,
lo, these to you complaine.

O noble blouds ! regard the right,
my nurces if you be :
Your tender bowels open now,
and help to comfort me.

And last, to all the rest of states,
fuche as my children are,
Me to releue all lawful menes,
and iust, doo you prepare.

On me, your mother, pitie take,
your brethern all to torne,
And call on God, for Christes death,
to comfort them that morne.

And though a time (to trye his flock)
he giue their foes the raine
To presse them doune, if we persist,
lo, after stormes againe

A calme and cleere inioy shall I,
redeemd from tirants power,
And (they subiect to wrath of God)
his Judgements shall deuoure.

Graunt, heauenly Lorde, if thy will be,
these acts of bloud may ceasse :
Confound thy foes, preferue thy Church,
our Queen and realm in peace.

AMEN.

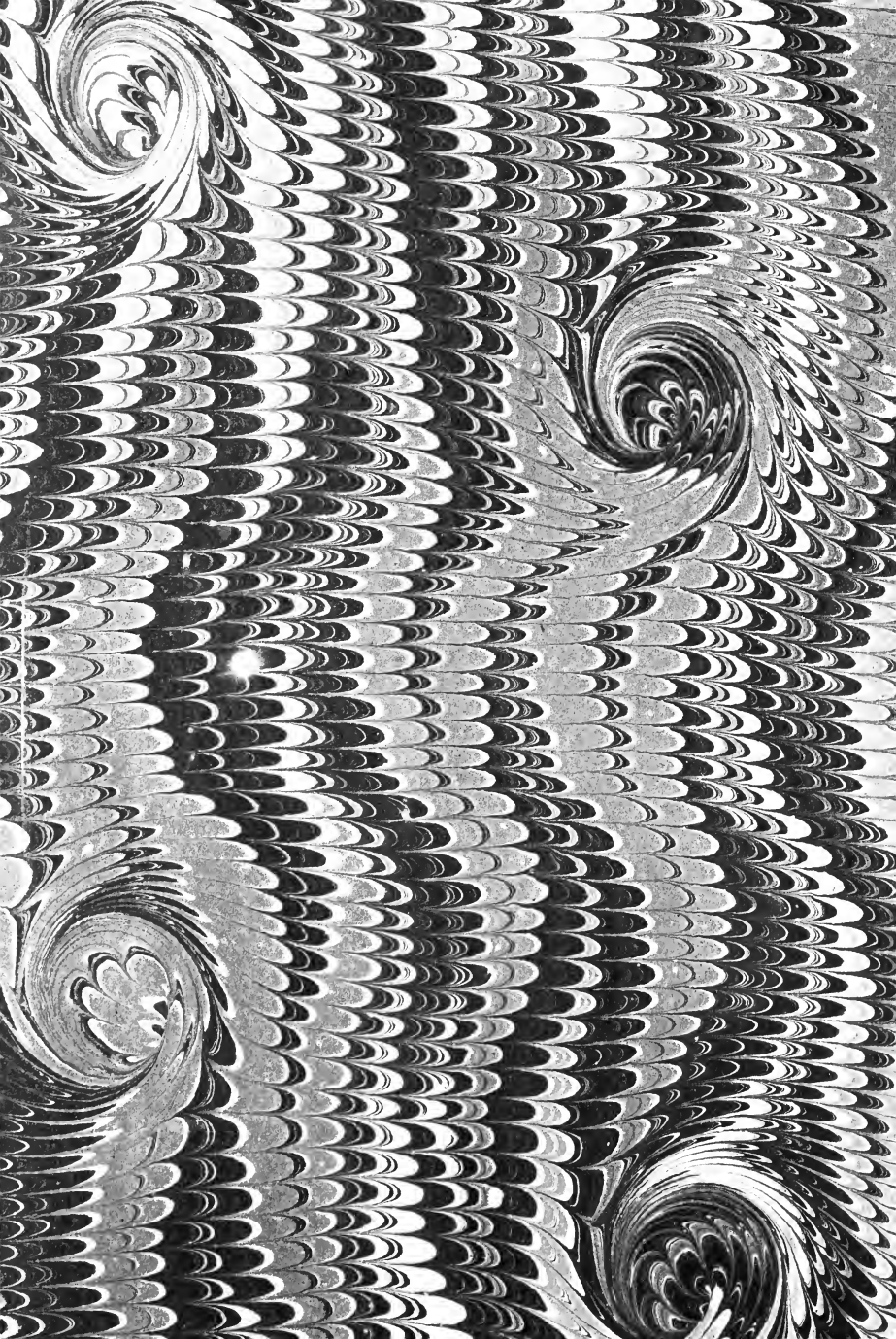
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solde in Lumberd strete at the
figne of the Egle, neere
vnto the Stocks market.

1562.





S.H.



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